

Solomon Childs, Top Dog

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Wuuuuu! Top Dog, Staten Island's First Mixtape
Top Dog, dog, Solomon Childs, exclusive

(Solomon Childs)

R.I.P. to Banky

World premier, Body Brighton/Starlight City

Keith runnin', had the keys to the city

Deluxe thug committee

I can't believe Jeryl in jail

The green weed we inhale

Branded frontin on a nigga, 'preme or bill

Keep the half, son, stop frontin like you knew Un

Solomon, New York's finest, dunn

Who you cats tryin to kid?

Talkin 'bout your guns go off, 99% of the time

You know I know you a coward, 99% of the time

Shoot to kill, kill to shoot with T.M.F.

Now Born Regulators, Wayne Street Killah Mob

Baby Crowns, Staple-town Gladiators

DMD, M.V.P. to Baby Blizz, this for thugs to repeat this

I be forever in the hood like Bontons and Sprites

I'm Hennessey while you fake cats is Bud Light

Love hella right, knowledge of self, the trilogy

Who killed Randy?

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

We'll always love you Sandy, Sandy

(Interlude: Solomon Childs)

Dedication, you know what this is

(Hook x2: Solomon Childs)

They anticipate your death when you big and you strong

Everybody's your man when you dead and you gone

It's like ice on the hot stove

The way it glide so fly, turn around and it's all gone

(Solomon Childs)

Inspiration, 'Juicy', Notorious B.I.G.

K. Born said to never eat pig

2 Cent taught me always bust back at po-lig

Barry Blue said always have more than one wife and kid

Kilo and Fred G. always stay jig

Ain't that a bitch? One life to live

This is thugged out so don't try to copy

Any means necessary, Clock we gon find them niggaz who killed 'Pac

This is ghetto, who tryin to play me?

Kenny Gunn was so slick, knuckle game, like the God Infinite

Grew up wantin dribble balls like Duke

Grew up wantin to have style like Pooh

Respect, the one and only policy

Raised in Shaolin, crime infested poverty

Long live, silence and Kunta Ke' on the banner

Permission to approach the bench

I'm a shotty rhymers

This has been sponsored by Ron Montana

Again, I wanna know who killed Randy

(Word up)

(Chorus)

(Interlude: Solomon Childs)

This is dedication..

(Hook x2)

(Outro: Solomon Childs *during chorus*)

Yeah..

This my son right here, word life

Yeah, bottom line, Staten Island's First Mixtape

And I'm dedicatin it all to all my motherfuckin dogs
who got killed in combat, you feel me?

Or they up North

(Chorus x5 - saying "Sandy" only once each time)