

Solomon Childs, Throw My Life Away

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah... Staten Island... the triz-oops
S. Childs! You know? That's right
Not for you faggot motherfuckers, anyway
You heard me? Fuck ya'll, that's right
Not too much to live for, nigga
Yeah, get in they ass, son!

(Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs)

Never been concerned with names
I ain't try'nna go up in flames
And I ain't try'nna go insane
Now, 'fore you motherfuckers throw my life away

(Solomon Childs)

Welcome to Wild West Brighton, the only borough in New York
Killin' Rasco, I paint a bloodbath like Picasso
Staten Island G.I., in the pussy, knee high
You'se have now been awakened out the coma
By the son of a wounded soldier
Motherfuckers is dead, smell the aroma
That's federal crime, regulators
Known to spend a pretty penny with the gun dealers
I'll sneak up on your bitch ass, broad day like the killers
We get emotional, nigga, don't get scared now, nigga
I'm home now nigga with weight like Bonecrusher
And I Ain't Never Scared, homey, I'll have ya bitch ass
Wheeping and bending down, homey
So dress warm, cause the casket, look like it get lonely
Straight forward, music for thugs, bloods, crips and killers
Try'nna reach us on receivers, Nexus, I come equipped with four fifths
That'll give you a seizure, literally, dog, give you a seizure

(Chorus 2X)

(Solomon Childs)

Live amongst snakes and vultures, collateral damage
Desert eagle in the hosters, time to rebuild
With family superstars on FBI's wanted posters
Fuck a bodyguard, I'm purchasing a pair of twin toasters
And for the record, there's pork in Hostess
With so many trials, I'm try'nna stay focused
N.W.O., fuck the world, New World Order
Easy nigga, give me order, worth the blood
Hold it down, twenty four/seven, and listen pa'
Ain't nothing to gain, we got unlimited guns
And just cause I'm a pusher, daddy, ain't nothing stopping my bankfunds
Guerillas with magnums, listen, get a hole in my paper
Or find yourself slumped over, gargling blood like Bill Cosby's son
Nothing to lose, parolee on the run, for sure
Read about it, in the Metro section, all eyes on the prophet
Ya'll niggaz better watch the prophet

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah, for sure, nigga
Yeah, you heard him, that
It's gonna be a lot of slow singing
The flower bringing, my burglar alarm starts ringing
Motherfucker