

Erykah Badu

"R.I.T.Z."

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Artist: Charli Baltimore f/ Cam'Ron

Charli Baltimore

Killa Cam

Cam'Ron

Charli I don't think they know that I'm menstrul

Let me tell 'em when I'm menstrul

Verse One: Cam'Ron

I'm into don thing, Donna Karen

Don Cornelius, Don King

Lunchin' down in Palm Springs

Long the ring, crackin' cars

Dirty money, give the wax to Juan

Actin' harsh, leave 'em my back garage

Thug niggas using Mack Guitar

Givin' back massage, enterouage, we on Hollis

Make you leave New York quicker, then John Wallace

Be in your mom's wallet

Ya'll want whips, it's time on trial

Aye yo, ya'll want chips, then count ya stride

I made best friend to fight yo, like '98 Live

Connin' in they eyes, like cats behind with they wife

Well then it's true, that I lost a daughter

Niggas get a little money, wanna cross the water

Fuckin' sell, I get the hell, I can't cross the border

Never feminine, everynight don't park the six

Right in front of tenimens

Ruthless chicks, yeah, toothless chicks

With the shotguns to shot, right through 2 and 6

Rufus kicks, uqick, that's what I'm tellin' my man

They just want me on the crucifix, I held in my hand

Fell for the plan, felony Cam

Yo melody be bland!

R-I-P scrams yo, a hell of a man

And that's my analysis, till I'm laid up with blood like

diolisists

That's my next son

Chorus (Cam'Ron)

Some niggas kiss

And some get dissed
Some cats go kill
And jump off cliffs
Some snitch
But life's a fucking bitch

Some niggas sniff
And some go disp
Some cats want dough
And come on clicks
Some rich
But life's a fucking bitch

Verse Two: Charli Baltimore

What, yo
I'm into Ice shit, peirced pussy
Got the Ice clit, Ice picks
Fuck around and slice chicks
Spotted deserve on Ice chips
Tight click, we come through
Dumb crew, these cats unable to come to
Comotose, ya'll boast about holdin' totes
We hold's parties, and sign our labels Pacardi
Hardly ya girl next door, beofre I was B'More
I was C-4, now I'm packed, and now I'm stackin'
In the Swiss Alps, with Swiss cheese and Swiss
accounts
Sippin' Swiss Miss, hoes frontin', got me kissed it
Dying kids wanna see B'More, on they wish list
But I put 'em there, be careful what you ask for
Ski mask up on barren face
No trace, of DNA, just DOA
We know ways to make you talk
Make you limp, when you walk
Outline cats in white chalk
Got fagotts askin' "Who's she?"
Benz wit' it, class be E, Master P
Blastin' 'How Ya Do Dat There'
Ridin' through, niggas stare, they like "Who dat there?"
Is True Dat wear
Takin' over, slower
While ya'll hoes be stressed
Hate to see me and PD, and be like who the ebst
No shit, pull out the clips
Pull out the whips, put out the hits
Cause we put on the Ritz
And it's nine crackers before a cracker
So tell me how you like us with guns and rappers

Chorus (Cam'Ron)

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