Yo, throw the beat on Yeah, yeah, yeah Trackmaster Harlem World, The Movement The Commisioner Cuda Love up above This shit is not a game Ya hear me?

Suprise, I'm 'bout to blow right before your eyes Recognize the steelo of this nigga Meeno First of all, there will be no type of discussion For this money, the industry I'm bum-rushing And trusting who? Never that, only crew And who's my crew? A chosen few that's how I do So I could walk Harlem days, let it creep Harlem nights Bum bitches givin' blows, parties and gunfights Only right, I be the spark that will ignite Explosions, MIC erosion, niggas is foldin' And we are holdin' down the track Proceed with caution, stop your flossin' or see a coffin Guess what, what? It's really not too often That I let loose like this, but fuck it Here's a portion with no endorsement Doin' what I gotta, to make it hotta A nigga frontin' hard, so now I gotta blow his spot up Show 'em I'mma be the one that's gonna blow 'em Out the box, with the ox, nice to know 'em Then screw him, like White Castle I ran right through him Right through him, like I never knew him

Harlem World'll be the crew of the year Scream it out, we don't give a fuck who isn't here Harlem World'll be the crew of the year And murder niggas, all we do is a year

Harlem World'll be the crew of the year Scream it out, we don't give a fuck who isn't here Harlem World'll be the crew of the year And murder niggas, all we do is a year Scream it out

Yo, I was sworn, never again to sell drugs
But every now and then, yo, I tend to bust slugs
It's bug, how niggas get rolled up in rugs
Fold up, and dumped in a hole of a dug six feet
You creep, niggas know who the thug
And that's why Loon never showed you no love
You feminine, and don't know the shit you swimmin' in
Fucking with this thing was gentlemen that boost my adrenaline
Cool the momentum and flow, I'm in it for dough
And don't need to gimmick to blow
When I get it you know nigga, cuz I visit yo' hoe
I hit it befo', I be there hit it some mo'
Y'all niggas on coke. Me? I think your shit is a joke
But y'all find out when the heavy hitters awoke
And opposed to me? Y'all niggas hoes to me

How the fuck you gettin' money doin' shows for free?

Harlem World'll be the crew of the year Scream it out, we don't give a fuck who isn't here (Harlem World) Harlem World'll be the crew of the year (The Movement) And murder niggas, all we do is a year (All Out)

Harlem World'll be the crew of the year
Scream it out, we don't give a fuck who isn't here
(Yeah kid, Harlem on the rise)
Harlem World'll be the crew of the year
(C'mon, c'mon, c'mon)
And murder niggas, all we do is a year
(C'mon, c'mon)
Scream it out

Yo, now why talk Willy livin' in the tenements? Why shoot Dominicans then go to the Hill again? Then again, why repent when I'mma sin again? Why eat at Blimpies if I could eat in the Bennigans? Dumb niggas with Timbaland, til they body tremblin' Messin' with Mase money and they'll be rememberin' I hate the color green 'less it comes in Benjamins Is that the same color my brother got sent up in? You laugh all day but cry the sinner's sin Stranded on the Island, I don't mean the Gilligan You thug gentlemen, deep down feminine Cuz in the pen, change your name to Cinnamon You speakin' on money and you ain't put a penny in You gon' float on the same shit they put the penguin in And my adrenaline won't let me be no Minute Man Cuz I put my dick in any bitch I could fit it in C'mon

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