

Solomon Childs, You Gonna Love Me

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Exclusive, S. Childs, believe me

That's right.. come on...

Yeah... Body town... New York City

Yeah, Broadway & Henderson, get ready

(Solomon Childs)

Got my own killa slang and dances

Certain hammers for certain circumstances

These the roads of Allah deeds, knawahmean?

I took the advances, and bulletproofed the Suburbans

No handouts, stay earning mine

The hood hate to see a nigga, shine, now I know

That a hoe, gonna always be a hoe

And twenty three's, can't fit on an '98 Tahoe

And ain't no superstars coming off Apollo

And chicks frontin' 'round the way with them tongue rings

Don't swallow, my mind was raped as a child

Rocky could of never beat Apollo

The feds could of never caught Alpo

P. Diddy would of never fell for a bird like J-Lo

Shit, this power to the peso, woola heads representing

Staten Island's criminal slums, we got the dirtiest sweatpants

But bet we got bullets in the guns, a ass full of jums

Blood all over your burberry, do what I gotta do to eat

Eat what I gotta eat, nigga

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah, yeah... heh... Bless Entertainmment

Yeah, exclusive... arms, the click

S. Childs... twenty oh three...