

Jeff - The Western Musical Show

"21st Century"

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[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
Smokin' up cigarettes and died of a stroke
What used to be respected, now is a joke

[Chorus]

[Remedy]

21st century, my suggestion to you is to Remedy
If you don't know your enemy, then you're already
dead
Rest in peace, God bless, the realest shit said (life)

[Solomon Childs]

Last intermission, Body Brighton thrill-ogy
Stressed out momma, Stephanie Mills
Project black house, sell crack to pay bills
New York crime scene, narcotic crime kings
Chicks with the Chinese doobies, gold diggers wit the
tight cooties
Searchin' up the candy wit the big booties
Draw part headed, hard headed growin' up
And hard head will make a soft ass
Rock pool old sneakers to class
Introductions, the building of a plateau
Playin' dominoes wit the beer hoes
I thought Pink and B.D., be here forever
I thought Sandy Brock would play basketball forever
I thought Storm Fields would always give the weather
Momma said "never say never"

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Solomon Childs]

Life, and that's the way it is
Solemnly swear, to always tell the truth
Tell you what I see...
That's what I'm here fore, autobiography
Life... Solomon marked for life, Solomon, Solomon
Solomon marked for life, Solomon, Solomon
Solomon marked for life, Solomon, Solomon...

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