

## Solomon Childs

### "Redrum"

Visit "[Redrum](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Solomon Childs]

Yeah, son, these niggaz don't fucking want it  
(New York City), yeah, my motion picture  
Follow me, yeah, yeah, man, this sound serious, man  
Listen to me dog (come on)

[Chorus: Solomon Childs]

Top of the world, on top of your girl  
Real recognize real, you feel the redrum?  
Top of the world, then let me see you eat something  
You cowards, you ain't try'nna watch nothing get hurt  
And ain't try'nna hurt nothing

[Solomon Childs]

I'm from where niggaz snitch, and then be back on the  
block  
The same day, forever rep Henderson and Broadway  
I'm from where the guns in my hood foreign  
From where these flatbox is borrowed in, from where  
the pigs don't go  
From where you can't get a fair one, every apartment  
got at least one gun  
From where the average nigga don't come  
You feel the redrum? From where they mix hypnotic  
with the hennessey  
From where the extortion your game move heavily  
From where a nigga don't care, who your family is  
But gotta make sure you handle your biz  
But seriously, I'm from where it's a war  
Fatigue jackets, car hard suits, Timberland  
construction boots  
I'm from where winter time, we bought nana  
A bulletproof coat, from when cats is turnin' hundreds  
into keys of coke  
From where a nigga will hang himself with his own rope  
The massagin' of a thug swing, I'm from where all  
white boys  
Be wild like Axl Rose, you scared? I'm telling you what  
to do  
Sign in, you getting closer to God  
Or maybe getting closer to you

[Chorus]

[Solomon Childs]

I'm from where cats turn they back on you  
From where police'll put a bundle on you  
I'm from where everybody in the hood cousins  
From where you get popped for fronting  
From where the beef patties are stale  
From where the O.G.'s still sip Valentine Ale  
From where the real niggaz is in jail  
And got parole hoes, and ain't getting no bail  
From where your baby mothers don't send no mail  
Out of sight, out of mind, from where your little man  
being sponsored  
By the next man, from where your man's police, and  
he'll lend you his nine  
Lend you his glock, lend you his vest  
Lend you his shield, cover up the nigga you killed, huh?

[Chorus]

[Outro: Solomon Childs]

Nothing at all...  
My guns is all I got to bust  
My dogs is all I got to trust  
This CREAM is all I got to see...  
Staten Island, New York City  
My guns is all I got to bust  
My dogs is all I got to trust  
This CREAM is all I got to see...  
We run the game, man

Visit [Solomon Childs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.