

Baron Arnold

"My Bitches and My Niggaz"

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[Harly Hearts]

My bitches rock wit me, potato in the sock wit me
Cock wit me, take it to your block wit me
Stock wit me, then run through the stock wit me
It's our philosophy, it's not a game
cause you look sexy, and I bet you be protective ??
Cause when we engaged in battle we aimin for the
brain
That's our position simple and plain, there'll be no
explanation
we show no hastation, we holdin down on station
Only a quip, wit that ideal shit, tryin to flip
You betta chill, before spot out a bloody lip
Plus any other chicks in my click, you get beat quick
with the nice stick, wit the, wit an icepick
There are ways of killin, that ill not leave a trace
It's at the pain enguished horror frozen on a corpse
face
and of cause the body, outlined with the trace of white
chalk
That's my M.O. Harly Hearts, I'm the bitch from New
York

[Buckshot]

My niggaz kill for, take it to your grill for me
Represent Crow Hill for me, from day one they still wit
me
and chill wit me, on the corner where the killaz be
smokin a blee
Throwin this from the rebleness, you can't see
Buckshot
on ya TV, rappin BCC
Incredibly, if ya think ya betta then me
?Fiend? for Buck to stop the future like a felony B
What you tellin me B?
All my niggaz cant get in the club for free?
Cause we two D-double-E-P's, nuthin for free?
Run in your spot and cause havoc
Next time you recognize, niggaz ain't havin it
And my girl ain't havin it, she licks shots to
Take away your block too, while my thugs do or die too

Fuck around my man out one in your ??
Just because we got to, and you know we got a lot too

Chorus: Buckshot, Harly Hearts (repeat 2X)

[Buck] My Niggaz thug for me, bust another slug for me
One time for the love for me
[Harly] My Bitches rock wit me, pull another glock for me
pullin on niggaz cocks wit me
[Buck] My niggaz flip for me, get the money quick for me
only talk'n about the chips wit me
[Harly] My bitches roll, wit me, control em Niggaz souls
wit me
made woman and we holdin G

[Harly Hearts]
My bitches rock, wit me, chambers filled and cock wit me
Black mask runnin up in your spot wit me
Ain't no stoppin this monopaly, we hold this game
under lock and key
You a mockery, potatoes again, now I got the glock wit me
Just in case I feel like poppin three
Tou watchin me (well good) my bitches watchin you
and now your chances of survivin, are impossible
See I'm as real as it gets, I run in there tight steps
Leavin no trace, no ways, no side faces, my concepts
Fuck you and your dreads, cause we dont leave War
vets
We bustin cokes and sets, 12 gauges and techs
Six soies and Macks, baurettes and make pay
Bring that raw to your door, bitch, with no delay
Turn your ass from ghost white to the colour of grey
Harly Hearts signing out fall off, of gun play

[Buckshot]
My niggaz ride wit me, send me on your side wit me
Lie wit me to make the shorties, slide wit me
Get high wit me, nigga ride or die for me
Send a nigga in the sky for me
Smokin chocalate tie with me, get pies wit me
Jewelery to buy wit me, wit Ice like T's
Similar to brist, light up your rists, it's like this
Call to my thorough niggaz, you invited to this
not if ya miss, the reason, why I came to thug game
and I chose the rap game not the drug game
For my niggaz throwin tech's in the sky, like Bed-Stuy

BK to you or die, when the led fly, and I
representin for all of my G's, from Blacks to Japanese
US to overseas, back to New York
You should hear the slang we talk
Buckshot and Harly Hearts so I can bang New York

Chorus

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