

## Charli Baltimore "R.I.T.Z."

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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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