

# Harlem Streets

Cam'ron

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

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 design, 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 Kris and Don  
Brother Chris and Don, and they sister calm  
They sell yay, you'll say yay, this shits the bomb  
Im a hit my man, tell em 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 list a 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

Why I feel like I'm loosin' weight?  
Why I ain't got no money? If I'm movin' weight  
My life's based upon, what I'm a do this year  
Cop a boat, hop a layer  
Now the army suits cute wit my chocolate Aïrs  
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

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 affiliates  
Hectic, heckle a cock, Helicopters on the set of my sales  
Nah, I ain't gon be embedded 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, but 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  
No timeouts homeboy, just one time

If they find that stash box, 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]