

Harlem World, 100 Sheisty's

Featuring Drag-On)

(Loon)

Yo, what would make a scared man pull a trigger
The same thing that's make a scared man act bigga
The same thing that'd make me grab my tec and empty quicker
Adrenaline rush
On the hush
You'd die f**kin wit us
Vacant lot is my home and the team that I trust
So dont talk about them things if yo things dont bust
I knew a guy like you, his name was Phillepe
Had me on 3-way
With the D.A.
Tryin to find out where we stay
So on my 24th b-day
I'm locked up in V.A.
He dont know my guns turn commotion
To slow motion
Then from slow motion
To no motion
Run up in the place he hip-hoppin
Spit shots in
Clip droppin
If I get caught, get Cochran
And give Pedro, my pesos
So he dont snitch while i lay low
For 'bout a week or 2
Come back like peek-a-boo
You see me

I see you

And if you talk, you'll be in ICU

(Cardan)

Yo I know you know a lot of brothas that's sheisty,
Like I know a hundred brothas that's real,
But I think it's time you know how we chill.

Chorus:

I'd been a hundred places, and nothin excites me,
Hit an hundred ho's and none of them wifey.
For every thousand that love me,
A hundred dont like me,
So how you wit a hundred cats, and none of the sheisty?

(Drag-On)

We the niggas wit the homicides
That's got the niggas the most dramatized
On how actually sat there and watched they mama die
But dont worry about it, you second
Wish I could get her first
'cause she's the one who gave birth,
And we can't have no-more dirt in the earth
I hate to be the last nigga to turn off your lights
But I'm usin a switch, and throw you in a ditch
Ya body don't fit, 'cause niggas could still see ya dicks
So ya really wanna take that risk
Then un-ball ya fists
'cause i'm always a step ahead of ya'll
You ball ya fists, I cock back
Take this nigga I got that
And that's what it's gonna mop at
This gun is from a foreign land
I don't know why i got it in my hand
And I'm gonna get off every penny
I dont care if its automatic or semi
If I payed 300 flat
That means I'm gonna send a hundred cats back

With 300 attack
But it dont hafta be an attack
I'm gonna get the gas, and get em all in 1 house, and run out
And sprinkle some on the grass, and spit on it
And come back to a pile of ash
Chorus
(Meeno)
Yo, yo, yo, a hundred sheisty a hundred quicker
We strap up inside the 18-wheeler
A drug dealer, with cold cash, but so as
To get a stash would be no task
With no mask, love to get you hot and blast, than fast
My infared beam is on ya ass
My team is on ya ass
Plottin schemin on ya ass
That bitch you came wit stayed scremin on that ass
For 3 and a ass
'cause nigga we love the cash
Harlem World niggas got g's in the stash
No questions asked, time to tell
Heaven or hell
You dont wanna be the nigga who be catchin the shell
Meeno, and I be the team to prevail
So when you pray, tell Jesus how you wanna be held
MuthaF**ka!!!!
Rock-a-bye baby (repeated til end)
Chorus til fade