

Solomon Childs, You Could Be As Good

[Intro: Solomon Childs]

Come on, uh-huh, New York City (come on)
Staten Island... the kid, S. Childs
My time... out with the old, in with the new

[Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs]

You could be as good as the best of them
Or as bad, as the worst
So don't test me, you better move over

[Solomon Childs]

You niggaz puttin' in bullshit work
Destroy the herd, listen doggie
I ain't try'nna set your bird
I'm trynna you and your team dead on the curb
It's like you motherfuckers is trapped the timewarp
I never see Allah with them diamond nameplate belts
That's some real homo shit, you feminine bitch
No court affidits, or no court scandals
Like how he get from behind the walls
Or who he told law, you jealous motherfuckers
Now I understand the pain of Biggie Smalls
And how a nigga can pray and pray on your downfall
Fuck 'em all, I'm takin' mine
By any means necessary, however it gotta go down
Even dog against dog, even goon against goon
With defense, like Jodie Foster in the Panic Room
With the guns ignite, like fire that eats you
Custom and information center
Off guns, hoes and the crack house
You motherfuckers be talking the same shit
Same slave shit, uh-huh
So much to bill on, I hope the airwaves is clear
I ain't a murderer, but there's a few that got poked up north
And a few in the world in wheelchairs, get 'em

[Chorus 2X]