

Children of the Corn

"Harlem Nights"

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[Bloodshed]

Yo, I'm mad vexed, give me your address
And I'll deliver, stand and watch you shiver
As the bullets travel through your liver
This nigga bloodshed is mad rough
Battling me is like jumping inside a river while you're
handcuffed
My fist is more nastier than Travel Fox
My silhouette inside intensive care, because I like to
shadowbox
My gat makes more noise then Roman candles
I stay in murder scandles, and dust the fingerprints of
burner handles
And I left Jehovah slain, I don't cry over pain
Cause I puff fat dimes of novacaine
Murder astrologist, mad cases of manslaughter
I rape this man's daughter, then put the shit on cam
corder
Put it for sale on 2-5th and 8th
Her pops tried to flex and bass, then the tech correct
and spit in his face, her brother dice tried to get shiest
So I took his life, with a knife, then asked him twice
about his fucking son and wife
After that, I load the gat and let the lead start flying
That shit is death defying, now you need dental
records to identify him
I had beef with this Priest his name was father Clyde
This how he died, I had seven put on his side, and
fulled him with formaldehyde
I get more high then frequencies, no one gets ass
deep as me
Your worst nightmare, don't sleep on me

[Chorus]

"It ain't where you're from it's where you at" - Rakim
So when you walk through Harlem faggot watch your
back
"It ain't where you're from it's where you at" - Rakim
So when you walk through Harlem faggot watch your
back

[Cam'Ron]

Yo, I'm a cat with 9 live, but everyday I risk them
Pop shots the glock at the cop and missed him now
he's all up in the system
Upstate, buying for crime, slaving the time
My mother down here praying for mine
Cause I'm like Snider, living one day at a time
Harlem's a rough route, get snuffed out in a tough bout
The streets is full of smoking guns from people getting
puffed out
I scrap them like a sculpture, living out my fucking
culture
My crews a bunch of vultures with the .38s and holsters
And I quick to hurt a fool, cause money got that murder
pull
And don't leave my house without the guns, mask and
surgicals
Don't tell me how I act and sound, I pack a mack and
pound
And strap them down to clap them clowns, I never seen
a cap and gown
and I'm a basketcase, I'll bash your face, and blast
your waist
In a casket trace, cause me and this bastard Mase,
drop at a tragic place
Cause uptown it ain't nothing sweet, it's just guns a
grief
Tons of beef, and little niggaz run the streets
And pop the boots for lots of loot
Even sell a cop a deuce, on top of roofs
But be careful cause the glocks is loose
And I'ma choke you like a capsule, niggaz wanna
scrap? Boat
And I'ma end the shit on that note

[Chorus]

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[Big L]

My click is quick to pull a bullet through a stranger's
dome
You should've known not to roam through the
danerzone
In Harlem is where the thugs rest
In a slugfest, we sending faggots "All the Way to
Heaven" like Doug Fresh

Big L grow up in the slums of greed
I'm known for drawing guns with speed, and selling
tons of weed
Cause I got sons to feed
And it's a must that I commence to slain
Any faggot MC that goes against the grain
And I'ma smoke Pataki's ass and Rudolph Giuliani like a
Woolie
Keep a toolie for any moolie who act fooley
So if a nigga disrespect L, to hell is where I'm send
them
After I skin him, And spit some venom in him
Run with introduers, looters and sharpshooters
Who spark buddah and fuck thick bitches with large
hooters
Beat niggaz with lead pipes, leave trails of dead mics
Cause where I'm from niggaz jewels get run like red
lights
Old folks get mugged and raided, crimes are drug
related
And we live by the street rules the thugs created
Clowns get smoked about a thousand volts
So front and get a tech shoved down your throat

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