

# Solomon Childs, Together

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah, I'm dedicated this  
To my man Tony Lovitt, we love you God

(Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs)

Got to blaze in any kinda weather, shed blood together  
Ain't no need of thinkin' how we gon' die together  
Cuz if we rise together, then we cry try together  
Ain't no need of thinkin' how we gon' die together

(Solomon Childs)

This be a theme for the ghetto type, let's talk of underground ghetto nights  
Two cats screamin' "the millions" under the projects starlights  
Few bags of trees'll leave the T's intrigued  
The money schemes, two qualified thoroughbreads  
Blazin' they sixteenth by any means  
Takin' over what they may have concerned  
Dynamic Duo wit pinata in fur, Kenyatta lookin' to learn  
It's Verm, gat will burn, Kenyatta facin' for the life  
His lawyers got the case adjourned, we got two gate talkin'  
Projects crooks, with plans up by the neighborhood juks  
Armored truck breakin' the stack, thickest books  
Kenyatta takin' the CREAM, Verm movin' wit caution, Kenyatta bleed for the team  
Vern pedigree upon extortion, Kenyatta'll see the seeds scorchin'  
Be damned to see us dogs layin' in the coffin  
They intense, we like the summer time  
We need heat and plus we gotta eat  
Not tryin' defeat, inhalin' the chocolate from the Buddha sheet  
Plus these cats is gettin' money for too long on these streets  
Kenyatta tryin' explain the firm  
That if the situation on the table's turned  
We gotta stand back to back and watch the toast burn  
Cuz if you take a pause, now baby boy, you took a cause  
Meanwhile brothas is reminiscin' on how two cats took a loss, what?

(Chorus 2X)

(Solomon Childs)

Quotin' the neighborhood O.G., nigga F.T.  
Yo son it ain't even about flashin', words can never move as powerful as action  
Kenyatta ready to move, too much time is passin'  
Shit, let's go ahead and blaze like an assassin  
Burn, I can't see myself hustlin' dumbs  
Only thing that's air standin' between me and these lump sums  
4:35 got the creep like a possum  
Hit the armored truck, get them dreds for an ounce  
Kenyatta get the cheese and bounce to get the cars and house  
Stash a mill in the couch, it's 4:50  
Let's get the money from the city, truck late on arrival  
So you know they vexed ready to hit the check acid  
So they can start cashin' checks  
Plus these dreds is seein' g's from the sales of trees  
Not trynna see a 50/50 pie laced wit cheese  
Kenyatta jumped on the scene, bringin' the dreds to his knees  
So muthafucker if you bold, huh, go 'head and scream  
Neighbors in buildings, hit 77 knives is better clean  
Dialin' 9-1-1, alertin' the task force team  
Same time burnin' bullets out the beretta skin  
Hit an armored truck, God, in the hip  
In his pocket lies a fly chrome double clip  
Bullets specialty hollow tip, Kenyatta screamin' "here come the 1-2-0"  
There, bro, must of had a caprice  
On West Street, playin' the low, but at the split minute  
When they thought they might of swell win it

Vern was blazed in the chest, guess you can say fools winnin'  
It's wise men without vest, now Kenyatta lookin' to uphold and prove  
The heater bounced, flag down a gold Benz  
Driver nicknamed: "Nascar", bless best friends wit Vern cousin Hest  
Kenyatta jumped in and fled the set, son put the metal to the floor we gotta jet  
It's for the juks, shit, we done did it  
Kenyatta forgettin' the shiesters Nest outta 25 hundred  
Nest placed the infrared to Kenyatta head  
Put a bullet in his scalp, left Kenyatta for dead  
And people wonder why we high, though  
Relatin to thugs, runnin' wild in this ghetto (in my hood...)

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)  
B-Town, baby!