

## Solomon Childs

### "World"

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[Intro: sample from "Gladiator" (Solomon Childs)]

Some of you are thinking you won't fight  
Some that you can't fight  
They all they say that, until they aren't there...  
Thrust this into another man's flesh  
And they will applaud and love you for that  
You... you may begin to love them, for that  
Ultimately, we're all dead men  
(What, huh, yeah, enjoy your classic, I'm tellin' you man  
I need this to be big, you know, big, come on)

[Chorus: Solomon Childs]

I dedicate this to the souls  
Who ain't never gonna get a chance to shine  
Who got gut down try'nna climb  
Who knows, maybe it wasn't your time  
Who knows, maybe you needed more time  
And if so, show me a sign  
Cuz I'm still a part of this cold world  
And gotta hold mine

[Solomon Childs]

Twenty three hour of one main, locked down  
Vietnamese Contra with the four pound  
Bing monster, time to lay you muthafuckers down  
I'm living with the snakes, crocodiles  
Intense like when a jaguar growls  
Staten Island Finest, you cowards will now bow  
And keep quiet, niggaz gonna have to pay me off  
Or risk being exposed, you soft  
A young general walks, I'm the new Marlon Brando  
Red rag tied around my head like Rambo  
West Brighton, New York City Commando  
Institutionalized, wild cowboy, steel tip boots  
Can't stop eating Oriental soups  
Lyrically potency, that cause all kinds of larceny  
Caesars, I throw a book in his mouth  
Stop shaking, made 'em believers

[Chorus]

[Solomon Childs]

Thundering, rumbling, gangsta music that's  
comforting

Neighborhood world wars, with pipes, knives and 2 by  
4's

Snitches, swallow in the hood, bitches, swallowing in  
the hood

Semi automatics for sale, holla if you good

My pedigree be military cargo

I'm try'nna see money like Oprah Winfrey and Harpo

Eastside, with Jahmoo and Franko

Hear the emotion, act up, get ya legs tied up

With bricks, floating at the bottom of the ocean

Boulevard, poetry in the motions

This is death with it's eyes open

This is raw coke, with your nose open

Eastside, nigga

[Chorus 2X]

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