

World Harlem

"Minute Man"

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Uh, uh, uh, yo

Harlem World gon' make me rich

Harlem World gon' take your bitch

Harlem World is the place to be

This M-A-Dollar Sign-E

Yo, hold up keep it steady

Y'all chicks ain't really ready

Y'all sweating Stase already

And I ain't pushing a Chevy

I ain't even lyin', I ain't even sign

People want my back

Yo, what's up with that?

See, running out the mouth gon' get your face slapped

Tell me do you like what you see

Is it tight as could be?

No, Mase ain't writing for me

And I have no desire to be

Or have fake chicks rhyme wit me

Uhh, you ain't my man, you ain't down wit me

You ain't certified Harlem World get from 'round me

And Mase my big brother thats why you surround me

You could drop me off the same place you found me
'Cause it won't be long before you have to crown me
If I'm chicken, I'm jerk chicken and we're flickin'
And men die with chicks, so am I worth kissin?
I hate the ones that don't suck no
I hate the ones who date them dumb chicks
I hate the ones who wanna get you for your dough
Wanna be a o, Be a o on the low
I hate the ones that don't suck no oh
I hate the ones who date them dumb chicks
I hate the ones who wanna get you for your dough
Wanna be a oh! Be a oh, on the low
Yo, it's only right that you hold me tight
Even though we fight, because the dough be like
When the dough be right
You know we havin a ball
Sippin on cristall and all
Chicks smile and all
Yo' dealing wit fishkill and oil
Ice on the wrist dial and all
But nevertheless, boo there was never a test
That stopped me from loving you best
I'm hypnotized, girl by your hips and thighs
Definitely your lips and eyes
Them chicks can slide

They tryin' to be all in the mix
Your girlfriend ballin' a 6, and holdin' my tip
But boo, there's only room for 2
Until I get the coupe for you
You know how I do
And then you could scoop your crew
And do what you wants to do
I hate the ones that don't suck no
I hate the ones who date them dumb chicks
I hate the ones who wanna get you for your dough
Wanna be a o, Be a o on the low
Naughty, Naughty, Naughty
I went from cradle to crawlin', to a stroller
Way I was strollin' and hopin when I get older
That I be holy
Kicks to camp floatin' with Naught'
A boat and a yacht
Was all that I was hopin to rock
As a young kid stacked and eventually learned
That money was made for that
Never meant to be burned
Why lets all get this
Using that 'I murder you face'
I be the youngest nigga pushin' a convertible eight
But thought to that they gon' taste this
Got some honies to the back so they can chase my dick

When I die they'll be a headstone big as a dick
And a pack of fifty redbones diggin' me up
For the fact, played it back
And I'm tryin' to see me, a house and six floors
And peranhas a week
Got a spouse, deep throats while I'm tryin' to sleep
Lookin' out for B 4's every diamond creek
But you slow money, 'cause it's better than no money
I only crap out when I play with your money
You know Huddy, still sittin' on old money
I only hang wit Mase 'cause he keeps them hoes for me
Kick a little bit, but yo I'm no dummy
Your girl love me, so you keeping your girl from me
And tellin' lies, gettin caught in different rides
Wit different guys, stay different in different pops,
what
I hate the ones that don't suck no
I hate the ones who date them dumb chicks
I hate the ones who wanna get you for your dough
Wanna be a o, Be a o on the low

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