

## **Solomon Childs f/ G-Clef Da Mad Komposa**

### **"Street Degrees"**

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[Intro: sample from "Gladiator"]

The Gods favor you, red is the God's color  
You will need their help today...

[Chorus 2X: G-Clef Da Mad Komposa]

This is killa shit, acid spit  
Turn the heat up, let 'em bake  
Fake miscellaneous, birth spontaneous  
Put it work, Mediterranean, the Capo Regime  
Street Degrees; Shaolin to Queens

[Solomon Childs]

Business as usual, never sloppy, murder  
motherfuckers, casual  
Gun game, target aim, beauti'fal, team that's suited  
about  
Niggaz that don't bull, but pull and kill, big money, but  
I'm hard to kill  
I'm equipped with more than skills, Staten Island  
Land of the murder hills, and dead end blocks  
Rosco and the cocaine dealers, got the same glocks  
I'm dedicated to the blocks, dedicated to them pushing  
the rocks  
Pushing dead bodies off the peers, I ain't Usher, I don't  
wanna 'burn'  
Push ya silly ass down the stairs, advice, hennessy and  
purple haze  
Clear your fears and have you growing chest hairs,  
nigga

[Chorus 2X]

[Solomon Childs]

You know it's songs like this, that give killas like this  
High temperature, just wanna see the foam coming  
outta cowards mouth  
Big up to them gangstas, wildin' in the dirty south  
Fuck game playing, I want world power, throw in the  
towel, boom, like gun powder  
You heard the Jada, cocaine scales that'll weigh the  
whales

Felonies, outside and inside of jails  
VSOP, Newports, we starving, nigga we starting  
Like gasoline fires, game over, quiet, now retire  
Two attempts, beat one prior, and ain't nobody gonna  
get the 'best of me'  
Homey, like I was Mya, flip a beat like Hezekiah  
This is real liver, straight fire, baby, baby

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