

Solomon Childs

"Aggressor"

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[Intro: Solomon Childs]

Whoo! Fo' sho'

Louie, help me out baby, come on!

Frank Nitty! Nexus!

The final frontier, come on

[Chorus: Solomon Childs]

It's ya life, is you try'nna be the aggressor

Or will you panic from the pressure

Whether the criminal or street professor

Will you die as a leader, or will you die as the messenger

It's ya life, how you wanna spend it

Or answer this, how ya try'nna live it

Will you die as a leader, or will you die as the messenger

[Solomon Childs]

Niggaz say I walk around like a wild animal

Hispanic version of Anthony Hopkins, Hannibal

Mama raised me to be a gentleman, papa raised me to be a cannibal

20-04, ignite the poison in a nigga heart, flammable

Try to show these bitch ass niggaz loyalty

Put aside the fact, that I was royalty

And done seen everything but Christ

And them niggaz who said, that they coming to kill me

Grew up being told, if there's a will, there's a way

And if you follow the rules, things'll go smooth

But really, who was they try'nna to fool?

Listen, dog, had to learn the hard way

That life ain't easy, and that every man's for self

And majority want bloodshed for one's wealth

Coming up was no extra money for karate classes

So I couldn't be a black belt, but learned how to

Clean and bang a nine millimeter, enough, to have a boulevard melt

From since I was young, shit, they said I was the coming

Yo so hijo del dio, I was a prophet then, and I'm a prophet now

So ya'll get ready, cuz the time is now
(Look into my eyes nigga, do I look like I'm playing?)

[Chorus]

[Solomon Childs]

This prophecy I'm seeing real figures, so I could raise a
school of killas

Solomon Childs, the east coast backdraft

Teach 'em how to count bullets, teach 'em how to
calculate math

So papi young town won't jerk 'em, so the labels won't
jerk 'em

Put 'em on the trials of life, and think that'll hurt 'em

It's critically acclaimed, might hurt 'em

What's taught when the dogs is out, that the homey
gotta work 'em

And when the snakes is out, got a lock on they doors,
shake 'em

Shit, they said I was a little wiz

Back when I had a crush on Silvia from Park Hill

And soon they brothers who wopped you had four pen

The motto ain't changed -- kill a nigga 'fore a nigga kill
you

On the run from the government's draft, I feel like Ali in
his prime

Just gotta be a better phase, money ain't the same in
the hood nowadays

I'm watching niggaz watch me, already started to
scheme on me

No matter, I'm already starting to scheme on ya'll

Supreme court on my back, baby mother on my back

Niggaz on the block will never me on my back

Nigga, climbin' ya jaw, like when the Black Panthers...

[Chorus]

[Outro: Solomon Childs]

What cha gonna do? That's the question

What cha gonna do? Nigga, asking what's really good

It's what you really gonna do, that's what's really
popping

Nigga, climbin' your jaw

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