

Harlem Block Money

DJ Kay Slay

Ayo, it's DJ Kay Slay the drama king
And this that summertime fly shit
Shit you rockin' when you crusin' up the Harlem River Driver
Let's go

Block money
Got it, I was starvin', you was not hungry
Crispy all-whites any time the sky sunny
Harlem, niggas either sellin' or they buyin' somethin'
The feds plannin' to attack, I think they tryin' somethin'
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Sometimes you gotta learn to be quiet even when you got a lot to say (Yes)
When you a threat, they intercept and get you out the way (I know)
Before them things touch down, make sure you got a play (I know)
Make sure your chain bustdown enough to hockey skate
It's big business, of course
Win award in these streets, you get a different applause (Why?)
Rest in peace to Chinx, I might go get me a Porsche (My nigga)
Sportin' the Kith mink with New York written across
Kitten the soft, dog that, I never could be (Uh-uh)
Corner store gettin' it off 'til I'm ready to re' (I'm done)
I'm the type to get with your broad like she look better with me (Yes)
First rapper spittin' that flow and everything was a key (Tell 'em)
I been mackin' since I was born, my swagger is out the norm (Uh-huh)
Every rapper's a G.O.A.T., then I'm draggin' 'em by the horns (Uh-huh)
Niggas movin' this coke while you braggin' 'bout Louis Vuittons (Uh-huh)
What they rappin' is jokes, I'm just laughin' while they perform

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You not safe, that don't matter if you locked up (Right)
Bitch, I'll send a kite and I'll still get you shot up (Get 'em)
Nigga, you better chill, 'cause this shit could get extra wicked (Facts)
One way to heaven and your man could get the extra ticket (Pray for him)
That new Caddy truck drive by itself (For real)
So now I can do drive-bys when I'm by myself (You hear me?)
The F&N is usually in a rider onside my belt (Uh)
Niggas'd rather see me die when I cry for help (Fuck 'em)
But then I bounce back on my bully (Factual)
Clearport, shit, a hundred stacks in a pully (You hear that?)
Should've had the MAC in a pully, but since Weezy got caught
I be scared to bring the weed in the Porsche (Pardon me)
Seven hail marys, fifty G's in my cross (Pray for me)

'Cause I point at you, nigga, like I sneeze in a thought, uh (Boom, bang)
Tell Kay that he better let these niggas know
I'm older, but I'm colder and I still let them triggers blow

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If you ain't built for this life, you shouldn't get involved
Boyz n the Hood, I'd've never let Tre in the car (Nah, nah)
Donny Bosco wouldn't get as far, would've been alarmed
And I would've never introduced him as a friend of ours
Never would've got it just 'cause it looked like he hit my moms
South Central, Harlem, a deuce-deuce, I was stickin' hard (Look at me)
I could've given seminars on how to stick and rob (Word)
Above the Rim, I'm Birdie playin' for bigger odds
Uh, like Bishop, I want the juice
If I was G-Money, Nino would've died on that roof
Godfather shit, I was callin' shots on the suits
Like as soon as you come out the john, shoot (Shoot, shoot)
I was a menace like Caine and O-Dog
Strapped like De Niro in Heat, ready to go off
Your big homie a bitch, go tell him I said he no boss
On any Harlem night, I'll shoot that bitch toe off

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Man, who can fuck with 'em? None of them
I'll put a gun in 'em
Hole in the back of they head, I'm seein' the front of them
Use 'em like a shield
Bullets damn near the size of franks
The burner, I use it like a grill
Thing up on the hip, clip long as a ruler
Draw it on your head and rearrange your medulla
Different type of nigga, you don't really wanna amp me
Fuck a cosign, them streets, they really stamped me
I be on blocks them niggas wouldn't dare come
Hollows in that bitch, you and your man can share some
Bad thing with me, ain't a trophy, she got it on her
Talkin' who the hottest in New York, I got it, homie
Two hundred on the dash, hit the button, remove the roof
Give my young niggas the nod, they come and take the stoop
Every time I step in the building, nigga, I shake the booth
Real Harlem nigga, somethin' like Bump and Lou

Talkit