Solomon Childs, Staten Island Stand Up

(Intro: Solomon Childs)
Yeah.. kill 'em.. mothafucka..

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)
Q-Borough with the Mac's up
Staten Island Stand Up
Brooklyn, forever act up
Harlem World, forever on the stack up
The BX'll leave you clapped up

(Solomon Childs)
To this game be like Ron Harper
Work out more hammers than fat bitches work with Jane Fonda
A bite with poison, like an anaconda
West Brighton, New York City, the sponsor
Theodore Unit, gorillas in the contra
East Coast monster, Solomon Childs the conquer
We in the years where the summers are shorter and the winters are colder
The blood runnin' through the babies' veins are darker
Keep the cannons in the parker
Never "Who that?", see that? Eat that, never been a champagne sipper
Stay bent off the Remi/Dom, skipper
Fuck bodyguards, respect armed robbery, dog
Stretched out, blowin' Newports
Back to back, enjoy the classic of criminal acts
From the School of Hard Knocks, bulletproof trucks and glocks

(Hook: Shawn Wiggs)
It's that Einstein Theodore theory, street philosophies
Step foot on our block, it's no way possibly
Guns too big for you to ever try stoppin' me
Talk out ya mouth, you better speak properly

(Solomon Childs)
20-04 bloodsport (come on), haywire like garlic anemi' in Southport
No remorse (no), report more bloodbaths than Dan Rathers in Iraq (yeah)
Ya done seen me in more facilities up North than the sightin's of 2Pac
For the first time you got an MC with hunger (get 'em!)
Kill for land like guerilla fighters in Baghdad
Pillows of haze the size of Glad bags (yeah)
S. Childs (uh-huh) a/k/a/ Street Glory (get 'em!)
This a true story, straight beef
I'll leave you for dead under the subway stairs like cold cheeks (get 'em!)
Get ready for the new founded East Coast beasts

(Chorus x2)

(Outro: Solomon Childs (Shawn Wiggs))
Mothafucka, lookin' all stupid in ya mothafuckin' face (uh-hu.. yeah)
Reportin' live from Def Jam, nigga (oh shit!)
Move, move (This is Theodore theory.. stand up!)