Harlem

Paul Howard

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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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 Farraqan 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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