

# Walk On By

Charli Baltimore

Yes indeed, what the deal  
This is the world famous kid capri  
Up here wit my man joey crack  
Joey crack got this new joint coming out  
Yo joey, tell 'em what the name of this joint is

This is for the hoes and bitches

A-yo what about all the young ladies, the positive young ladies

Like I said this is dedicated to the hoes and bitches  
Speak on it man

Verse 1-fat joe  
This ain't for the intelligent civilized divas  
For all the hoes and bitches who swallow nut by the leisters  
Two months pregnant madd dick pokin' the fetus  
But she don't give a damn still suckin' dick for sneakers  
You know the type, damn dirty is right she even did it wit dice  
And made a dildo of ice  
A-yo it's like the hiest  
Move ya phat ass to gain  
And if you love me baby girl give my friends some entertainment (yo that's  
Foul joe)  
Hey yo I treat 'em how they act yo  
Behave like a hooker and played like a madd hoe  
Rumor has it that you take it in the asshole  
And wrap ya lips around my dick like a lasso  
I love the way you hold that  
Joe crack bozak  
While niggas bone that  
My stomach's where ya nose at  
Just another hoe in the midst  
That does more than kiss when we start pourin' the 'cris  
All you bitches be fuckin' for money  
Playin' niggas but they can't get shit from me  
You ain't smokin' my lye  
Pushin' my ride and if you ain't fuckin' just walk on by  
All you bitches just walk on by

Verse 2-fat joe  
I once knew a girl by the name of savannah  
Met her backstage at a show in atlanta  
Seemed like a nice girl, class and well-mannered  
When I took her to the hotel the bitch went bananas  
Did my eyes decieve me  
Was she suckin' three pee-pee's  
Caught it all on tape so I could watch it late on t.v.  
Couldn't wait to beep me  
Started in the car shorty caught the quick train from the trinity stars  
Big joe'll railroad  
Any frail hoe  
Have a bitch scream and yell throwin' elbows  
Now who the hell knows  
Why these girls fuck for cell phones  
Turnin' tricks for material shit  
Now bust it, you wanna hit it gotta pay top dollar

These chicks is hott rodders  
Wit grips like rottwilers  
But why bother  
Picture me payin' a fee  
I'll just play like akinyle and fuck these hoes for free

Verse 3-charli baltimore  
Picture b-more on the floor on all fours  
Mind must've lost yours  
Never been tossed  
Tour thats what I do for ones  
Not whore baby thats what I do for fun  
Now I dread that I gave you head  
All because them four double a duracells went dead  
My vibrator....huh!! playa hatin' on me  
Thinking you can hit this and get away scott free  
Now you boomeranged....all I wanted was some ac-tion  
Brought my own branton  
Got my own mansion  
Now you off tryin' to front to yo niggas  
'cause I blew ya back out and got my own figgas  
Please, you was just something to do  
Had a camcorder too  
How you like that boo  
You madd 'cause I hit that and vanished  
Or 'cause you on tape screamin' "charli baltimore" in spanish

All you bitches be fuckin' for money  
Playin' niggas but they can't get shit from me  
You ain't smokin' my lye  
Pushin' my ride and if you ain't fuckin' just walk on by  
All you bitches just walk on by

Just walk on by  
See ya later yeah  
You scandalous hoe