

# So Harlem

Jim Jones

Free bail posters, tail lights on the roadster  
Live life vulgar, the FBI posters  
The fast cars pack guns no holsters  
We act dumb don't approach us  
We hit the spot and stand on club sofas, so get the club owners  
'Cause we the boss type Knicks game court side  
Big chain sporty ride, G4 the lord of skies  
And courts in session so you all could rise  
Then pay homage to the board that lies so many niggaz  
On my corner died, of marijuana how I mourn you guys  
And never mind that my cash better find that  
We do the mask work, kick doors cash search  
Now where the paper at, man where the yayo at?  
You make me wait the gat where your baby layin' at  
'Cause it's a cold world, after world  
Emblem on the car it's no horn on the Capricorn  
Everybody talkin' 'bout this byrd gang money  
And this shit is gettin' funny to me  
Think you a frog  
And I'ma hit you with one in your knee  
We switch up the cars, we switch up the broads  
Got the bitches sayin', 'Oh my darling?  
We fucks with the stars, it's us against y'all  
Bucks at the bar we oh so Harlem  
A desperado, rich like I struck the lotto  
Trained to fight like Cus D'Amato  
I paint the night in them custom models  
Racin' in the street duckin' potholes  
Who gives a fuck is the motto  
The new sneakers, Blackberry's new beepers  
And no tops on the 2 seaters, it's summertime  
Give me Coupe fever, it's four inches for my shoe divas  
You gon' get it 'cause my crew G'd up  
We take chances, flip label advances  
3 day stays at Atlantis, make way for the gangsters  
A 1000 deaths to the cowards, you let him die no flowers  
I used to drive 4 hours  
Switch with my man had a supply worth of powder  
You chumps want the power

But when it rain man you can't duck the showers  
It's Byrd gang and you don't wanna fuck with ours  
Everybody talkin' 'bout this byrd gang money  
And this shit is gettin' funny to me  
Think you a frog  
And I'ma hit you with one in your knee  
We switch up the cars, we switch up the broads  
Got the bitches sayin', 'Oh my darling?  
We fucks with the stars, it's us against y'all  
Bucks at the bar we oh so Harlem  
I got no manners, ignorant with choppy grammar  
Where we livin' at the cops can't stand us  
And belligerent and packin' hammers  
And my constituents a act bananas  
'Cause they get hungry from gorilla talk  
I'm talkin' beef not a bit of pork  
If you a soldier go get your boss  
We need to sit and talk  
Before it go further  
Mo money mo murder  
And we will pop at you  
And whoever you got with you  
My Muslim niggaz too hard, cop jewels new cars  
Take guns to Jumar, tryna avoid a new charge  
Now I salaam to that and drop a bomb to that  
It's war in these streets no sleep we insomniacs  
You out your weight class, we'll eat you like Drake fast  
The credits all good motherfucker but I'm straight cash  
Yeah, and I'm oh so Harlem  
15th bang, bang, you don't want no problems  
Everybody talkin' 'bout this byrd gang money  
And this shit is gettin' funny to me  
Think you a frog  
And I'ma hit you with one in your knee  
We switch up the cars, we switch up the broads  
Got the bitches sayin', 'Oh my darling?  
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