## Solomon Childs, World

(Intro: sample from "Gladiator" (Solomon Childs))
Some of you are thinking you won't fight
Some that you can't fight
They all they say that, until they aren't there...
Thrust this into another man's flesh
And they will applaud and love you for that
You... you may begin to love them, for that
Ultimately, we're all dead men
(What, huh, yeah, enjoy your classic, I'm tellin' you man
I need this to be big, you know, big, come on)

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)
I dedicate this to the souls
Who ain't never gonna get a chance to shine
Who got gut down try'nna climb
Who knows, maybe it wasn't your time
Who knows, maybe you needed more time
And if so, show me a sign
Cuz I'm still a part of this cold world
And gotta hold mine

## (Solomon Childs)

Twenty three hour of one main, locked down Vietnamese Contra with the four pound Bing monster, time to lay you muthafuckers down I'm living with the snakes, crocodiles Intense like when a jaguar growls Staten Island Finest, you cowards will now bow And keep quiet, niggaz gonna have to pay me off Or risk being exposed, you soft A young general walks, I'm the new Marlon Brando Red rag tied around my head like Rambo West Brighton, New York City Commando Institutionalized, wild cowboy, steel tip boots Can't stop eating Oriental soups Lyrically potency, that cause all kinds of larceny Caesars, I throw a book in his mouth Stop shaking, made 'em believers

## (Chorus)

## (Solomon Childs)

Thundering, rumbling, gangsta music that's comforting Neighborhood world wars, with pipes, knives and 2 by 4's Snitches, swallow in the hood, bitches, swallowing in the hood Semi automatics for sale, holla if you good My pedigree be military cargo I'm try'nna see money like Oprah Winfrey and Harpo Eastside, with Jahmoo and Franko Hear the emotion, act up, get ya legs tied up With bricks, floating at the bottom of the ocean Boulevard, poetry in the motions This is death with it's eyes open This is raw coke, with your nose open Eastside, nigga

(Chorus 2X)