

Pretty Tone Capone

"Across 110th Street"

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Intro:

(Rakim: "Across a hundred and tenth street--
it's hell up in Harlem...it's hell up in Harlem...")

"Ahh yeah!!!

Tone Capone and J. Nitty in the house...

-Bitchass niggas stay crying like a church mouse...

Nineteen-ninety motherfuckers can't find me...

-You'll never play me punk just rewind me..."

("Music Please...")

(Pretty Tone)

Niggas get done quick
When they do dumb shit
Suckers that want to step to it
Better come equip
Zip your lip pop shit and get rip
You beef you miss me
Across one-tenth street
Stay on point
Pack a joint and
Don't sleep
You snooze you lose
You get sprayed with the Uz
Just like mountain you're paying me dues
Murdering crews
By the twos and the fews

--(J.Nitty) "Watch your jewels
Pretty Tone's bad news"

Back in the days when my crew used to sniff
Stuck up spots on a hundred forty-fifth
Kicking the gift to a bitch on a stroll

--(J.Nitty) "FEDS on Patrol"

So you lose control
Bust out shots
Cop drops
Hit cement
Punk police jumped up for the precinct
Faggot-ass partner dead in the front seat
That's what you get when you cross hundred tenth
street

Chorus:
Harlem...
Uptown...
Harlem...
--"Across a hundred and tenth street"
Harlem...
Uptown...
Harlem...
--"Music Please"

(J. Nitty)
Yo! What a pity
New York's the city
J. Nitty get gritty
Shoot a nigga for a buck-fitty
On the block they say I did it for fun, well
Niggas got done on the one by a gun shell
Bounce in a Benz or a jet-black dope BM
Light up the choke buddah blunt with the opium
Shift the gear to fifth and we're murking
Heavy on the jewelry bum bitches smirking
D.T.'s are lurking
G's I be jerking
Crack head said that my jumbos are working
Two for five blacktops
Give me props
Padlocks on glocks
Sewed up like Fort Knox
Columbian rocks on weight like a bull bell
Drug kingpin like Medellin Cartel
Check my mail got keys on delivery
Take the fleet my tongue numb and shivery
At the casino with Pretty T. Pacino
New Jack City Nitty should of played Nino
Nino's dead, got done by a creep
Now I'm the boss of course - one tenth street

Chorus:
Harlem...
Uptown...

Harlem ...
--"Across a hundred and tenth street"
Harlem...
Uptown...
--"It's hell up in Harlem"

(Pretty Tone)
Last but not least
Another Pretty masterpiece
I get dough blow up like yeast
On the streets I walk
I'm the king of New York
Up north I rip soft niggas with a fork
Use a knife or spoon in the temple of doom
Stroke down low down showdown's at noon
Pack your bags
Get smacked with the Mag
The mob is deep in the Saab and the Jags
Ragtop brother cop you can't stop this
Sissy soft faggot-nigga I'm a knock west
Don't you doubt this, yo I'm blasting
Putting punk ligaments in a casting
Traction coma
You're a blood donor
Pretty Tone got a homicide diploma
You can't school me
I pack toolies
From yours truly
Diamonds and rubies
Niggas are booty, soft like shit
I swing with kingpins but I'm legit
Pass the beer Pretty Tone want a hit
Park your Benz and you don't gotta kick
Tell your friends make ends meat
You better roll deep
When you pass one tenth street

Across a hundred-tenth street!

-- (Rakim: "Across a hundred and tenth street--
it's hell up in Harlem...it's hell up in Harlem...")

--"The location 1-3-2"

Harlem...
Uptown...
Uptown...
Uptown...

--"Music Please"

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