

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!