

Jae Millz

"Who!?"

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Browz they gon' hate you after this one
It's one to what? Let's go!

[Verse 1:]

Who the fuck want a problem with a problem with
steam trees
Ironman status press cowards with steam tees
Catch me in the corner to somethin' wit some mean B'S
I'm Harlem's best kept secret like I'm Kareem Reed
Comfy on the ave cuz I reps my shit
I got a crew why I need cops to protect my shit
Yeah I know cats haitn' but I'm lovin' it
That's why I park before deuce troop it out just for the
fuck of it
You can't find a nigga in the city that's tougher
I got a 3-year run like TS at the Rucker
Don't tell me nothin' 'bout who da next to pop
Cause everybody who's supposed to been hot done
flopped
Last year on the mixtapes I heard a lot of greasy
rappin'
Now niggaz tryin' to see what happened
Everybody mad but you see I'm laughing
Their careers stuck at the toll I'm E-Z Passin'
It's Harlem to the death of me till ain't nothin left for me
Fuck showin' em how to do it I gave niggaz recipes
And your label knows you garbage
That's why they got you sittin' on the shelf like you was
made for a cabbage STUPID!

YEAH! I RUN NEW YORK MAN! (Get in touch wit me)

[Chorus:]

WHO (Who) wanna be the next to get it
And become the next statistic in da hood and tell me
WHO (Who) wanna try to get luck
And get left right beside their truck
Nigga lemme know
WHO (Who) wanna aim at the statue
Let the whole city vote get at'cha
Please tell me
WHO (Who) wanna call my bluff

Who think they friend can't get touched
Point him out nigga
WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO

[Verse 2:]

Back on da scene it's ya motherfuckin' man from da
block
In da H where da cake can buck buck they shots
Never solo on da ave always posted with my gang
MH get it straight ain't a damn thing change
Bang! Back up don't make a nigga have to pull the 'Lac
up
Hop up the front seat and act up
Stomp you all wit some hightops
And jump right back in da ESV and re-strap my straps
up
Make sure my cuff is right fix my jacker
And pull my fitted back over my brows and light a sack
up
You might as well pack up
And your album might've been hot but just hearin' you
fucked all da tracks up
Lotta niggaz gon' get exposed once I do a number
Think about it be scared yeah you should wonder
Just think about when I swipe da throne
And even worse than that just think about when mice
come home
Niggaz mad cause they raps is lame
And I flash them chains gettin' better yearly like
Madden games money
I know your life don't go past your lane
I'm passing fully stuffed vanillas you passin' grains
This is NYC at it's best
I grew up runnin' my mouth for free now I breathe for
checks and yes!
I ain't losin' not a thing
Fuck a headlock I got the streets in a million-dollar
dream MOTHERFUCKER!

YEAH! IT'S ONE TO WHAT?(Harlem)
SWAT TEAM! (Your more welcome man)

[Chorus]

Swat team man! Vado, Al, Reese!
Free Mike song that's da campaign
It's da statue!
Naj 2
They ain't fuckin' with ya boy man
E rolla!

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