

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
We fucks with the stars, it's us against y'all
Bucks at the bar we oh so Harlem

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