

# Who!?

Jae Millz

Browz they gon' hate you after this one  
It's one to what? Let's go!

Who the fuck want a problem with a problem with steam trees  
Ironman status press cowards with steam tees  
Catch me in the corner to somethin' wit some mean B'S  
Im Harlem's best kept secret like I'm Kareem Reed  
Comfy on the ave cuz I reps my shit  
I got a crew why I need cops to protect my shit  
Yeah I know cats haitn' but Im lovin' it  
Thats why I park before deuce troop it out just for the fuck of it  
You cant find a nigga in the city thats tougher  
I got a 3-year run like TS at the Rucker  
Don't tell me nothin' 'bout who da next to pop  
Cause everybody who's supposed to been hot done flopped  
Last year on the mixtapes I heard a lot of greasy rappin'  
Now niggaz tryin' to see what happened  
Everybody mad but you see I'm laughing  
Their careers stuck at the toll I'm E-Z Passin'  
It's Harlem to the death of me till ain't nothin left for me  
Fuck showin' em how to do it I gave niggaz recipes  
And your label knows you garbage  
Thats why they got you sittin' on the shelf like you was made for a cabbage  
STUPID!

YEAH! I RUN NEW YORK MAN!(Get in touch wit me)

WHO (Who) wanna be the next to get it  
and become the next statistic in da hood and tell me  
WHO (Who) wanna try to get luck  
and get left right beside their truck  
Nigga lemme know  
WHO (Who) wanna aim at the statue  
Let the whole city vote get at'cha  
Please tell me  
WHO (Who) wanna call my bluff  
Who think they friend can't get touched  
Point him out nigga  
WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO

Back on da scene it's ya motherfuckin' man from da block  
In da H where da cake can buck buck they shots  
Never solo on da ave always posted with my gang  
MH get it straight ain't a damn thing change  
Bang! Back up don't make a nigga have to pull the 'Lac up  
Hop up the front seat and act up  
Stomp you all wit some hightops  
and jump right back in da ESV and re-strap my straps up  
Make sure my cuff is right fix my jacker  
And pull my fitted back over my brows and light a sack up  
You might as well pack up  
And your album might've been hot but just hearin' you fucked all da tracks u  
p  
Lotta niggaz gon' get exposed once I do a number  
Think about it be scared yeah you should wonder  
Just think about when I swipe da throne  
And even worse than that just think about when mice come home

Niggaz mad cause they raps is lame  
And I flash them chains gettin' better yearly like Madden games money  
I know your life don't go past your lane  
Im passing fully stuffed vanillas you passin' grains  
This is NYC at its best  
I grew up runnin' my mouth for free now I breathe for checks and yes!  
I ain't losin' not a thing  
Fuck a headlock I got the streets in a million-dollar dream MOTHERFUCKER!

YEAH! IT'S ONE TO WHAT?(Harlem)  
SWAT TEAM! (Your more welcome man)

Swat team man! Vado, Al, Reese!  
Free Mike song thats da campaign  
Its da statue!  
Naj 2  
They ain't fuckin' with ya boy man  
E rolla!