

# Solomon Childs, Passion Of The Christ

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Uh-huh, Theodore murder music  
Uncle Tony, Trife Dilly, yeah  
Tommy Whispers, Kryme, Wiganomics  
The homey Richmond Slim  
The most shady, Solly baby, yeah

(Solomon Childs)

These muthafuckas in the world today, if you let 'em  
'll take everything you got, then run off to the police  
When you hit 'em over the head with a cinder block  
Just touch down, live, from Catsacky, New York  
Did it for dolo, had no kind of backing up north  
When them Germans was try'nna kill me up north  
Give me control or die slow  
Shit, you could choke on the gun smoke, but he  
Loved by few, hated by many, S. Childs  
New York City's president Aristene  
Rap music, at it's highest militance  
Salvage no wounds, bitch bleed  
Body Brighton, Cobra Task Force Intelligence  
To the wolves, we feed, let's see who really  
Ready for what the boy got cooking  
Plans big as real estate, I'm on the cocaine harvest  
The size of Brooklyn, turmoil, torture  
Like the Theodore, put stool softener, in your chopped meat  
Or haunt the kids like Uncle Pete in Soul Food  
The renaissance, muthafuckas is fooled

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

This dedicated to my niggas, killas  
With money, like late night thrillers  
This dedicated to my niggas...  
This dedicated to my niggas, old school top billers  
That'll stomp ya head out, like wild gorillas  
This dedicated to my niggas...

(Solomon Childs)

That's the problem, niggas don't want you 'em till it's too late  
And it's blood on your Superman cape  
Why it gotta be games I'm playing?  
Is it cuz I ain't telling you these feelings  
From behind bars, you don't understand what I'm saying  
Mad at the style I got, what is it, homey?  
Shit, when I was young, I told a lotta lies  
Nowawadays whatever I speak applies  
Not only new found, the king of New York  
Alert red, blood on the boardwalk  
You muthafuckas ain't throwing it up  
Stop wearing my colors, and if you product's garbage  
Stop yelling around the hood you got the butters  
Godbodies look at my eyes and say that I resemble the Mecca  
From how my actions and voice is gon' lead  
And run through the frontline like Julius Peppers  
How can I not be in the form of God?  
My little man was born in the Saddam wars  
Praise due Allah, that they salvage the savage  
Cocaine and guns be a boulevard marriage  
Chase the Hennessey with cause  
The streets is real, death if you pause  
No time to live acts, get put on your back  
Muthafucka...

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

This dedicated to my niggas, ridin'  
With illegal registration stickers  
Construction Timbs, Cuban Linx and chinchillas  
This dedicated to my niggas...

(Solomon Childs)

Yeah, turn my mic up... yeah..

My ancenstors was dragon slayers, cold hearted  
Sharp like crocodiles teeth, sasquatch, you big for nothing  
We don't want beef, the smell of gun powder in the hood  
Make the temperature rise, fear to have you feel, like BD, stylist  
And Mike Kelly was alive, speak up  
If I'm not the head of Staten Island, if not, I want silence  
Cuz if it don't make 'cents', it don't make dollars  
I want blood, like Biggie's mother Ms. Wallace  
What you know about sleeping with death, living with death  
Dreaming of death, semi-automatic cannons on the right and the left  
Ghetto poem lister, that captivate your mind, body & soul  
Like MacBeth, face it, this something that you gotta accept  
Anything over the middle be bound to intercept

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

That's right... Theodore, muthafucka  
Who got this in a headlock, man?  
Staten Island, B-Town, Broadway & Henderson  
Lights on, nigga...