

## Charizma & Peanut Butter Wolf

### "Methods"

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[ VERSE 1: Charizma ]

Rap battles, I saw MC's goin at it  
Crews playin new records, I arrived and caused static  
From Frisco to Oakland like Bronx to Manhattan  
You know what's happenin, Charizma style of rappin  
Hey yo B, you know your man Kwan that's 10 feet tall?  
He should drop the mic and pick up a basketball  
Ah yes y'all, mad love to my crew, everyone's real cool  
All we wanna do is to be in a record pool  
Ah yes y'all, this is my design to make my niggas  
rewind  
Labels pull crimes, it's time for me to resign  
The style's deep even when we fall asleep  
Dreamin of the usual - a rap beat  
I got class with my math, so remember this  
If you're not down you're expelled off my premises  
I come with bombs when the scene is loud and hectic  
I'm clean cut and suave, the dapper type, man I got  
methods

(Rap so strong and rap so def) --> Roxanne Shanté©

[ VERSE 2: Charizma ]

I got you and your crew peepin me out and starin  
Maybe this is something you're not accustomed to  
hearin  
I'm comin through clownin, takin titles and much clout  
And when I'm rollin dice I got my boys on the lookout  
It's just Charizma with the Nikes, Charizma with the  
knocks  
Charizma on stage is Charizma sure to rock  
So check it out party people in the place  
The newest car I ever had was a '78  
I'm straight rollin in my bucket with my boys at ease  
And when I see a liquor store I think of ten g's  
I'm just fanatic with these rhymes, you can't read em,  
though  
Young kid, you're not ready for torpedos  
Just wait until my moms hears this jam  
She'll say I have to scam but she has to take me for  
what I am

When I need someone to talk to for insight  
I see what's in sight, and that's lovely girls tonight  
I got methods

[ VERSE 3: Charizma ]

I got rappers takin votes, it's a rappin debate  
I make my speech and announce the winner at the  
studio live at 8  
So ( ? ) applause  
This is just a rhyme from page 74  
As far as girls, yeah, they know me, they talk about  
Colby  
But Colby ain't got nothin on me, I rap in Dolby  
So hey world, open your eyes to the wack  
Cause when the goin gets rap the wack get off my track  
And that's black  
Who said that real hip-hop don't sell  
Me and my whole crew bought two copies of Raising  
Hell  
Just the other day there was a contest with ten MC's  
Mad lookin wack wearin Lee's and cock dies  
I was like okay, so I gave it a bay  
Now those MC's ain't got nothing but their ex-girls to  
blame  
I got methods

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