

Charizma & Peanut Butter Wolf

"My World Premiere"

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[VERSE 1: Charizma]

Fly sporadic, let's get dramatic
Cause I'm new with no static
I'm new with no static
Cause here's a smirk from pro that shocks
I put two hands together like 12 o'clock
So applause, cause y'all come to see Charizma throw
I got features and I'm funky like a project ho
I'm slammin girls from Mary to Carey
But I'm not actin hard
It's not my birthday but I'm pullin cards
Attention the ladies and gentlemen
It's hard for me to swim, so I don't dive in
Cause with a threshold rip you see I came to brawl
I'm takin wack MC's Puma suits and all
Seven mics, seven rhymes, seven styles
You're not fat, it's like you ran seven miles
I'm sorry my friend, I left my rhymes in a shoebox
A week later I opened, it was Timberlands
Look out or took out, cause he ain't breakin a sweat
I'm just rockin the boat and y'all the sailors on my deck
And if my pockets were filled with gold and silver
I'd be shy to give it up to some damn golddigger
In a b-boy stance I'm in the smog all alone... (*echo*)
When I didn't have a mic I rapped on headphones
I'm scopin, you're hopin I'm smokin, you're chokin
My girls are like 7-11, always open
So rack the rhymes up and cue the tape
If rappin was pool I'd hit the eight ball and (?)
And I collect dough from what I'm kickin, yo
I'm not in a fraternity, so don't step to me at a show
So I guess I be born with classic flair
Charizma & Peanut Butter Wolf the hells up outta here
Peace

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