

## Cocoa Brovaz "Spanish Harlem"

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Intro:

ah where's everybody up  
(Speaking Spanish)

[Tony Touch]

it's Tony Toca, the one that's got you screamin "Esta loca"

dalle juevo Is my mic Leggo my Eggo  
spanish Harlem all the way to san diego  
make it happen

you know, like movin yayo

i set my product, that shit's far from the palace

mantequilla not manteco oh senso mia

cocoa brovaz, hurricane, mida mida

ton touch sound doofy eatin fajitas

chillin in the b-boy stance

in my Adidas

while senioritas be screaming Buenos Dias

rock steady by now you know the steelo

mi correo still gets down on the leelo

tahino indians welcome to my teepi

pop in the CD and let's get freaky

(Speaking spanish)

boriquia, about to pass it off to the rasta

[Tek]

It's the el generalno

tell your baqua where's the hydro

if the chocolito make my eyes low

BC a tomb bab with me and my man

trying to double our ends with the el capitain

(speaking Spanish)

(speaking Spanish)

undressin me, thinking about sexin me

while I (?)

[Steele]

blazing, kicking lingo with this bingo

who got hot making the peicos out in santo domingo

el socio, used to go to the acapulco

every weekend tricking on chulas, he was beatin

but on the streets of harlem around the grand

concourse

he had to force a loco, with amigos he used to boss  
a dios mios, just like el ninos (?)

Chorus: [Tek, (Steele)]

harlem got the pace in it (boogie, boogie got the cake  
in it)

crooklyn keeps on takin it (queens cats been making it)

[Tek]

i do this for my soldiers in the streets  
who stand toast to toast with the cousin asleep  
making illegal transactions  
world-wide connections  
forced up a change like the name smif-n-wessun  
see me coming through and my nigga clef too  
or the 650 blowing up the Grant's Tomb  
mob beats to protect slaying your street bite  
like a killing, over-dealing for the pearly white

[Hurricane G]

blows down your mother fucking roof  
it be hurricane g, subwoofin out ya asshole  
from first staff, up through parks from the heart  
they better stand though and my niggaz up in spanish  
harlem  
who don't give a fuck and my box stuck cutting up tribal  
forget the hydro, cause we gonna keep it live all night  
yo  
yeah one love to my fam in boricua land  
my emanitos sparking up trees  
112 buddah keys barking up puerto rican queens  
smacking all rice and beans  
and you know my emanitas keep it real  
in timboso high hills  
all my pitycitas who ain't fucking around  
sontaras holdin shit down for the crown  
tony touch, cocoa brovaz and i  
keep the body all high  
no doubt  
if he CPR in the mother fucking house  
i'm talking about crazy puerto ricans  
who beefing  
a few heads is busted because I see them leaking  
freaking, because I be frying bitches up like hoochie  
fritos  
for my 5 bitchulitos  
Yo, yeah word up and if you can't get wit it then kiss my  
a\*s  
but your, on thea real I wanna say one love and rest in  
peace

to my nigga Bridge from 112  
big up Johnson Projects  
jefferson in the house  
an the whole spanish harlem  
word up one love to the barrio, cocoa brovaz, tony  
touch and hurricane g  
peace daycoro song papi  
uh what yeah yeah  
uh what uh

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