

Lil' Mama, No Music

Composio: Indisponvel

(Speaking:)

Yo anybody thats from Harlem should know what I'm talking about when I say no music,
(Laughing) ya'll thought it was a game?

Holla

(Chorus)

No Music, No Music, No Music, No Music

(Verse 1:)

Oh, Who you know spit it hard to a handclap
She aint wack
So I tell a corny nigga hand dat
To a record label while I get my hair wrapped
Then I let it fall under my New York yankee cap
Anybody that know better
That got chedda
Bet go getta
Cuz ya already know I'm where its at
And if Im rollin

Im ridin

I got my homies beside me
I tell ben drop me off he like
Where its at
I gets it poppin
Im droppin
Ya'll know I dont play
And know my swag is official to what my flow say
And any club that's poppin my record gon play
Rest in peace to Haze and Lil Zay Zay
L.I.L when the m gon carry me
16 spit it mean
In a carry c
37 Willex Ave where you find between
7 Ave is the block where you find me

(Chorus:)

No Music, No Music, No Music, No Music

Harlem Ha!!!

by alrac