

Harlem World "Crew Of The Year"

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Yo throw the beat on
Yeah yeah yeah
Trackmaster
Harlem World The Movement
The Commisioner
Cuda Love up above
This shit is not a game
Ya hear me?

Suprise I'm 'bout to blow right before your eyes
Recognize the steelo of this nigga Meeno
First of all there will be no type of discussion
For this money the industry I'm bum rushing
And trusting who? Never that, only crew
And who's my crew? A chosen few that's how I do
So I could walk Harlem days, let it creep Harlem nights
Bum bitches givin' blows, parties and gunfights
Only right, I be the spark that will ignite
Explosions, MIC erosion, niggas is foldin'
And we are holdin' down the track
Proceed with caution, stop your flossin' or see a coffin
Guess what, what? It's really not too often
That I let loose like this, but fuck it
Here's a portion with no endorsement
Doin' what I gotta, to make it hotta
A nigga frontin' hard, so now I gotta blow his spot up
Show 'em I'mma be the one that's gonna blow 'em
Out the box, with the ox, nice to know 'em
Then screw him, like White Castle I ran right through
him
Right through him, like I never knew him

Harlem World'll be the crew of the year
Scream it out, we don't give a fuck who isn't here
Harlem World'll be the crew of the year
And murder niggas, all we do is a year
Harlem World'll be the crew of the year
Scream it out, we don't give a fuck who isn't here
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And murder niggas, all we do is a year
Scream it out

Yo, I was sworn, never again to sell drugs
But every now and then, yo, I tend to bust slugs
It's bug, how niggas get rolled up in rugs
Fold up, and dumped in a hole of a dug six feet
You creep, niggas know who the thug
And that's why Loon never showed you no love
You feminine, and don't know the shit you swimmin' in
Fucking with this thing was gentlemen that boost my
adrenaline
Cool the momentum and flow, I'm in it for dough
And don't need to gimmick to blow
When I get it you know nigga, 'cause I visit yo' hoe
I hit it befo', I be there hit it some mo'
Y'all niggas on coke. Me? I think your shit is a joke
But y'all find out when the heavy hitters awoke
And opposed to me? Y'all niggas hoes to me
How the fuck you gettin' money doin' shows for free?

Harlem World'll be the crew of the year
Scream it out, we don't give a fuck who isn't here
(Harlem World)
Harlem World'll be the crew of the year
(The Movement)
And murder niggas, all we do is a year
(All Out)
Harlem World'll be the crew of the year
Scream it out, we don't give a fuck who isn't here
(Yeah kid, Harlem on the rise)
Harlem World'll be the crew of the year
(C'mon, c'mon, c'mon)
And murder niggas, all we do is a year
(C'mon, c'mon)
Scream it out

Yo, now why talk Willy livin' in the tenements?
Why shoot Dominicans then go to the Hill again?
Then again, why repent when I'mma sin again?
Why eat at Blimpies if I could eat in the Bennigans?
Dumb niggas with Timbaland, til they body tremblin'
Messin' with Mase money and they'll be rememberin'
I hate the color green 'less it comes in Benjamins
Is that the same color my brother got sent up in?
You laugh all day but cry the sinner's sin
Stranded on the Island, I don't mean the Gilligan
You thug gentlemen, deep down feminine
'Cause in the pen, change your name to Cinnamon
You speakin' on money and you ain't put a penny in
You gon' float on the same shit they put the penguin in
And my adrenaline won't let me be no Minute Man
'Cause I put my dick in any bitch I could fit it in
C'mon

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