

Solomon Grundy (feat. Ike Eyes & Ill Bill)

Sean Price

Gun in my hand, shoot
Hand me a gram, shoot
Misunderstand with the family man, shoot
I'm banging, I'm Beirut
I'm training in state boots
I hang with the same group
Aim at your grapefruit
The shit that you say cute?
I can't relate, duke
The trey pound's related to the ache in the face full
Nigga, I hate you, break you, Ivan Drago
I'm rushing to put pellets in your pecan pronto
P! Ain't talking money, we can't convo
You pussy under pressure, pa
P stand strong, though
I bring in the shells, I beat up your squad
You singing in jail, you Chico DeBarge
Fucking nickel bag steamers
I sell coke that's whiter than milk of magnesia
Frankenstein when I'm making mine
You think you rhyme, you should think of mine
I made my bones shaving Sharon Stones in a school zone
One way ticket from the projects to a pool home
Trapping, balling, and rappin is the hoods holy trinity
I sold a pack 'fore I lost my virginity
Surrounded by speed freaks and weed geeks
Quiet down, listen up when g's speak
Return of the body catcher, the crown's been captured
Caught up in the rapture, I slaughtered a bunch of rappers
Ain't no Tarzan in the marshland
Fumes from the meth cook turn me into the swamp man
White lines and Amy Winehouse
Walk fine lines in hindsight
Coulda made some better choices
I didn't always have to listen to the voices
Thug in my bloodline, mud pies and drug buys
The dead live on and love dies
Ill Bill murder futuristic like Paul Laffoley
Haul your casket away
Reptilian like a cannibal's brain
Horrorfying like dying in a two-passenger plane
Nosediving, fire in the sky, showers of flame

Houses of pain on cypress hills and mountainous terrain
Even a lion chills after an ounce of sour to the face
I'm the lightning that the Vikings worshipped
The sight of when a rifles bursting
I'm a decisive person
Liquor on a bullet wound
, feel the Henny sting
Everything is everything
I'm a Heavy Metal King
Been labeled intelligent, irreverent, malevolent
True indeed, plus a veteran
On point like the Devil's chin
Surrounded by apparitions & statues of smiling death
Assassins with pistols capture your dying breath
Like you stepped into a horror flick
Kill you then resurrect you in the middle of a blizzard of hollow tips
Solomon Grundy

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>