

World Harlem

"Family Crisis"

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Huddy Combs bring it home we don't stop

Jimmy Jones all alone we don't stop

Loon crime fam' we don't stop

Meeno NRB we don't stop

To my man Blinky Blink we don't stop

My sis Baby Stase she don't stop

Killer Cam' Cardan they the fam'

One two we don't stop

I know you thinkin' how many nigga's he got?

Or what how many nigga's is hot?

Yo yeah you a fake wanna be rich nigga, bitch sticker

You know, that get on the stand and snitch stinker

So when Cardie read the press, I dream of success

I want cream to invest plus a Beam' and a Lex'

So I sold bags of Dutch, the cash and plus

My dad's a lush, so all we really had was us, what?

Wit me? it started like this, sip a six, get some chips

And about a half a brick

Now the whole team's in the mix facin' a three-to-six

'Cause they got the DA believin' this shit

So we handcuffed in back of the bus for some dust

Life in Harlem World shouldn't be so tough
It's hot at home, mamma's got a block on the phone
Couldn't call my man Pete so I called Huddy Comb
Yo, Meeno
Yo, Hud
On the low, here's the verdict
A nigga tried to front on me, pard', I wanna murder
I want the nigga jaw broken, chest peeled wide open
Tell Blink get on the next thing smokin'
Shit, I recognize that whip
Didn't he do a drive by on the strip?
Got caught, couldn't do five so he snitched?
What type of guy's this? Look in his eyes
He's a bitch
Mase, remember when we had his ride in the mix?
His girl start to cry, he took the side of his chick
Like we some nigga's that lie on our hits
Who you forget when you was suckin' and fuckin'
Now the war's on, we buckin' and duckin black
Mase pulled his truck in back
Blood rushin', spark the hydro, jumped inside the tie ho
Mase drive slow, and they go five o
Look out the window be sure we wasn't followed
No observers, whew! I just got away wit' murder
Yo, you ain't got to front for me, my gun pop too

Nigga pop me? Nigga pop you

Yo, don't shorty right there look familiar?

Matter of fact, while back used to deal wit' her

You wouldn't believe all the things that honey did

Yo, that's the same one throw the money out the crib

I liked it lot better when she came from Venezuela

But she spent too much cheddar so yo, I had to hit her

But yo, I know her friend Charise

She mad bad from Baghdad

Carry lotta money in Glad bag

She doin' runs for Willie Gum

Used to think that bitch was slick

But found out she was really dumb

She really from Philly's hunt of be more

'Bout to blow her spot like C-4

Never see me poor

So why this bitch fuckin' wit' me for

Knowin' that my life is up and down like see-saw

For days you argue and go through the phase

You blaze, you throw shade, now she hate yo' ways

No feelings, that's while the hoes you stealin'

Creepin', sneakin' in your pocket while you sleepin'

Freakin' off on the Major Degan

Wit' your new Rican every single week and it's
sentimental

Understand what you been through

You fuck a friend, she don't hold it against you
Yeah, nigga, what nigga, touch nigga, fuck nigga
What chu want nigga? What chu want, what chu got?
Uh, what chu need? What chu got? Uh, what chu shoot?
What chu got? What?
Harlem World we don't stop
Mother fucker, put your deal on it
Mother fucker, put a mil' on it
Put yo' fuckin' ice grill on it
Put a mother fuckin' mil' on it
Niggas can't fuck wit' my clique
Who wanna put the money up?
I hear alot a niggas talkin'
But who wanna put they deal on it?
I hear alot a niggas talkin'
But who wanna put a mil on it?
Y'all niggas ain't sayin' shit
Yo' Blink, back the Benz up
Get from 'round me, nigga

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