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## Solomon Childs ''Dinero''

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[Intro: Solomon Childs] Yeah, uh-huh, for real, yeah, yeah, Dinero

[Solomon Childs] Ice in the drink, and the watch, security, my mink dudes Straight to the bar, me and Rakeem Allah Never leave home without the hydro jar Robbed by the dozen, gucci boots and leotards Aight then, fishnets, lace skin They in here, from Shaolin indictments Bout it, bout it, to live large Solomon liver than a PBA card, I Allah Master God Millennium rides, see we are this fly Then a V-Tech, 4-4, payed tour, baritone Gettin' them wet like Kenny Lattimore Lyrical bullets on related calling Blazers who ain't never been to Portland Code of the streets, kill or be killed Eighty nine, getting money, police is mad dumb Nickel and dimes in my mouth, my gums is mad numb Twelve bars are rated r, ghetto life, killas in courts Dirty poom-poom shorts, thuggin' every place I've been Mi mama sta Dominican, ya'll need to roll with me Get with me, show me a sign I'm bout to blow the cigar, for humble What you ain't know, how it's gangsta Mixtape murder halls, swarm of the ski masks You'se a bitch, you assed out, enough money to reroute And the red bone chicks, smell like L'Oreal Come and I'll find a way, by Blu Cantrell This has been brought to you by, Hennessey VSOP, and Cognac

\*beat switches\*

[Interlude: Solomon Childs] Yeah... uh-huh.. yeah.. come on, punish 'em lord

[Solomon Childs]

Just got here, the bitches already saying the God, plus Adrenaline head rush, Mr. Shaolin, New York Lay in the garage, you see the God Cats be nothing more than a Buick Regal My voicebox revolve like a desert eagle I fell in love with a fish called Wanda, milli' Contra Two thousand and two, kid rookie Gorillas in the myst to rule, polish up, old school Picture you motherfuckers on my level, you pussy Type of nigga, who dancing in the date rooms Singing on the gates, from here now Allah, better late than never, sixteen bars Of gangsta cheddar, eight to eight, gangsta money Get yourself smacked up, if you think something was funny...

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