

## Charles Hamilton

### "MTV2 Cribs"

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Uh, uh, uh

It's charles hamilton

(Verse 1)

I'm living real quiet, kinda life I live,

But my life is the shit so my life ain't never quit,

And the life act night with the shit that I write,

Gotta be something that u gotta get, right?

Wrong, as long as you can follow along,

In the song, it's the hottest song I got off the bong,

(haha)

I make the bong goes, I know, you add a couple o's and  
it's a different song,

Oh, see now it sounds like a pot of jam,

But it's a different kind of jam, I know she's smarter  
damn,

I meant to say it's more of rhythm but whatever,

I gotta get with the rhythm so I can feel better,

Gotta acknowledge the groove,

And gotta acknowledge how I got you acknowledging it  
too,

Cause I just move,

I ain't got no shoes on that I could never lose,

(Chorus)

How could you pick up that roll?

But life's so unpredictable,

Cause I can say most of you don't want me no!

I'm the one that used to get the dough, it's like sayin

La la la la la la la la la la la la,

(Verse 2)

Soon as you walk through the door,

You can feel the aroma,

Feel the order, this is home ah,

Gotta let you know, I don't allow people to wear  
their(pause)shoes,

Cause I gotta lotta wear and tear on my hardwood  
floors,

This a hardwood classic,

And you should feel kinda dramatic, askin, cause this  
is a feeling I never share,

Because you can my feel spirit everywhere,

In my house right?

So I'm down right cool,  
I can break every last rule, that's why I don't like school,  
And I don't write rules, cause what I write rules,  
So you on the side of my house if I don't like you,  
And I don't mind if I move,  
Cause every single house gotta modify my rules,  
Run in it back and you get it goddamnit,  
In a minute I'll be runnin this shit for a minute,  
(Chorus)

How could you pick up that roll?  
But life's so unpredictable,  
Cause I can say most of you don't want me no!  
I'm the one that used to get the dough, it's like sayin  
La la la la la la la la la la la la,  
(Verse 3)

What I got I gotta give it to ya mama,  
Cause I know I probably gave it to her daughter,  
And she know that it's her sister that I taught uh,  
Just imagine all the freaky shit I taught her,  
I'm sorry I just gotta be real,  
That's how I know that the privacy is fair,  
Charles is in this motha fuckin place, in ya montha  
fuckin face,  
It could never been a race what's next to chase?  
This, this, ain't even a race,  
I ain't even tryna breathe at a pace,  
I'm goin outta place, outta space whatever,  
Just mention it, write it,  
The sentence is lighting on fire,  
And I'm liking it striking me down if I'm a clown,  
If not you should wipe me down, when I'm around,  
Top 5 with the live sound,  
I'm gone where's my crown? oww!

(Chorus)  
How could you pick up that roll?  
But life's so unpredictable,  
Cause I can say most of you don't want me no!  
I'm the one that used to get the dough, it's like sayin  
La la la la la la la la la la la la,

It's the one and only Charles Hamilton,  
Willy I see you, whatup vill?  
H.o. all my real niggas all my real ladies,  
You know what time it is,

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