

On My Way to Harlem

Coolio

I know a place where the trees don't grow
Just another place where niggaz live low
I know a place where life is fucked up
Make a wrong move and your ass get stuck up
Time ain't nothin' but a frame of mind
And life is like a mountain or a steep ass climb
I've been lookin' for a place to leave
The only free place is inside of me
So let's take a trip, and you don't need a grip
But you better be equipped 'cause it might be some shit
African-American, nothin' but a nigga
Had our fingers on the trigger, but I pulled mine quicker
I know a place where there ain't no calm and
You better stay away if you're soft like Charmin'
South Central, Los Angeles, Watts, and Compton
A nigga on the west coast on his way to Harlem
Now it's time to step into the light
Put up your dukes, there's gonna be a fight
And when it's time to fight, you better fight right
'Cause if it don't fight right, out goes the light
Take a close look at what I'm freakin' on
Niggaz think I'm tweekin', but I'm speakin' on
Subject matter, data
Information that I gather through my travels
'Cause the hardest of the hard, hit hardcore killer
Can't stop the slug of a nine millimeter
Everybody thinks they know, but they know not
If they haven't caught a cap on the block
So shine up your boots and pick up the pieces
Grab a fresh pair of khakis with the sharp ass creases
Ring the alarm, here comes the storm
I got a firearm on my way to Harlem
I know a place where the sun don't shine
Everybody is a victim of neighborhood crime
I know a place where niggaz walk the line
One false step and they must do time
Since I'm in the same boat I must stay afloat
And sing every note from the quotes that they wrote
So, I look into the past and walk the path of the greats
So I won't make the same mistakes that sealed my ancestors' fates
If I had to be a slave I'd rather be in my grave
If I get in how many lives could I save?
One, two, three, a hundred, a thousand
My heart is poundin', the devil keeps soundin'
But he don't want my money, he wants my soul
So I reach like a tree, and like a weed I grow
My stomach is full, but my mind is starvin'
Rollin' in a G ride on my way to Harlem

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