

Reign In Harlem

French Montana

Come on man
That pressure, boy
This that 09 pressure, right, French?
This is Harlem
The Coke Boys
Grease!

You need a fix, homie, the goons goin get you right
When it come to bricks, you know I got the system right
Makin wrong turns, put you in the body bag
Lotta niggas waitin for they turn, but it probly pass
Catty all black, money can't save you, when we put that 10 thro
ugh your back
Bad blood, only when the streets fuck with you, you goin be lay
in flat in your bathtub
Masked up
I ain't the best lyricist, but that ain't my thang
No, homie, that ain't my lane
Na, I do it for the hustlers, customs, niggas in the crack hous
e
Cuttin up, feds all rushin 'm
I did it all, didn't do it all alone, not a damb thing changed
We bang till it's over, homie, it's so cold
My wrist so frozen
7 60 L I, sittin on Chroma shit

Now agree with me, when I'm rollin through your hood
With the AK in the back, they say Greasey, what's good?
And I never ever ever scream peace
Still on the run from the motherfuckin police
City with the bright lights, homie, I shine
Caught the beef, niggas drop a dime
Now how many dimes can you drop, before them niggas wanna kill
you?
Therefore I roll with the squad, the murder game's not for you
Niggas gonna bleed, like the blood from the issue
I deal with your issues, I'm always gonna get you
The nigga need a tissue, the homies gonna rince you
Take the back door, come hit you with the missiles
Shootin all them bullets, on the east coast ridin
This the black Coke dealer
Me and the million dollar scribin
D price go up, the feends they be wilden
D boy from Harlem, the D boy from Harlem