

# 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  
Horrorifying 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 <https://www.omusic.in/>