

Solomon Eagle

Jamie T

I feel everything deep in my head it's spinning
Good and evil lost in the city with the people
And it's ticking, we won't be forgiven

My names Solomon, Solomon, Solomon Eagle
Run through the city full of evil
Streets like the jungle, keep your head down
Keep your hands up when you move around
And God willing, they can all make a killing
I'm on top of this dropping this sipping a sequel
Stun guns and tear gas people
When police line up pulling truncheons out
They beat the mob down to disperse the crowd
And God willing, we can all make a killing

Its not the devil, pulling you down
This retribution, comes from above
This is God, this is God giving up on us
This is God giving up

And its bottles and bricks, makeshift wicks
Balaclav, Molotov, number 1 hits
Coming with the trick, leaving in a whip
Weazing out my lungs as the truncheon hits
And there's nothing like revenge hidden in success
Served so cold that the beef can't sweat
Solomon is blessed, Solomon see's you
Cower in the corner looking up at the steeple
I'm the only get to know me, I'm the one with her blood on my hands
I'm here to show you, here to tell you that I love you in the city of
the damned
And though I love you, I will leave you and I leave you in the desert
hot sand
I'll introduce you to the devil and the devil he will take you by the
hand

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