

# Take Em to Church (feat. Juelz Santana & Un Kasa)

Cam'ron

Killa

This that harlem music right here  
This that Diddy bop, get ready for the winner music  
That's what it is  
Killa, Dip set Uh, uh

You know me dog, I just want to keep the peace  
But saying my name, that's only gonna lead to beef  
Tell my niggas chill, but they want to heat the streets

Or do all the records, check it who spit beef to heat Everybody welcoming this, welcoming that  
He wasn't welcome in the first place, how we welcome him back? Give me the mac, let me welcome with that

Tell Mr. Rogers, I leave his brains on the trolley track  
Now prolly that Listen, ya'll stop it (stop) know you appalled dotted  
But this my call by the force prophet, all profit all profit)  
Harlem hustler (yep), I can't at all knock it (nope)  
But you hard, when you go in the floor, pop dance?

What you offering, put it, write an offer in  
They take it all, cash, credit, silver, down to porcelain  
Look at the Porsche he's in (look at it)  
Then give them portioning (to who)  
No handicap, Annie rag, orphan friends  
Friends, but the sizzurp I'm drinking on  
Birds I'm thinking on get your Kirk Franklin on  
Word, so you get your Ben Franklin on  
Just when you think it's wrong  
One blink, he's gone (damn) [Chorus]

Father forgive us  
We gon take him to church  
Father forgive us  
And it's the truth it hurts  
Father forgive us  
And that won't work  
No, no, no, no, no way Yo, you try to handle us, get on the air and damage us  
Screaming out Harlem (huh)  
like you ain't just a fan to us (where you been at)  
Well let me fill you in, now it's a whole clan of us  
Blink so mad, he went and beat up cannabiz  
Zeke got shot then Zeke locked up (then)  
E got killed (what else) be popped up  
But be hopped up and still broke out his chest

On probation, doe on house arrest (what up doe) Right out the flesh sit in a house and rest  
He don't pout, get him gear, in the house he fresh (fresh)  
Not that you care, just getting clear and think  
One glare and wink everyone wearing pink  
I'm the reason that your two rings are clear (yeah, what else)  
I'm the reason that your ear rings is square yeah, hear)  
Now we take trips to casinos, to lovely homes  
You check on Lotti's mom, minos, honeycombs (homes)  
You trying to fake it with card em, pardon  
You gonna leave them naked like Tarzan Kudo love know that too  
Holler at Kudo, ask Nelly about him [Chorus] Yo, yo, I kill diamonds, get with pearls  
I ain't trying kid the world  
I ain't got beef, when I do, I say get 'em girls  
Not a diss dog (nope) we just heard the fronting (heard it)  
Do Harlem a favor (what) get a church or something (something)  
A rec center in the winter where the youth can play  
They don't even shoot the jay sell drugs, shoot and spray  
I'm known better, still moving deuce a day  
Two, that's two keys, I still move the yeah (ya,yo)  
Found a newer way, my crew do and say  
Fist fights to shoot outs, we won't move away [Chorus] All my niggas that held it down the last half a decade  
My nigga gruff, bad 140th, 139th  
Black tone, white tone, 142nd Rell street  
And 141st, Tito, my Jamaicans, my Belgians  
33 33 polo grounds, st.nick colonial jurist  
Lincoln, tab, Forster, Johnson, Jeff Wagner  
Wilson, east river, the 9, 145th street Nick, 145th Broadway  
Lukas, Taliban, 135th, 118th, Manhattan  
134th and 8th, powerful what's really popping  
Sarge hold your head, freaky seeky hold your head  
The O.B.B.O., 151st Amsterdam holla at your boy  
A.K. Jackie Rob, all my niggas in Harlem  
Get your hustle on keep your muzzle strong  
I know about the block

Songwriters

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