

Solomon Childs

"The Mission"

Visit "[The Mission](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Solomon Childs]

Come on, New York City

Yo, Tone Starks, I got you man

Theodore... uh-huh

Thinkers and doers, nothing to gain (that's right)

Hear the hunger? Huh?

[Solomon Childs]

I'mma show you how the game is formatted

How types grew up when the pressure's had it

I'm gon' corner the market, I've been straight for three years

And robbery homicide's, still got me as the target

Military apparel, keep walking

While you motherfuckers talk shit

Boulevard Time Warner, death on your mans

These cats kill me, they be so gangsta

Two gats on 'em in the parole office

Thirty one wins, no losses

And hear the camera shots in the hood

Run off faster, then Kentucky Derby horses

You ask what's really good, half of these gangsta rappers

Ain't even allowed back in they own hood

With they war stories and they sinister box

And explain how you so hardcore

For being in a video with R. Kelly doing the wop

Valentine bees up, Funk Flex you killin' 'em homey

So fuck what they say, never ease up

[Interlude: Solomon Childs]

Yeah... the Theodore... Yo Starks, what's good man

I'm looking in they eyes, man

They not ready, man, they are not ready, you hear?

[Solomon Childs]

Since B.I.G., everybody ready to die

Not me... I'm try'nna live til I'm a hundred and five

T-H, E-O, D-O-R-E

Lauryn Hill, I'll kill a nigga softly

Grace period, part one

You little niggaz gon' be our son
Gon' have niggaz in yo backyard
So what you got knowledge of self
General Starks can't save you god
The Theodore, gon' swarm down on you like hawks
You ain't a killa, motherfucker
Ease up, on the gun talk, let's bring it back
To the knuckle checks and pipes
Blood, no exception, gon' have me
Strip you wannabe niggaz for ya stripes
Homey, I ain't got no time for the two twelve
This the championship edition
I want trophies on the shelf
So put the bally in the air, and yell out 'the king was
here'

[Outro: Solomon Childs]
2-20, motherfucker...
You can't see me, man
Castleton Avenue hero
Broadway & Henderson
The mayor of New York...
20-20 eyesight..
And I bury you...
New York City, man
All the way from the future
Yo... that's how we doing it

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.