

## Solomon Childs

### "Political Money"

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[Intro: Solomon Childs]

Fuck it would have to be  
Trench runners, b-bonics (King of New York)  
Ain't nothin' commercial 'bout this (You'll like this)  
Come on...

[Solomon Childs]

Bout it, bout it to live large  
Solomon liver than the PBA card, I Allah master God  
Millennium rise, CPR's to fly  
And the seats hittin' four-fours, pay tolls  
Baritone, gettin' it wet like Kenny Latimore  
Lyrical bully from a later calling (that's right)  
Blazers who ain't never been to Park Hill (no?)  
Code of the streets: kill or be killed  
'89, gettin' money, police was mad dumb (y'all)  
Nickel and dimes in my mouth, my gums is mad numb  
(come on)  
Tall bars and rated R, ghetto life, killas and courts,  
dirty poom-poom shorts  
This is for the killas, million dollar ice grillas (what?)  
Thuggin' every place I've been, mi mama is a  
Dominican  
Mi papa representin' the Hondurans, you better listen  
to the chorus

[Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs]

Political money, dead presidents for the crew  
Clicks get money and don't know what to do  
Whether the skies are gray or blue  
Wit political money, I'mma do me, what about you?

[Solomon Childs]

Hell of a life, lyrical bully, millennium life  
Lord I'm so scared of life, look in my eyes, Lord  
Fires'll burn, trapped in the fourth term  
Forever reignin' in my hood, son  
Gotta eat straight live from my hood, son (what?)  
Real life, double eclipse, thugged out  
Forever fuckin' a black bitch, twin beaters  
Layed up wit R&B divas, testimonies of a black Jesus

All I got in this world is my life  
Levitatin' souls from South Central to Crown Heights  
PO-9 be tryin' to hold me down, baby mother tryna  
hold me down  
Hundred grand laced in sound, project trilogy nights  
Yo life is like a game of dice (uh-huh)  
So be ready for the comin' of Christ (what)  
Be ready for the comin' of Christ (what)  
New millennium thug life

[Chorus 2X]

[Solomon Childs]

Throwin' no hitters like Dave Wells  
Solomon in the house gettin' them wet like L.L.  
Political money, no turnin' back God  
This ain't a game God, this for real God  
Stop frontin' like you act hard, it's like I'm trapped God  
Mama's screamin', get money and relax God  
Fuckin' around and get ya smacked God  
Comin' all out of ya face'll get ya clapped God  
See me on the streets, you better ask God  
Solomon Childs, twenty six hundred, rosary beads and  
blunted  
King of New York, gorilla thug profile  
One love to Big Un, Frukwan, Big Dance, Skee-Bop  
N.W.O., killas for flow  
This is what a thug about, girls in all complexions  
checkin' me out  
(checkin' me out)

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: Solomon Childs]

Get that money, cuz this, is everything we gon' need to  
get by  
And only this, hundred grand, trench runners, b-bonics  
Kickin' ya niggas in the ass

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