

## Reign In Harlem

French Montana

Come on man  
That pressure, boy  
This that 09 pressure, right, French?  
This is Harlem  
The Coke Boys  
Grease!

You need a fix, homie, the goons goin get you right  
When it come to bricks, you know I got the system right  
Makin wrong turns, put you in the body bag  
Lotta niggas waitin for they turn, but it probly pass  
Catty all black, money can't save you, when we put that 10 thro  
ugh your back  
Bad blood, only when the streets fuck with you, you goin be lay  
in flat in your bathtub  
Masked up  
I ain't the best lyricist, but that ain't my thang  
No, homie, that ain't my lane  
Na, I do it for the hustlers, customs, niggas in the crack hous  
e  
Cuttin up, feds all rushin 'm  
I did it all, didn't do it all alone, not a damb thing changed  
We bang till it's over, homie, it's so cold  
My wrist so frozen  
7 60 L I, sittin on Chroma shit

Now agree with me, when I'm rollin through your hood  
With the AK in the back, they say Greasey, what's good?  
And I never ever ever scream peace  
Still on the run from the motherfuckin police  
City with the bright lights, homie, I shine  
Caught the beef, niggas drop a dime  
Now how many dimes can you drop, before them niggas wanna kill  
you?  
Therefore I roll with the squad, the murder game's not for you  
Niggas gonna bleed, like the blood from the issue  
I deal with your issues, I'm always gonna get you  
The nigga need a tissue, the homies gonna rince you  
Take the back door, come hit you with the missiles  
Shootin all them bullets, on the east coast ridin  
This the black Coke dealer  
Me and the million dollar scribin  
D price go up, the feends they be wilden  
D boy from Harlem, the D boy from Harlem