# Solomon Childs, Which Way You Going

(Intro: Beretta 9) + (girl)

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, what up mira, what up mira?

(Get the fuck off my arm, man) Check it, check it out, right

This Beretta 9 from the Killarmy crew

What's up ma? Two TNT and I'm ripped (Si, eat it)

Yo, I love pretty birds, what's up

You rollin' with me? (Who the fuck you callin' a bird?) (All up in our chocha) Yo we don't eat dead birds, honey

#### (Beretta 9)

What up sweet thing? Lookin' like prom queen, e-bitch Snake out our dough and do the same thing But yo love, beat love to be loved, you got to make love Slow jams, candles and shit, word up While she work it, curved dick, between her pink lips Your girlfriends buggin' and shit, check out her hips Yo, the God must be slayin' it well, guaranteed Broke it straight then, the virgin holograms, the misfits Big ass, big tits, shorty was raised on grits Tall glasses of milk, her grandson was biscuits But mad shit she lack, like a girl, she react Kings need queens, not no silly dingbats Sugar and spice, but yo, you ain't that nice

Leave your ass fast, and won't think twice

## (9th Prince)

Yo, live at the barbeque, two blocks down from Park Avenue Sky was blue, shorty was dressed like a groom Titties and ass round like balloons Chinky eyes I analyzed, took my time like an old man that's wise I pushed up, what up buttercup? Proper ebonics, the slang had her stuck My jewely was truck, from the moment I spoke Bitch almost choked on a note, she fell in love Like Cinderella, I said my name was 9th Prince, boo Yeah, but you can call Cinde-fella

## (Chorus: Dom Pachino)

Which way you going? I think we goin' that way too Girl, where your friends at? Introduce them to my crew We be the livest M.C.'s in the game, you heard boo? You heard boo? Yo

## (Dom Pachino)

Which way you going? I think we goin' that way too
Yo, where your friends at? Introduce them to my crew
Harmonize atheletic thighs had me hypnotized
To analyze and cease for a minute, before I advertised
A young ass, we used to cut class, smoke the greenest grass
Back to 49 junior high, I was a bad ass
Bringin' heat to school, pattin' me down was the principal
Nothin' he would do, gettin' suspended was the usual
In the boy's bathroom, they in the vacant classroom
Pokin' fast, got her tight womb, too many come to soon
But I was young, her little tongue'll get my dick hard
She feels, suckin' her tits up in the schoolyard
Took her virginity in Catholic School Trinity
Promised that she'd be my first love to infinity

#### (Chorus 2X)

(Solomon Childs)
Yo, what the deal Miss Chocolate?
Donna Summers French twist, Gucci boots, cover girl body

'88, Diadora hotty, Mary J. Blige body, mahogany queen Body rollin' round at a slow pace Can't make glamour girl, this the softest place Playin' with the coochie at the fireplace Catch I, flicks and hundred dollar kicks, lingerie, red cherry Kitty kats stickin' out the popcorn, shrimp and strawberries Bubble baths and chocolate milk, candle lights after dark Back shots, late nights in the park Solomon Childs, good girl, you heard? B.B. Conduct, crushin', forever crushin'

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Dom Pachino) Let me holla at you, yeah, quick conversation Yeah, yo