

Hell Up In Harlem

Big L

We about to make this Harlem World shit real hot
We got Murder Mase, Big L, Killa, Herb McGruff
On Ron G the mixtape king
That hold it down for Uptown
I walk around
With sick style sippin' on Cristal
My whole clicks wild
I'm rich pal no more sticks I'm makin' hits now
What I recite be takin' hours to write
If you write tell your man what kind of flowers you like
I