

What up on my Harlem niggas
My BK niggas
Back uptown baby
Lennox Ave.
My Oyas on Broadway all day

Aye yo you love the way I rep black
Step the f back
'Fore I bring out the guns
And chest check
Respect that
Any girl I met that
Hit that
Love the way I spit that
I don't kit kat
Push your wig back
Get you shit snatched
Get your ribs cracked
Got a friend
Have me kick that
Get that
Sit back
School shit skip that
Learn how to flip pack
For the big stacks
And the big act
Now I got the big gats
Click, clack, uhh
Since day one been in a ditch
Came with a snitch
Now I'm in the pen in the mix
Friends sending me flicks
Girls sending me kicks
Been in some shit
Had to tap a chin with a fist
When the ?
Begin with a stich
End in a kiss
So yo so I blend in the mix
Now a day don't go by I ain't been in a chick
8?on the dope ask Dominican Rich
Winning and rich
Eating on cinnamon grits
Grinning and shit
How a nigga spin in 6
See they all see the 12
But you see me in it
TVs in it
BBs kinted
Ask who it is
You see me tinted
I did drive-bys
Now I take you on top of a high rise
See if you can sky dive
I'll bring it to you at your local gymnasium
How 'bout the Palladium
Fuck it Yankees stadium uhh

Play people
Jumped up and sprayed people
I got dudes that'll jiggle with the A's legal
You not a threat
You want it you got it bet
I'll leave your momma and your poppa wet
Nigga wait now I'm set
I'll go another route
Kidnap your family make you brother eat your mother out
After I done dug her out
Needles to jug her out
Pillows to smother out
You don't give a fuck about
Un would've ? about
I'm through wit' it
Your crew ain't even true wit' it
I see your man he's like umm nothing to do with it
I know you pack like that
But Cam why you act like that
SHUT UP nigga clack clack clack
Pat pat pat
Rat tat tat
Put fear 'fore envy
Nigga I'm not in fear of any
I'll leave a nigga black and blue
Like a pair of Pennys
While me and Betha
Throw fiestas
By alma queta
Chicqueta
Monero
Nieta
Don't ever fuck around with the Don's cheddar
See Jimmy Jones frontin' in the Jon Cletta
Or the black boots
Jumpin out to act cool
Cars never lease 'em
Girls ? 'em
My man and his wifey want me down with the threesome
Niggas tease 'em
Bitches please 'em
When I'm out of town yo my pants got a crease in 'em
All calls valid
Never hard mallet
Dallas
Been up in you favorite star's stlyus
Coward
Bite on my hoes like Marv Albert
But you should thank Un though
Coulda made you run though
Been at your front door
Gun hold for fun though

Yo, yo, yo, yo (Cam- What's up?) what the fuck is wrong with you
Fuck that it's not a game
Yo, you ain't gotta be rythmin for niggas like that
Man fuck them niggas B
Yo, you know what you do
What?
Tell these niggas the real deal
Aight check it

Aiyyo I'm ?

Cook up the crack
Everytime you look up a gat
Got you shook up attack huh
Look in the back, nah
The guns I had put in the back
I want the hook up in check
On this work of the rap
Now I'm not saying what I like
Or what I dislike
But get the fuck out my face til' your shit's right
See baby boy I carry guns
You know the big type
The kind that might give you a 10 year fear of life
And I was just like y'all flippin' hundred pack
But nowadays I'm the only
You a running back
You got to understand baby I'm done with the crack
I get pure white coke from Columbian cats
Or the cocaine plan
Leave your whole brain dead
Light this herb
Don't mean to disturb
Never been to Sesame Street but I flip a big bird
And I know stealers and they not from Pittsburgh
No kids rapping or ostriches
Just kidnapings and hostages
So, y'all better obey
We shoot pro way
Mess with us no way
Now go 'head go play