

# Cocoa Brovaz, Spanish Harlem

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 capitain  
(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 acapulco  
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 f\*\*king 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 f\*\*k 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 f\*\*king 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 f\*\*king 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