

## **Bronze Nazareth, Solomon Childs & Byata**

### **"Street Corners"**

Visit "[Street Corners](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: sample]

Looking on various street corners  
I'm sure you've seen it yourself  
Standing on the corner, is an alleged brother  
Dressed in blue or green, red and black  
And, spouting the news, that the revolution is coming  
And you better get ready, sort of like  
The end of the world is coming, unfortunately  
The world is just gonna get dragged on and on  
And, we have a poem that we've written particularly  
For the brothers on the street corners

[Bronze Nazareth]

Yo, standing on porches in front of houses and corner  
stores  
I'm born to more, horrific than syphilis, cuz where we  
live is  
Hell on earth, where was heaven when shit's real  
We sold dope to get mill, for white folks in Smith field  
Fuck Israel, it's Kill Hills, spilt pills for my bill  
Write wills for my seeds, to live from, who take some  
Who give some, for brothers that was lynched hung,  
the symptoms  
Never go away, a stir away from colder ways  
Having ramblings and savages, blessed, from us  
asking  
This whole cross, is more rust in Florida oranges and  
lost orphans  
I offer thought for food in full courses  
I've soared into the night glow, my hat's low, my roots  
grow  
For you to soon know, I reap what you sow

[Solomon Childs]

We just land down from Liberia, young black man  
In control of the pillars, millions buried in dirt  
How many railroads do you own? How much clean  
chrome you own  
This for my ancestors names engraved in stone  
On the roads where the rebels once roamed  
We built homes, civilized our own

King Solomon Childs, beautiful as black, this time  
We will walk on water, this time  
We will see through the lies, this time  
Prepare troops to move in, expand the runways  
Build bigger bridges, nine millimeters from brady  
We living in war, so prepare for submission  
Apache helicopters, a black man's face on a dollar  
The pigs constantly watch us, the streets is obnoxious  
Baby of the first nine, homey, in toxic

[Byata]

The first seed of a dope fiend, she A.D.D  
Needle parked off spring boughed, by she, wanna be  
While her siblings is rich living, she ain't bitching  
Mama's working two jobs, try'nna maintain a living  
Few years passed, now she's getting raised by the  
streets  
Side by side, watchin' hustles, now she blazed like the  
streets  
This is for my women living in the struggle  
Getting brought into this world without asking for the  
troubles  
Of the every day life-life, a battered wife  
A single mother's holding it down, while the world so  
trife  
Crack fiend, you could of been something better in life  
Now hold your head up, ma, you know it ain't over,  
right?  
Yeah, this is for my Russians on the grind  
Off the boat struggling try'nna hold a nine to five  
Yeah, I seen enough with these eyes  
I thank the most high, I'm still alive

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