

**Beckmann & Mackeben****"R.I.T.Z"**

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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  
diolisisists

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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