

Cam'ron, Harlem Streets

Killa (Killa)

Dipset man

Aye yo you know I've been all over the motherfucking world man

But ain't no place like Harlem man

(Let) me break it down man

[Verse 1]

We tie dynamite to the rhino type. Whine you might find yo sight

Sell the information for a dime a white, that China China

I'm behind the diner, selling marijuana to a minor minor

Elder fella, lookin for that shine, Ill shine ya

My mind designa, you a dime, I dine ya

Madonna momma, body bottle, your fine, I'm finer

Time to climb her, climb behind vagina

Then I hime and grind her, 'til her mom remind her

Diamonds blind her, visions gone, kiss her palm

Turn her on, lift her arm, notice that her wrists is wrong

Gotta get it right ma, we gon get along

Said how don't trip, but yo the trick is wrong

First visit warn, day job tick a tron

Night time, missed the mom, bootleg cris and don

Brother Chris and Don, and they sister calm

They sell yay, you'll say yay, this shits the bomb

Ima hit my man, tellem you my bigga pawn

The rest, so yes, you'll be blessed to hit the intercom

You know kisses mom, she gave him wisdom charm

And they father come from a long lista dons

And I get it cheaper, I cop bricks like sneakers

And if the cops come, I just hit amnesia

But I give you an earful, it's tearful

Told my mother I hustle, and she said be careful

[Chorus]

Why I feel like I'm loosin weight?

Why I ain't got no money? If I'm movin weight

My lifes based upon, what Imma do this year

Cop a boat, Hop a layer

Now the army suits cute wit my chocolate Airs

You ain't gotta stare, go cop a pair

Still the sweet in me, nothing they can do to me

I made sure my mother and girl, is smothered in pearls

When a nigga under the world

[Verse 2]

Everybody like Cam got the recipe now

Not them three girls I got to be Destiny's Child

Specially equities, wreckin we smile

In the fear tech the tech and use the tech that we wile

The tech with the septa, Receptive affiles

Hectic, heckle a koch, Helicopters on the set of my sales

Nah, I ain't gon be imbedded in jail

Talking to a cellmate in a bed in a jail, dog

I broke bread with the wheel, fled from some seals

And the house, I was the head of the hills, shit

You get a dumb ho, and get dumb happy

Go to the gun show, get gun happy

Stuck, killed, mugged, milt

Tone flint sticks, bo, Chubs milk

Poochi, baba, butta got the hardest shells

We the Midwest gun cartel, nigga

Ya, well just clap up ya brains, snatch up ya chains

See dog? Rap is my aim

But I'm a hust-ul-a, in my heart, trapped is the game

A test of my frame, tapped to my brain, affects that remains

It wasn't rap, it was crack that got the racks on the Range
Look dog, don't be askin for dames, see
Playboy, I don't own that man
In any way homeboy, you a grown ass man, shit
And when I rap it ain't no punchlines
I be on the highway dirty, crunch time
N o timeouts homeboy, just one time
If they find that stashbox, just one time:
Shit, they'll put the dogs in the trunk
Side of the road, holding you up, cold as a fuck
They want that button, Lunge it and push it
Soon as they lunge it and push it, I run in the bushes
That's how I play mine, jump over the grapevine
Take my chances, one on one with the k9
Stealin a clip, for anyone squealin they lips
Fuck y'all if y'all ain't feeling the dips

[Chorus]