

## Charles Hamilton

### "Doesn't End"

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The morning number eight, let me introduce you to my  
best friends,

Let me interview you.

Hamilton and Hedgehog, they're matching,  
nigger,

From the eight to the amount of ledge is what you  
have, my nigger

You have met you, I'm so technical,

I'm right at you, tab a naco,

Of MC watchers, MC doctors, get me apart and test me,  
I'm deadly,

The red scene had to clean it's act up,

The meanest rapper and I mean that rap stuff.

Me with the fax, no machine, but I black,

Kind of like that patch of green you have when you  
send something.

I am in something, perhaps deep shit, but I rap deep  
shit,

So with every bar I grab a pooper scooper,

And toss it at the future like I'm laughing,  
stupid nooker.

Chop, chop, chuey, nigger, I'm the illest,

Chop, chop, chuey, nigger, I'm the man,

Chop, chop, chuey, chop, chop, chop, chop,

chop, chop, chuey.

Nigger, sure, it doesn't end, doesn't  
end,

Who the fuck is him?

Charles Hamilton doesn't end.

My hopes got stronger like George Foreman,

I'm one of the four and my four is storming

Unfortunately, Mat has something prepared for your  
black ass.

So traction has to be a full melody of casualty and  
fatality

Actually, how many times could my out of bc rhyme  
skills come after me?

Was I referring to what I say? I don't give a  
fuck, I do this shit all day.

Starring at her bootylicious constantly, yet  
she's never on top of me consciously.  
But that's not gonna stop, so therefore I have  
to be that hot from the top.  
Remove my bucket? Fuck it, let all unlock it, still in  
destiny, boy, I don't give a fuck.

Chop, chop, chuey, nigger, I'm the illest,  
Chop, chop, chuey, nigger, I'm the man,  
Chop, chop, chuey, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,  
chop, chop, chuey.  
Nigger, sure, it doesn't end, doesn't end,  
end,  
Who the fuck is him?  
Charles Hamilton doesn't end.

That ass, I'm ripping it, Madonna with a strap-  
on,  
I ain't fall out of strattel and got back on,  
Now, what other topic can I black on?  
Oh, that's it and oh, that's it and  
CHARLE doesn't give a soul, that's it.  
In the all after there is, means I'm so after the  
best,  
I might be scratching their neck with every scent pop  
Holly shit, that did not rock, but unfortunately, hips  
gotta hop,  
Get your ass up, dance, or sit down, back up and have  
a blunt at electricon.  
Better off, better on, and I better fall in love with a chick  
who has a ball globe  
To catch my fits when I throw 'em.  
But don't notice 'em, I'm in  
slow motion, and it

Chop, chop, chuey, nigger, I'm the illest,  
Chop, chop, chuey, nigger, I'm the man,  
Chop, chop, chuey, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,  
chop, chop, chuey.  
Nigger, sure, it doesn't end, doesn't end,  
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Dinner time I grab me some lamb, in a matter of  
minutes you'll be laughing, my man.  
Remember that white chick? Wasn't Shirley  
Temple, but surely, from the temple I make shit simple.  
Let me give you a riddle, why did the chicken?  
That's a question mark, she had to die on my  
niggen

Nigger, figure it out, 'cause I'm digging for a reason I laugh at this bitch, you dig it?  
Whoever the bitch is I'm minding my business, scratch the sentence off like chickens  
Whoa, holly shit, I'm good, in every neighborhood feeling like suga  
Uhm, not night, but every pimple treats broads not right  
Sure, but it died, I resurrected and had sex with it and passed it right back  
To the next egg that exit the crib and said

Chop, chop, chuey, nigger, I'm the illest,  
Chop, chop, chuey, nigger, I'm the man,  
Chop, chop, chuey, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,  
chop, chop, chuey.  
Nigger, sure, it doesn't end, doesn't end,  
end,  
Who the fuck is him?  
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