

# Solomon Jones

Aceyalone

A bunch of wild boys was hanging around  
At the local neighborhood saloon  
And some cat kept dropping quarters down in the jukebox  
Playing all the favorite tunes

And back by the bar playing cards looking hard  
Was big bad Solomon Jones  
And watching over his luck  
Was the love of his life  
Is the lady that was known as Simone

When out of the night which was dark and cold  
Into the smoke-filled dimly-lit room  
Stumbled in a thug  
Who was smelling like bud  
And his eyes looked high as the moon

He looked like a man with his foot in the grave  
And his lifetime about to be out  
Yet he slapped down some hundred-dollar bills on the bar  
And he yelled out "drinks on the house"

Now nobody could place where this dude was from  
But we knew that he was far from home  
But we drank to his health  
And the last to drink was big bad Solomon Jones

Now there are some G's  
Who just run the streets  
And they live life in and out of jail  
And such was he, that kind of OG  
That looked like he'd been through hell

With his hair in cornrows  
A mean mug grill  
Like a dog who's day is done  
He lit up the green stuff in his cigar  
And took hits one by one

Now I got to thinking who this cat could be  
And what the hell is- going on  
Well I turned around and who was staring at him  
The lady that was known as Simone

And the white t-shirt all stained with dirt  
He was trying not to be rude  
But he was trying to find another  
Good song on the jukebox  
So he could just set the mood

Have you ever been out in the city streets  
With the gang-made players so clear  
Where the police and gangsters control the block  
And gunshots is all that you hear

When the only sounds are the drums of war  
And you left out in the cold

A half-dead man in a half-dead world  
And a yellow-brick road to go

Then all of a sudden the music changed  
And everyone just held their post