

## Solomon Childs

### "Flames"

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[Intro: Solomon Childs]

Word (uh-huh) Aiyo, son

(Yeah) ... fuckin' ass son (uh-huh)

(Yeah, uh-huh) Them niggaz don't fuckin' want it

(My motion picture) word up (Yeah, come on)

[Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs]

The Theodore Unit, and we ain't one for games

Dirt ball niggaz throwin' dirt on my name

And keep thinking that you bang with big boys

Watch you drown in a barrel of flames

[Solomon Childs]

I'm on my job, like TNT, on Tuesdays and Thursdays

But that don't mean, you can't get ya head popped off

On Tuesdays and Thursdays, baby doll

Your head game ain't good enough

You can't ride shotgun in the Jag'

2003 rock, came back in the lab

Straight out of West Brighton Projects

Beef patties with cheese, from the neighborhood arabs

And I'mma thug, so I'mma never drop my rag

Dedicated to the Gods, in maximum security yards

With the rifles, grew up in the dark

The older niggaz, puttin' bullet holes in the light poles

I'll microphone marry you kids, life's a bitch

The wild bids, scriptures stolen from the Solomon book

My motion picture... and don't had to mean, I had to get  
cha

Ok, a game of love and hate, cuz you can share the  
spotlight with Luther

Or you can be sharing the front page with Hussein, this  
ain't a game

[Outro: Solomon Childs]

Don't have us come out our skin (no way man

You wouldn't wanna see that) Theodore Unit: The Movie

(Yeah, God) Paragraphs, motherfucker

(Bury 'em alive) Get up, with me (murder

Pass around the ball) Huh? Yeah...

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