

Coolio

"On My Way To Harlem"

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Verse 1:

I know a place where the trees don't grow
Just another place where niggaz live low
I know a place where life is fucked up
Make a wrong move and your ass get stuck up
Time ain't nothin but a frame of mind
And life is like a mountain or a steep ass climb
I've been lookin for a place to leave
The only free place is inside of me
So let's take a trip and you don't need a grip
But you better be equipped cause it might be some shit
African-American, nothin but a nigga
Had our fingers on the trigger, but I pulled mine
quicker
I know a place where there ain't no calm and
You better stay away if you're soft like Charmin
South Central, Los Angeles, Watts, and Compton
A nigga on the west coast on his way to Harlem

Verse 2:

Now it's time to step into the light (Light)
Put up your dukes, there's gonna be a fight (Fight)
And when it's time to fight, you better fight right
Cause if it don't fight right, out goes the light
Take a close look at what I'm freakin on
Niggaz think I'm tweekin, but I'm speakin on
Subject matter, data
Information that I gather
Through my travels
Cause the hardest of the hard, hit hardcore killer
Can't stop the slug of a nine millimeter
Everybody thinks they know, but they know not
If they haven't caught a cap on the block *gunshot*
So shine up your boots and pick up the pieces
Grab a fresh pair of khakis with the sharp ass creases
Ring the alarm, here comes the storm
I got a firearm on my way to Harlem

Verse 3:

I know a place where the sun don't shine
Everybody is a victim of neighborhood crime
I know a place where niggaz walk the line
One false step and they must do time
Since I'm in the same boat

I must stay afloat
And sing every note
From the quotes that they wrote
So, I look into the past and walk the path of the greats
So I wont make the same mistakes that sealed my
ancestors fates
If I had to be a slave I'd rather be in my grave
If I get in how many lives could I save?
One, two, three, a hundred, a thousand
My heart is poundin, the devil keeps soundin
But he don't want my money, he wants my soul
So I reach like a tree, and like a weed I grow
My stomach is full, but my mind is starvin
Rollin in a g ride on my way to Harlem

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