

Billy Sanders

"Spanish Harlem"

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Intro:

ah where's everybody up
(Speaking Spanish)

[Tony Touch]

it's Tony Toca, the one that's got you screamin "Esta loca"

dalle juevo Is my mic Leggo my Eggo
spanish Harlem all the way to san diego
make it happen

you know, like movin yayo

i set my product, that shit's far from the palace

mantequilla not manteco oh senso mia

cocoa brovaz, hurricane, mida mida

ton touch sound doofy eatin fajitas

chillin in the b-boy stance

in my Adidas

while señoritas be screaming Buenos Dias

rock steady by now you know the steelo

mi correo still gets down on the leelo

tahino indians welcome to my teepi

pop in the CD and let's get freaky

(Speaking spanish)

boriquia, about to pass it off to the rasta

[Tek]

It's the el generalno

tell your baqua where's the hydro

if the chocolito make my eyes low

BC a tomb bab with me and my man

trying to double our ends with the el captain

(speaking Spanish)

(speaking Spanish)

undressin me, thinking about sexin me

while I (?)

[Steele]

blazing, kicking lingo with this bingo

who got hot making the peicos out in santo domingo

el socio, used to go to the acopulco

every weekend tricking on chulas, he was beatin

but on the streets of harlem around the grand
concourse
he had to force a loco, with amigos he used to boss
a dios mios, just like el ninos (?)

Chorus: [Tek, (Steele)]
harlem got the pace in it (boogie, boogie got the cake
in it)
crooklyn keeps on takin it (queens cats been making it)

[Tek]
i do this for my soldiers in the streets
who stand toast to toast with the cousin asleep
making illegal transactions
world-wide connections
forced up a change like the name smif-n-wessun
see me coming through and my nigga clef too
or the 650 blowing up the Grant's Tomb
mobb beats to protect slaying your street bite
like a killing, over-dealing for the pearly white

[Hurricane G]
blows down your mother fucking roof
it be hurricane g, subwoofin out ya asshole
from first staff, up through parks from the heart
they better stand though and my niggaz up in spanish
harlem
who don't give a fuck and my box stuck cutting up tribal
forget the hydro, cause we gonna keep it live all night
yo
yeah one love to my fam in boriquia land
my emanitos sparking up trees
112 buddah keys barking up puerto rican queens
smacking all rice and beans
and you know my emanitas keep it real
in timboso high hills
all my pitycitas who ain't fucking around
sontaras holdin shit down for the crown
tony touch, cocoa brovaz and i
keep the body all high
no doubt
if he CPR in the mother fucking house
i'm talking about crazy puerto ricans
who beefing
a few heads is busted because I see them leaking
freaking, because I be frying bitches up like hoochie
fritos
for my 5 bitchulitos
Yo, yeah word up and if you can't get wit it then kiss my
a*s
but your, on thea real I wanna say one love and rest in

peace
to my nigga Bridge from 112
big up Johnson Projects
jefferson in the house
an the whole spanish harlem
word up one love to the barrio, cocoa brovaz, tony
touch and hurricane g
peace daycoro song papi
uh what yeah yeah
uh what uh

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