

Solomon Childs, Street Degrees

(Intro: sample from "Gladiator")
The Gods favor you, red is the God's color
You will need their help today...

(Chorus 2X: G-Clef Da Mad Komposa)
This is killa shit, acid spit
Turn the heat up, let 'em bake
Fake miscellaneous, birth spontaneous
Put it work, Mediterranean, the Capo Regime
Street Degrees; Shaolin to Queens

(Solomon Childs)
Business as usual, never sloppy, murder motherfuckers, casual
Gun game, target aim, beautiful, team that's suited about
Niggaz that don't bull, but pull and kill, big money, but I'm hard to kill
I'm equipped with more than skills, Staten Island
Land of the murder hills, and dead end blocks
Rosco and the cocaine dealers, got the same glocks
I'm dedicated to the blocks, dedicated to them pushing the rocks
Pushing dead bodies off the peers, I ain't Usher, I don't wanna 'burn'
Push ya silly ass down the stairs, advice, hennessy and purple haze
Clear your fears and have you growing chest hairs, nigga

(Chorus 2X)

(Solomon Childs)
You know it's songs like this, that give killas like this
High temperature, just wanna see the foam coming outta cowards mouth
Big up to them gangstas, wildin' in the dirty south
Fuck game playing, I want world power, throw in the towel, boom, like gun powder
You heard the Jada, cocaine scales that'll weigh the whales
Felonies, outside and inside of jails
VSOP, Newports, we starving, nigga we starting
Like gasoline fires, game over, quiet, now retire
Two attempts, beat one prior, and ain't nobody gonna get the 'best of me'
Homey, like I was Mya, flip a beat like Hezekiah
This is real liver, straight fire, baby, baby