

# 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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