

# Harlem

## James Kok

7th Lennox and what about the east side  
El Barrio, we blowin' smoke while we G ride  
Washington Heights dime lo tato you know  
    Todo bien tato capo, uh oh  
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El Barrio, we blowin' smoke while we G ride  
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    Todo bien tato capo, uh oh  
Shot out to Taft where them killas is made  
We was out on the Ave., young dealin' that gay  
Tryin' to get cash pumpin' crills to get payed  
Alcohol in my glass blunt filled up with haze  
We congregated in front them grocery stores  
Sellin' crack held gats and conversate while we smoked the raw  
    And sit on crates like they lay-Z boys  
    The strip we wait like the 80's boy  
And whip up 8th in the latest toy like it's the only thing to do  
    You know the house parties you had to bring your crew  
    And you know we stay fly Pelle leather with the boots  
And niggaz shake the dice and call you bet out 'fore you shoot  
    You lookin' scared, money fall better to the deuce  
    We would set up on the stoop, gettin' wet up on the stoop  
    And watch the dust fiends gettin' wet up off the juice  
Tryin' to get up off that loot so we could get up on the coupes  
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    I wish Harlem Lee was still around  
You know the jam packed traffic buggin' out in front of Willie's Lounge  
    I been doing this since Nucleus was open  
    Coppin', they black well who knew what we was smokin'  
    Took a few pulls had you movin' slow motion  
    Walkin' pass the Carter, now it's pokie still smokin'  
    And I could still picture the sports bar  
    Niggaz think they hot shit whippin' up in the sports car  
State building jams, remember Farrahan had that fake million man  
    Copped the fly jackets from Carlos at the mall  
    Or be in King Domes poppin' bottles in the park

Don't play on 40th cause they'll rob you after dark  
Wolf pack gang don't jog Central Park  
F.T.W fuck the world  
Drinkin' 40's got us fucked up till we earl  
In this hustler's world  
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Somebody tell Cuda, let me in this cherry lounge  
This ain't Queens homie you surrounded by deadly grounds  
And I was downtown just watchin' the caine flip  
Heard a nigga from the west side was fuckin' my same bitch  
But them bitches didn't care  
Just tryin' to get some cash buy some sneakers fix they hair  
Ride up Lennox Ave. you smell the reffer in the air  
3rd Ave. viva Puerto Rico the Boricua fair  
African parade every year, the whole block is there  
You want raw yay, Broadway you go cop it there  
Shit, and we can cruise autobahn, go buy the rawest chron  
Or around the clock baby even 4 in the morn'  
The summer time, we still illin' on them  
God they clear the whole 7th, poppin' wheelies on them squads  
Terror Squad still got the hottest team in the Rucker  
Look real close, you can see it from the brucker  
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