

Harlem Streets

Cam'ron

Killa, killa, dipset man
Aye yo, you know I've been all over the motherfucking world man
But ain't no place like Harlem man
Let me break it down man We tie dynamite to the rhino type, Whine you might find yo sight
Sell the information for a dime a white, that China China
I'm behind the diner, selling marijuana to a minor minor
Elder fella, lookin' for that shine, I'll shine ya
My mind designa, you a dime, I dine ya
Madonna mamma, body bottle, your fine, I'm finer
Time to climb her, climb behind vagina
Then I hime and grind her, 'til her mom remind her
Diamonds blind her, visions gone, kiss her palm
Turn her on, lift her arm, notice that her wrists is wrong
Gotta get it right ma, we gon' get along
Said how don't trip, but yo the trick is wrong
First visit warn, day job tick a tron
Night time, missed the mom, Bootleg Chris and Don
Brother Chris and Don, and they sister Calm
They sell yay, you'll say yay, this shit's the bomb I'm a hit my man, tell 'em you my bigga pawn
The rest, so yes, you'll be blessed to hit the intercom
You know kisses mom, she gave him wisdom charm
And they father come from a long list of dons
And I get it cheaper, I cop bricks like sneakers
And if the cops come, I just hit amnesia
But I give you an earful, it's tearful
Told my mother I hustle, and she said be careful
Why I feel like I'm loosin' weight?
Why I ain't got no money? If I'm movin' weight
My life's based upon, what I'm a do this year
Cop a boat, hop a layer
Now the army suit's cute wit my chocolate Airs
You ain't gotta stare, go cop a pair
Still the sweet in me, nothing they can do to me
I made sure my mother and girl, is smothered in pearls
When a nigga under the world Everybody like Cam got the recipe now
Not them three girls I got to be Destiny's Child
Specially equities, wreckin' we smile
In the fear tech the tech and use the tech that we wile
The tech with the deceptive, receptive affiles
Hectic, heckle a koch, helicopters on the set of my sales
Nah, I ain't gon' be imbedded in jail
Talking to a cellmate in a bed in a jail, dog I broke bread with the wheel, fled from some seals

And the house, I was the head of the hills, shit
 You get a dumb hoe, and get dumb happy
 Go to the gun show, get gun happy
 Stuck, killed, mugged, milt
 Tone flint sticks, bo, Chubs milk
 Poochi, baba, butta got the hardest shells
 We the Midwest gun cartel, nigga Yeah, well just clap up ya brains, snatch up ya chains
 See dog, rap is my aim
 But I'm a hustler, in my heart, trapped is the game
 A test of my frame, tapped to my brain, affects that remains
 It wasn't rap, it was crack that got the racks on the range
 Look dog, don't be askin' for dames, see
 Playboy, I don't own that man
 In any way homeboy, you a grown ass man, shit And when I rap it ain't no punchlines
 I be on the highway dirty, crunch time
 No timeouts homeboy, just one time
 If they find that stashbox, just one time
 Shit, they'll put the dogs in the trunk
 Side of the road, holdin' you up, cold as a fuck
 They want that button, lunge it and push it
 Soon as they lunge it and push it, I run in the bushes That's how I play mine, jump over the
 grapevine
 Take my chances, one on one with the K9
 Stealin' a clip, for anyone squealin' they lips
 Fuck y'all if y'all ain't feelin' the dips Why I feel like I'm loosin' weight?
 Why I ain't got no money? If I'm movin' weight
 My life's based upon, what I'm a do this year
 Cop a boat, hop a layer
 Now the army suits cute wit my chocolate ears
 You ain't gotta stare, go cop a pair
 Still the sweet in me, nothing they can do to me
 I made sure my mother and girl, is smothered in pearls
 When a nigga under the world

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>