

Spanish Harlem

Cocoa Brovaz

Intro:

ah where's everybody up
(Speaking Spanish)[Tony Touch]
it's Tony Toca, the one that's got you screamin "Esta loca"
dalle juevo Is my mic Leggo my Eggo
spanish Harlem all the way to san diego
make it happen
you know, like movin yayo
i set my product, that shit's far from the palace
mantequilla not manteco oh senso mia
cocoa brovaz, hurricane, mida mida
ton touch sound doofy eatin fajitas
chillin in the b-boy stance
in my Adidas
while senioritas be screaming Buenos Dias
rock steady by now you know the steelo
mi correo still gets down on the leelo
tahino indians welcome to my teepi
pop in the CD and let's get freaky
(Speaking spanish)
boriquia, about to pass it off to the rasta[Tek]
It's the el generalno
tell your baqua where's the hydro
if the chocolito make my eyes low
BC a tomb bab with me and my man
trying to double our ends with the el capitain
(speaking Spanish)
(speaking Spanish)
undressin me, thinking about sexin me
while I (?) [Steele]
blazing, kicking lingo with this bingo
who got hot making the peicos out in santo domingo
el socio, used to go to the acapulco
every weekend tricking on chulas, he was beatin
but on the streets of harlem around the grand concourse
he had to force a loco, with amigos he used to boss
a dios mios, just like el ninos (?) Chorus: [Tek, (Steele)]
harlem got the pace in it (boogie, boogie got the cake in it)
crooklyn keeps on takin it (queens cats been making it)[Tek]

i do this for my soldiers in the streets
who stand toast to toast with the cousin asleep
making illegal transactions
world-wide connections
forced up a change like the name smif-n-wessun
see me coming through and my nigga clef too
or the 650 blowing up the Grant's Tomb
mobbb beats to protect slaying your street bite
like a killing, over-dealing for the pearly white[Hurricane G]
blows down your mother fucking roof
it be hurricane g, subwoofin out ya asshole
from first staff, up through parks from the heart
they better stand though and my niggaz up in spanish harlem
who don't give a fuck and my box stuck cutting up tribal
forget the hydro, cause we gonna keep it live all night yo
yeah one love to my fam in boriquia land
my emanitos sparking up trees
112 buddah keys barking up puerto rican queens
smacking all rice and beans
and you know my emanitas keep it real
in timboso high hills
all my pitycitas who ain't fucking around
sontaras holdin shit down for the crown
tony touch, cocoa brovaz and i
keep the body all high
no doubt
if he CPR in the mother fucking house
i'm talking about crazy puerto ricans
who beefing
a few heads is busted because I see them leaking
freaking, because I be frying bitches up like hoochie fritos
for my 5 bitchulitos
Yo, yeah word up and if you can't get wit it then kiss my a*s
but your, on thea real I wanna say one love and rest in peace
to my nigga Bridge from 112
big up Johnson Projects
jefferson in the house
an the whole spanish harlem
word up one love to the barrio, cocoa brovaz, tony touch and hurricane g
peace daycoro song papi
uh what yeah yeah
uh what uh

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