

Bertolt Brecht**"R.I.T.Z"**

Visit "[R.I.T.Z](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Charli Baltimore
Killa Cam
Cam'Ron
Charli I don't think they know that I'm menstrol
Let me tell 'em when I'm menstrol

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 massuage, 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)

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

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

Visit [Bertolt Brecht](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.