

N.B.C.

Charli Baltimore

Ya heard (what what)
Yo B, we don't even like half these faggott niggas anyway
(what what what)
I'm on my own muthafuckin' wheel (yeah, what what what)
You know what I'm sayin'
The real shit, you know B

My black family (what what what)
Slick Finga (clah clah clah)
Harlem World eatin' (yeah yeah)
Charli Baltimore (what what what)
Nore (yeah yeah what what what)
Cam'Ron nigga (yeah yeah)
Killa Cam nigga (what what what)
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Yo, all around I rip this
The song had to clip it
The cats in the street, nearly killing over snippets
Birds out to feed 'em bread, so he can eat her head
I'm almost 21, but I still pee in the bed
Had to flead the FED's, all be trife
And I got a crush on Edith (who, Archie's wife!)
Yo not Monaghomy, pornograhly
On the outside, lookin' apauled you see
Tell my girls, I really like photography
On snap shots naked, the wildest boys
First night, head whop, and our salads tossed
While you in a mean neon, I'm with Celine Dion
Throw her in the bed, she the next one I pee on

Say what bitch
Phase two
Yeah yeah
What what what
What what
What what what
What what what
What what what
What what what
Split that ass yo
Split that ass
Yeah uh, what
Yo yo yo

Yo, N-O-R-E eatin'
Fuck ya'll, niggas get hurt
You know I rock a Soul Train wit' a Cam'Ron's shirt
Doin' cartwheels, all my niggas got Hot Wheels
You a double A-R god, the bluntiest
You know we throw away, blunts for my niggas that's dead
Pour a Law Liqour, drink a long ligga
Then again I never beat, for my nigga Digga
You know I got, navigators, so we won't get lost
N-O-R-E eatin', these Queens niggas call me the Force
At the airainment, Thugged Out
Untertainment, throw around and fuck 'em if the judge say shit
And I - get - what - niggas face it

Fools ain't ever know, the ghetto's be the baddest click
Charli's Angels, tangle with Devil's - Advocate
Hoes mad cause our pussy's got the fattest clits
It's estatic shit, how we gon' have a bitch
Under pressure, the Un undress her
That's a tester, that's just the best flirt, to the best skirt
Ever make it to networks
Like N.B.C., N.O.R.E., B'More and Cam'Ron
Anything we put our hands on, soak up like a tampon, plan on
For puttin' out the hottest LP's
Since - shiiiit yo, you gon' have to tell me
Cause this is hip hop, meneaja twat
And ya'll jealous cause what I'm fuckin' wit' the two hottest
Underground fellas, what!

Aye yo Iraq, Harlem World, Philly
(San Juan) Un-shit
N.O.R.E., Charli, Cam'Ron
Mansons, Stasons, Richards
(Plan on)
Cali, Houston, New York
(Jam on)
Aye yo Iraq, Harlem World, Philly
(San Juan) Un-shit
N.O.R.E., Charli, Cam'Ron
Atlanta, Chi-Town, V.A.
(Plan on)
D.C., N.C., S.C.
(Jam on)

What!

Yo, all on the ballers shit
Nore, but we could call a chick
Head is what we all could get, biggest to the smallest dick
She gon' swallow all of it
Harlem gon' have a ball with that
After I get her pregnant, yo we goin' to the mall with it

Yeah nigga, you know the lie, fuck that bitch
The only reason I don't kiss her, is cause she sucked his dick
Yo I don't even try ta, us up bro
Fuck dat hoe
Pussy stinkin' anyway, let her go

Yo ya'll niggas stay fuckin' with them grimmy chicks
On the real though, I wonder where ya'll find these chicks
The rest is evident, I'm the type to split on niggas
But if they right, I'll fuck around and spit on niggas
And if they into that hot shit, I'll let 'em hit my spot quick
But first they gotta pop shit
If not then they gettin' drop kicked
And I like 'em all, Black Jack ya'll
Near 21, all others gettin' cut cut
So be it, you see me!

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What! (what what what)