

# Rose in Harlem

Teyana Taylor

A rose in Harlem, a rose in Harlem  
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Been through more than a lil' bit  
Been through more than a lil' bit  
But I ain't callin' no names out  
No, no free promotion  
Naw, naw I ain't late, I don't do due dates  
No sneak diss, no sneak shit  
That's just how I was raised  
Had to get it out the soil  
I been down, I been loyal  
When you really hold it down  
Niggas ain't even really down for ya  
Oh no, what a shame  
10 years in the game  
Niggas like 'You ain't hot? You ain't pop yet?  
What's up wit' you and Ye?'

(A rose in Harlem) Grew out the concrete  
(A rose in Harlem) You know it ain't sweet  
(A rose in Harlem) Can't tell me any- any- any- anything

It be the ones who say they ride for you  
It be the ones, the ones you love, them too  
It be the ones who swear they real, not true  
It be them ones, It be them ones  
Don't get caught up  
It be the ones, the ones you closest too  
It be the ones, the ones you trust - them too  
It be the ones, the ones you look up to  
It be the ones  
Don't get caught up, young girl

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(A rose in Harlem) You know it ain't sweet  
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No, no free promotions  
If it ain't 'bout blessings  
I can't even address it  
I just bought my third house  
No album out and I got 'em asking  
'What do she do?' I do everything  
I move everything  
Put that on my wedding ring  
Put that on my baby name  
All these fake smiles  
These chicks must just came from a dentist  
I can tell it ain't genuine  
I get so offended

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