

## Remedy "21St Century"

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Feat. Solomon Childs

[Intro: Solomon Childs]

Yeah, word...

Godfather shit... you know?

Take your mind off it (yeah, what?)

[Solomon Childs]

My projects, this the funeral homes and Laundromats

Hall of fame, for niggas who hit off gats

Late comer, ain't turned ghetto since fourteen

In the hood it's only money that the drop bring

Solomon King, and when the toast ring

You know I know, you yellow back niggas'll run

Talkin' shit, is like walkin' wet on the third rail

My fault for hurtin' ya'll sales

About to party like I'm Bobby Rail

Cop grams off a Dominican in the well

Fifth borough, marquise, livin' New York soap operas

I see more drug dealers than doctors

Neglect, hold a ratchet, but to Allah I'm still innocent

I keep correspondin', wit thugs who needs witnesses

Uncle Wise, 21st century

[Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs]

Ghetto celebrities, penitentiary bars

Jealousy, guns, jigga spot number runs

Criminals and deceased stars

Look around you, son, who wouldn't get high

[Remedy]

We make music, til the wee hours of morn'

These grays in my beard grow as time goes on

Nothin' like the feeling, when you're hearin' our song

The best things in life just don't last long

Can't believe it, even little Barbara's gone

Wifey cries everyday, but tries to be strong

We all do things we no is dead wrong

Can't get it where you fit in, if you don't belong

Wait for no man, make moves for delf

You can't understand, I write songs for self

Seen misery and company, along with wealth

The real jewel is happiness and good health

Know cats that had money and now they're dead broke

Straight up clean kids, who now smoke coke

Smo

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