World Harlem
"Meaning Of Family"

Uh, the world is back, world war ii
Harlem world be the clique
Any nigga don't like it, he's a dick, nigga
Shit we 'bout to do is the illest shit ever seen
This what family mean, nigga

I'm only tryin' to get my dough right
Still I'm labeled as a lowlife
Because I ass-bet when I roll dice
Put my dick up in yo' wife, raw dog
Now we got a son on the way
The call yours, I ignore laws
Break rules, break tombs, take jewels, make moves

We don't get along wit' them fake dudes

Drivin' me bizerk on beats I burst
Only thug you know to bring the heat to church (all out)
The streets is cursed, I'm eatin' first
Had these hoes like "he's the worst"
My peeps is thirst', release the curse or get smacked
Better run and get your man even though he don't react
When the gun is in his hand
Better have a team we gon' bit through
Mad crews even got your moms screamin'
"Them dudes is bad news"

And if you touched us

It can't happen
His hands is the only thing your man's clappin'
Don't understand rappin'
Wanna flow I call it foolishness
You know how many tunes I grip?
To pay dues and shit
Check the rules of this, we bruise your clique
Since your girl can't refuse the dick
You abuse the bitch, could loose your chips
And who you wit'? all out
Ghetto crucifix, we o.t. movin' bricks

What, what, what all out, all out
All out, all out, all out

Family if we blow? we blowin' together
And if we gotta go? we goin' together
And if we get dough? we get it together
And messin' wit' all out? you cats know better
Now family if we blow, we blowin' together
And if we gotta go, we goin' together
And if we get dough, we get it together
And fuckin' wit' all out, you cats know better

Yo, how can I trust you when I don't even trust myself
Sometimes I wanna get guns and bust myself
Put a knife on my wrist and cut myself
No wife, no bitch, I'll nut myself
My lust for wealth makes me say fuck my health
So when I die, respect me when I'm gone
But while I'm alive, correct me when I'm wrong
My life, I'm projecting in my songs
But let me move on
Half this side of guards ran wit' cardan
Thinkin' I'm a God soon gotta sweep that la loon
Harlem world baby, say that name forever
Game cheddar as long as we stay together
Range your bet on, nigga act up, aim your berrettas
'Cause for that money son, i'mma slam whoever, out
whatever
You try to stop our reign of terror
You're guarenteed to fall out
Fuckin' wit' all out

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What, the only shit you niggas poppin' is the shit that
you talk
Get the fuck out the whip now bitch, you can walk
Wit' the sunroof cracked, yo' I'm twistin' it up
Pitchin' it up, I think it was the cris' in the car
Twenties of hydro, tie ho, duck me for five-oh
I drive 'till my eyes close
Me and like five hoes and bugsy, domma
Gatt for the drive-by, ride by the la-las
Sayin' goodbye-ha

It's indo, bounce the smoke through the window
Then pearl straight ice grill, my brim low
Tint those big lips while y'all spit phlegm out
O.d. is still mo'
Remote throw the 'em out the belly of the beast
We put bellies on streets, tellies and tellies in suites
Throw my stellies on creep, I'm heavy on jewels
Hey, my niggas havin' yo' fool come back twice
It's nice and I can belly you for mo'

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