

# 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 (Light)  
Put up your dukes, there's gonna be a fight (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 \*gunshot\*  
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