

Harlem World

"One Big Fiesta Featuring Ma\$e"

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All out, we don't stop, we don't, don't stop
All out, we don't stop, we don't, don't stop
All out, make it hot, don't stop, c'mon
C'mon, Harlem World make it hot, don't stop c'mon
All out, all out

Yo, yo, I'm the perfect example of a chick that's classy
Flashy, sassy, paparazzi don't harass me
Move too swift for y'all chicks to pass me
Anything y'all wanna know, come ask me

How come when I'm in the street or a open place
Everybody scopin' Stase like I got a open case
Anything you gotta say to me
You can say to me, it's Baby Stase

The more I make, the more they hate
See, I might as well admit it, everybody wanna hit it
'Cuz I got a clean record not to mean you see me
naked, check it
I don't know what's wrong with these cats
It's 'bout to be a setback in this game called rap, see

I was once told, Harlem World don't fold
We 'bout to drop a flow the world can hold
Seem like while I'm seeing Platinum, everybody sayin'
Gold
The world really see what happens when my click
unfold

We're going to party, fiesta, all out
And stay fly, foreva
C'mon, c'mon Harlem World
Can't go wrong

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Yo, Harlem World is who I'm runnin' wit, yeah, honeys
wit' it

See the size of my money clip? Now, I'm on the funny
tip
I know you hate me, hate Ma\$e 'cuz you make papes
And got girls in like 48 states

But kickin' the women who wear the straight face
While y'all cats wild out and 'bout to get a rape case
But why player hate? 'Cuz I sex girls and they say I'm
great
You bust one tank, can't even stay awake

Not now, we gon' talk on a later day
What you think? You can hold Blink? Uh, uh
I got a gold link with more ice than cold drinks
So, playa get to that and keep your chick in tact

She says your sex was whack 'cuz I'd twist her back
And every time I kick my rap, man, I stick to facts, all
out
But when my trees wasn't sellin'
I switch to Jack, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon

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Yo, yo, yo, I need a wifee, chipped up lightly
You stay in the thong, I'm ma stay where the ice be
Indian givin', got Caribbean women
Willin' to have everything like me and my children, all
out

So, dear, front of the billin'
Hundreds in the ceiling, tank tops in the drop
'Cuz I'm one of them villain
Cook for me, come open a book for me

Shook the key, your whole look hooked me
With her legs tied up, eggs sunny side up
No cash in the stash, get that money right up, c'mon,
c'mon
See, all girls love me, can't get nothing from me

I stay in the Mall, spendin' rich chicks' money
Tricked on her friend, so her friend wanna fuck me

That one named Huddy, W dot Huddy, W dot Huddy
W dot Huddy, W dot Huddy, W dot Huddy

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Bad Boy, Suave House
Yeah, kid, Harlem on the rise
And you don't want no problem with us guys
Neptune, keep the beat bangin'

Uh, you don't stop
Queen Bee, Junior Mafia
What, what, what, what, what
All out, all out, all out, all out

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