

The Archies

"My Life"

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[Chalie Boy]

I leave hoes confused, like a riddle or maze
Treat niggaz like cell phones, I make they signals fade
My time is today I got tight rhymes, I rhyme for pay
If my rapping fall off/ bitch I'ma grind today
Who's to say, that tomorrow's promised to me
I'ma wreck and make sho, that people pay homage to
me
I'm as bomb as can be, call me a-bomb-ible snowman
Like Busta Rhymes, I'm a phenominal show man
I'm bout to blow man, sho to wear my style
Niggaz run up bumping, then they gon catch a fucking
pile
Driver, nigga I'm flyer
Innovative, thinking of shit like I'm McGyver
You live but I'm liver, and I'm gonna achieve my goal
Get outta my way, or I'm knocking out obstacles
I got's to go, nothing is impossible
Invisible drug or not, bitch I'm unstoppable

[Tite]

Catch me, in that Bentley drop
My flow's so hot, that when you play it your speakers
pop
I spit game call me pimp Tite, I got the golden glow
You want some mo', well listen while this pimp write
In the hood, niggaz know that I'm thuggish
Strapped up with Macks, cats know that I'm busting
Tite squint, with that left eye
Cause my aim is on, when my aim is on your brains is
gone
Damn, what happened to that boy
He fucked up, I put a clap into that boy
Mama raised up a Nutt, so don't push me nigga
I'm a G, I ain't no mo'fucking pussy nigga
I hit haters where it hurt, make 'em put on a skirt
Treat 'em like a seed to plant, and put 'em in dirt
I'm in the club, like 50 do it but don't push me to it
Cause the Tite'll end plex, before you knew it
Yeah, a dirty nigga out the South
Executing these fake thugs, hushing they mouth

I'me one hundred like a Benjamin, you better vest your crew
Before these two, fuck around and hit your men

[Sir Coop]

Now 1-2G-3, you motherfucker it's me
C-double-O-P, will woop a nigga for free
Lyrics steady getting hotter, like some July weather
I'ma make the booth sweat, like it's covered in leather
Now let's see, who's on the shit list today
Close your eyes and point Charlie, watch your boy Coop spray
You don't like what I say, that shit's ok
Your bitch ass prolly gave your girl, swanging my way
Now get crunk with a playa, when you hear my flow
I keep it real when I go, watch my fan base grow
I use to rap about hoes, getting pussy with nothing
Had to chill that shit out, man I'm tired of fucking
Got a scheme, that's gon give this boy fame a boost
Less time in the cooch, all day in the booth
And I'ma keep spitting hits, so boy get use to
Killa lyrics to bob your head, and fucking get loose to

(*talking*)

Don't forget, check our shit out
In stores now, Big Tiger "Starting From Scratch"
Wreckin Crew "All Freestyles"
Charlie Boy & Tite "Underground Hitz"
And the DJ Bull mix tapes, live and on the street
Yeah hey, clean your voice and get ready to wreck this beat

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