

Mis-teeq

"Charlie's Angels"

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Eddie Bones presents...
the adventures of Charlie Bawles

You heard about Charlie's angles?
They keep broads hooked on the cock like Prince
Alberts

(Charlie Bawles)
Well it's Chuck,
The first man that your girl couldn't deep throat
So I fucked her mouth til her two front teeth broke
Flipped the bitch like cheap coke
Left the sheets soaked, gave the meat stroke
til the hoe's ass cheeks smoked
Freaks know the stee
Before they even rolled with me
I shift ovaries, send 'em home with torn hosiery
Used to fuck to Jodeci, now it's to my own CD
I tell the bitch "I'm on my own shit",
Stop holdin' me
And tell me how this nut tastes
Bust in the sluts face, leave 'em mud,
Laced like a Hostess cupcake
No matter, what race you can still be in my smut tape
But fuck fake bitches that whine like crushed grapes
Come take the fat, long thing with the cock ring
CheckMark knocks the box til the twat stings
Broads cling.
I'll knock the mattress off your box spring
Rip your bra string and spill beer in your offspring
They try to block things, I don't like that
Keep the tights back,
Or I'm a throw 'em in the closet like mic jacks
I might, smack your kids while I'm grabbin your tits
Strappin your wrist to the headboard,
And stabbin your ribs. With the long dick
Of this pornographic bastard
Workin the bed til I get paid by my mattress
Don't laugh bitch. There ain't no jokin here
I'll fuck ya til your downstairs,
neighbor smokes a square

Poke your rear with my thumb to test
If you ever used your bum for sex
Ain't no ease, thumbs the rest
I'm the best rapper that be slingin his nuts
Plus I turn a bitch that's never been touched,
into a porno slut

(Charlie Bawles)

I'm lookin for sluts
Eighteen and up from B to D cups
Fuck me Chuck til I bust and clean it up
She seen enough smut to make sound decisions
To lift up the butt or stay down in submission
I pound with presicion. Every dames a D. P
My team'll kill beavers til they endagered species
Spankin fee fees. Til the chick's shits achin
Clit skin's chafin. Miss to tris nathan
Bitch quit fakin.
We know how your story goes.
Naughty hoes, double stuffed like Oreos
Corny bros try to bite my moves,
There'll be none of that
I got patents on the Cambridge Crab
And the Thunderclap
Run laps around the cat. Master of dick and dash
Swift macks spittin gash. Shaft in your chickens ass
Hit the back last on your hooters and grill
I could chill or score fast in the two minute drill
Charlie been done, provin his skills
Using the dills.
Hula hoop a groupie for a brew and two bills
My maneuvers are ill.
Broads kill for the throbbin dick
Not mysogenist. Before I fuck, I massage a bitch
Got a lot of flicks. How to, for all you novices
You wannabe Skitz,
Can cop a Charlie Bawles starter kit
Let the hottest chicks turn actress for practice
I mash half stiff, Ron Jeremy of this rap shit
Match wits with the finest
Nevermind the rest baby time to sex
So grind til your behind is wet
I'm the best rapper that be swingin his nuts
And plus I turn a bitch that's never been touched, into a
porno slut

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