

Harlem World "Family Crisis"

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Featuring [Mase](#)]

[[Mase](#)]

Huddy Combs bring it home, we don't stop

Jimmy Jones all alone, we don't stop

Loon crime fam', we don't stop

Meeno, NRB, we don't stop

To my man Blinky Blink, we don't stop

My sis Baby Stase, she don't stop

Killer Cam', Cardan, they the fam'

One two, we don't stop

I know you thinkin', how many nigga's he got?

Or what, how many nigga's is hot?

[[Cardan](#)]

Yo, yeah you a fake wanna be rich nigga, bitch sticker

You know, that get on the stand and snitch stinker

So when Cardie read the press, I dream of success

I want cream to invest plus a Beam' and a Lex'

So I sold bags of Dutch, the cash and plus

My dad's a lush, so all we really had was us, what?

[[Meeno](#)]

Wit me? it started like this, sip a six, get some chips

And about a half a brick

Now the whole team's in the mix facin' a three-to-six

Cuz they got the DA believin' this shit

So we handcuffed in back of the bus for some dust

Life in Harlem World shouldn't be so tough

It's hot at home, mamma's got a block on the phone

Couldn't call my man Pete so I called Huddy Comb

[[Huddy](#)] Yo, Meeno

[[Meeno](#)] Yo, Hud

[[Huddy](#)] On the low, here's the verdict

A nigga tried to front on me, pard', I wanna murder

I want the nigga jaw broken, chest peeled wide open

Tell Blink get on the next thing smokin'

[[Meeno](#)]

Shit, I recognize that whip

Didn't he do a drive-by on the strip?

Got caught, couldn't do five so he snitched?

What type of guy's this? Look in his eyes

He's a bitch

Mase, remember when we had his ride in the mix?

His girl start to cry, he took the side of his chick

Like we some nigga's that lie on our hits
Who you forget when you was suckin' and fuckin'
Now the war's on, we buckin' and duckin (black)
Mase pulled his truck in (black)
Blood rushin', spark the hydro, jumped inside the tie ho
Mase drive slow, and they go five-oh
Look out the window be sure we wasn't followed

No observers, whew! I just got away wit' murder
[Cardan]
Yo, you ain't got to front for me, my gun pop too
Nigga pop me? Nigga pop you
Yo, don't shorty right there look familiar?
Matter of fact, while back used to deal wit' her
You wouldn't believe all the things that honey did
Yo, that's the same one throw the money out the crib
I liked it lot better when she came from Venezuela
But she spent too much cheddar so yo, I had to hit her
[Blinky]

But yo, I know her friend Charise
She mad bad from Baghdad
Carry lotta money in Glad bag
She doin' runs for Willie Gum
Used to think that bitch was slick
But found out she was really dumb
She really from Philly's hunt of be more
'Bout to blow her spot like C-4
Never see me poor
So why this bitch fuckin' wit' me for
Knowin' that my life is up and down like see-saw
[Stase]

For days you argue and go through the phase
You blaze, you throw shade, now she hate yo' ways
No feelings, that's while the hoes you stealin'
Creepin', sneakin' in your pocket while you sleepin'
Freakin' off on the Major Degan
Wit' your new Rican every single week and it's
sentimental
Understand what you been through
You fuck a friend, she don't hold it against you
[Mase]

Yeah, nigga, what nigga, touch nigga, fuck nigga
What chu want nigga? What chu want, what chu got?
Uh, what chu need? What chu got? Uh, what chu shoot?
What chu got? What?
Harlem World we don't stop
Mother fucker, put your deal on it
Mother fucker, put a mil' on it
Put yo' fuckin' ice grill on it
Put a mother fuckin' mil' on it
Niggas can't fuck wit' my clique

Who wanna put the money up?
I hear alot a niggas talkin'
But who wanna put they deal on it?
I hear alot a niggas talkin'
But who wanna put a mil on it?
Y'all niggas ain't sayin' shit
Yo' Blink, back the Benz up
Get from 'round me, nigga

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