

Harlem

DJ Kay Slay

They be bug tappin, cause they be tappin bugs
They get they mugs slapped, doubled back, platnom slugs
Where thugs act for love, children get smacked for hugs
R. Kelly mad, ssnatch Michael Jackson's glove
Yeah, I rape them kids, go to court, smack the judge
Guns get placed in wigs, ribs, me after love
I teach m mad grammar, rap m up, bandana
Fuck m like my man Tana, in the ass, bad Santa
Make m a vedgtable, but just like m, I got cabbage
No guns, beef and brocks
All my Js got Cabbage
Told you on the facts of life, that just my rock cabin
Jot that, and stop scrtchin, knife game, I stab it
Here come the yello cabs, driving in a super car
Stupid, you want my yello bags, they come right to the stupid cars
It get stupid hot, sorta like a poodle spot
50 o with his Looger cocked
Shooter told me maneuver not
That's when I threw the rocks, 2 inside my newest sock
Two of m pop, sucker please
Stuff your weed, bro I'm hot
Doggy done knew my clock
The malebox my glovin spot
Up the stairs, Avis crib, I know what door is never locked
She better not, I had a pop
Bread, so she fed some
Hotty ain't nobody, just some body I get some head from
Buntch of head hung, butter her bread buns
If she turn fed 1, you'll find her with her head bunned

Put your fist up, crisp up, wrist up
Big cars, big trucks, Harlem world, bitch, what
We'll take your money, we'll take your honey

Fuck Warner Brothers, you better warn your brothers
Warn your aunts, warn your mothers, I'll leave more than covers
I get money from heads, I put money on heads
Ain't nothing funny, money hungry, put the money to bed
I get money on beds, tell you thunnies and feds
Honeys and dreads, Killa kills m, get a 20 then fled
And it's tight ill, I let my light spill
I had a coke kite, but don't like some Night Quill
It was just a dream, from an ounce of weed
Some baby mother threats, some gangstas down to bleed
Started in 6 80, next stop, brick of taistey
This shit amaze me, good calone, check the sent, this shit amazing
Watch your homie scramble, to his only gamble
He had it now, he playing nothing, Naomi Camble
Yeah, ma, that's grass in my fist, they offer fashion tips
Gass spit, it's fast, ain't it
I'm rapping, being passionate
Won't sign no broken deal, becauseI know the deal
I'm the flyest, don't be biest, you know what's real
Fuck your fathers set, I stay locked in tent
You won't jerk me, I ain't thirsty, I'll provide the bentch
They say my pride is bent, na, I just ride the rent
I ain't no ass kisser, cocksucker is what I meant

And yeah, I grab the block, that's my hobbie
Masken up, I ball, and I always had the rock
No zip to address me, no school to test me
Come aproach, I'm in ghost, like SP
First the album Harlem World, sold 3 million
Up next, 3 mill women
A 3 million million
No diss to Lil Kim, I had a crush on you
So Mase ain't call me, then I wrote Crush On You
You catch act live, but you stacked Jive
I do the sairemony, Cam's now baptised
I be in bird off, bbluming deals, 7 5
I got a blue 6, green 7, black 5
We like the conversations, 4 tops, jack 5
I got guns, Muggzie Laronne, Shack size
Plus, Coke dope, CP, crack pies

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