

Dj Kay Slay f/ Juelz Santana, Hell Rell & JR Writer

"Up In Harlem"

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Killa, Killa, Dipset man
Aye yo you know I've been all over the motherfucking
world man
But ain't no place like Harlem man
Me break it down man

We tie dynamite to the rhino type, whine you might find
yo sight
Sell the information for a dime a white, that c
I'm behind the diner, selling marijuana to a minor
minor
Elder fella, lookin' for that shine, I'll shine ya

My mind designa, you a dime, I dine ya
Madonna momma, body bottle, your fine, I'm finer
Time to climb her, climb behind vagina
Then I hime and grind her, 'til her mom remind her

Diamonds blind her, visions gone, kiss her palm
Turn her on, lift her arm, notice that her wrists is wrong
Gotta get it right ma, we gon' get along
Said how don't trip, but yo the trick is wrong

First visit warn, day job tick a tron
Night time, missed the mom, bootleg Chris and Don
Brother Chris and Don, and they sister calm
They sell yay, you'll say yay, this s***'s the bomb

I'm a hit my man, tell 'em you my bigga pawn
The rest, so yes, you'll be blessed to hit the intercom
You know kisses mom, she gave him wisdom charm
And they father come from a long lista dons

And I get it cheaper, I cop bricks like sneakers
And if the cops come, I just hit amnesia
But I give you an earful, it's tearful
Told my mother I hustle, and she said be careful

Why I feel like I'm losin' weight?
Why I ain't got no money if I'm movin' weight?
My life's based upon, what I'mma do this year

Cop a boat, Hop a layer, now the army suits cute with
my chocolate Airs

You ain't gotta stare, go cop a pair
Still the sweet in me, nothing they can do to me
I made sure my mother and girl is smothered in pearls
When a nigga under the world

Everybody like Cam got the recipe now
Not them three girls I got to be Destiny's Child
Specially equities, wreckin' we smile
In the fear tech the tech and use the tech that we wile

The tech with the septa, Receptive affiles
Hectic, heckle a koch, helicopters on the set of my
sales
Nah, I ain't gon' be imbedded in jail
Talking to a cell mate in a bed in a jail, dog

I broke bread with the wheel, fled from some seals
And the house, I was the head of the hills, s***
You get a dumb ho, and get dumb happy
Go to the gun show, get gun happy

Stuck, killed, mugged, milt
Tone flint sticks, bo, Chub's milk
Poochi, baba, butta got the hardest shells
We the Midwest gun cartel, nigga

Ya, well just clap up ya brains, snatch up ya chains
See dog? Rap is my aim
But I'm a hustla, in my heart, trapped is the game
A test of my frame, tapped to my brain, affects that
remains

It wasn't rap, it was crack that got the racks on the
Range
Look dog, don't be askin' for dames, see
Playboy, I don't own that man
In any way homeboy, you a grown ass man, s***

And when I rap, it ain't no punchlines
I be on the highway dirty, crunch time
N o timeouts homeboy, just one time
If they find that stash box, just one time

S***, they'll put the dogs in the trunk
Side of the road, holding you up, cold as a f***
They want that button, lunge it and push it
Soon as they lunge it and push it, I'll run in the bushes

That's how I play mine, jump over the grapevine
Take my chances, one on one with the K9
Stealin' a clip, for anyone squealin' they lips
F*** y'all if y'all ain't feeling the dips

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Killa

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