Intro (Harlem's Own) (feat. Dame Dash & Max B)

Jim Jones

Come on, come on
Come on give me that double give me that double, Give it to me
You never knew what it took to get here
They say life don't stop for no one
So I'm going back in my people
This what ya'll wanted right? You said you wanted the truth
So I solemnly swear, that the truth be told I'm thuggin to the day I die
It's Dipset, it's more than just music now
It's a way of life, it's more than the 200 hundred years of blood sweat and tears
Ho stand me? For all my ballers, my day crawlers... It's bigger than Nino Brown[Chorus]
Take a walk, lets slide
Take a journey wit ya' boy and lets ride
You don't even need a seat belt homie
Cause where I'm bout to take you
You don't need nothin' homie
And I don't need nothin' on me
But a bottle purple juice and my weed smoke homie
I just need you in the zone, take ya' oastar off and make yaself at homeIt must of been a obsession, Had to make it large (Dreams)
Started my progression, I'd stay stayed with the huds (Down South)
Now it's private jets, smokin' haze what the stars (G4)
Quarter mill write the check is how we for the car (What's The Price?)
Switchin' lanes up 7th, Are we racin' the cars (Harlem)
But the boys still stressin', I'm facin' the charge (Yay-Ya Be Trippin')
Still prayin' to God, Cause lifes not promised, not even manana (Fuck tomorrow)
Remember movin' bricks, paranoid bout ehanas
Or even at the club, an them boys and then behind us
I'm chasin' death, gettin' closer to 30 (Gettin Older)
Sunny outside, but the work is dirty
Days out, Harlem nights, over in Jersey
In my rare view goin' home cause the vultures is thirsty (I See Em)
Pull that doubt you won't catch me in traffic
Dark tints on the V, when I lack it's the ratchet, bastidd[Chorus]
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But a bottle purple juice and my weed smoke homie
I just need you in the zone, take ya' oastar off and make yaself at homeNow I'm the leader of the pack, Can't help to think back
How I was eager to sell crack, I thought it was the shit (Damn)
When they talk about my influence, I thought of uncle Ricky (Uncle Ricky Wha's Good)
He used to call up on his flip, he start snortin' on his shit
The same life had me gas'd, when I bought my first vic
I was heavy on the gas, when I bought my first whip
I thought I was the shit, you couldn't tell me nothing
I was 16, I told the teacha "You can feel me fuck em" (Feel Me Nigga)
Just any suits, pullin' up to club in Beamer coups
Gettin' cash (Gettin' Cash)
We livin' fast (Fast)
Different women every night, couple of bitches clashed (Fuck You Bitches)
I just laughed (Ha ha ha ha ha ha, Now Listen)
I almost got wiped out on the wave, Thought 11 was tsunami
For the prices of the yay (Fuck The City Up)
The hustlas, they know the saga of the story (I Know The Story)
We live sucka free and show problems to authority[Chorus]
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I just need you in the zone, take ya' oastar off and make yaself at homeOne... Two, Feds comin' for you
Three... Four, Betta' watch the law
Five... Six, If you start pumpin' bricks
Seven... Eight, hope it ain't heavy weightFerrari dreams, feds spooked me in my nightmare
I tried to scream like Freddy Kruegers' in my nightmare (Livin' For The Fame)
So a nigga scared to go to sleep
Until the day break, I'm tearin' up the street
Porsche'n with the clutch, ballin' like the play off's
Top goin' 40 on the floor, with the safe off
12 car convoyed a road full of race cars
Till' the pilot give me 5 minutes before he take off (Roll Up)[Chorus]
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But a bottle purple juice and my weed smoke homie
I just need you in the zone, take ya' oastar off and make yaself at homeThat's my conclusion... See it's the fast

life we livin'...
So I'm ah tell you, if you in the left lane
Keep going cause they right on your heels nigga (Squalieee)
And if they catch you, that's your ass...
And if you blink nigga, your life could be over (We Got No Time For Sleep)
I keep sayin' the rap game is like the crack game
Cause we could all end up dead or in jail
They got us under surveillance...
And to all my niggas behind the g-wall (My Soldiers)
Inhale, exhale... Shake your nuts if you have to (East Side)
And all the political soldiers that ain't never comin' home (RIP Too)
To all my homies, East Side...
While you in your cell, raise hell to this (Roll Call)
I do this for ya'll (Dipset)... I feel ya' pain (I'm On The Same Route)
I know what it's like hittin' the streets at ah early age to deal cocaine (It's Ah Cold World)
Survival, It's all about the struggle (We Gotta' Eat)...
So I dedicate this to you (My Soldiers)
Keep your head up and your eyes open...
Stay focused, It's us against them
I'd never let them take me alive, take me alive..Take a journey wit ya' boy, let's ride..

Songwriters
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