

**Solomon Childs f/ Cappadonna****"Major"**

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[Solomon Childs]

Paint murder like Wesley, faggots  
Your war stories don't impress me, warrants  
So the ratchets broke as well as the next one  
Larry Davis reenacting, we puttin' them niggaz  
Who be talking to killas in comas  
Death is so deep, you ever see a nigga eyes rolled  
back  
On the block til I die with that medicine  
I will emerge from rap, will emerge from mines  
I want niggaz to learn, they can't stand me  
So I won't feel guilty when I'm receiving my Grammy's  
Counting my blessings, hoping my old Earth  
Make it all the way to the top, asking Allah  
Give me strength if the nines gots to pop  
Them feds put a bullet in the head of my great dane  
Poverty child, I feel momma's pain  
Walking in my daddy's shoes of shame  
Creases in my state greens, criminal lives  
Police know as the nine millimeter team  
And we don't smoke poofie, find us where niggaz be  
climaxing

[Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs]

We major players, all around the board  
And done bent niggaz all around the board  
Headliners, kill or be killed, so you better move  
When it's time to move, or get filled

[Cappadonna]

Pillage for life team, we fight schemes  
Nigga fall back, Staten Island  
We all black, carry a mack, motherfuckers Osama  
Island  
Been wilding, from Murder Hill all the way to Jungle Nilz  
Fuck ya'll niggaz, we gotta pay the bills  
Nigga move over, two-faced rappers, all you deep  
throaters  
Underground niggaz right here, put this in ya range  
rovers  
Staten Island soldiers, New York City post up

Gats out the hosters, we kill our enemies  
We move like centipedes, we the stampede that crush  
the industries  
Eliminated the herpes for dirt g's  
The mud might leak, we throw coles on Staten Isle,  
don't nobody speak

[Outro: Cappadonna]

My fucking word, fucking Staten Island pitbull, niggaz  
Straight up and down, snatch pocket books and all that  
shit  
Niggaz still hungry, Osama Island  
Murder Hill, Body B., nigga  
Straight gangsta, for all you crack heads, and cry  
babies  
Word up, Killa B., what up, baby?  
Stab that nigga... word up... take a nigga chain  
Knowwhatimsayin, nigga, we try'n -- nigga, we need  
meals  
Up in here... big bowls of fuckin' cereals, bitch

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