

DJ Clue F/ Raekwon The Chef

" Hey Charli"

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* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Guy] Hey Charli, hey Charli, hey Charli

[Guy] She's unbelievable and she wit

[ChB] I-N-C

[Chorus]

[Guy] Hey Charli

[ChB] Catch me runnin red lights, niggaz beamin they headlights

[Guy] Hey Charli

[ChB] 187 be the digits only numbers you getting nigga

[Guy] Hey Charli

[ChB] See me with the angels, ass from all angles

[Guy] She's unbelievable and she wit

[ChB] I-N-C

[Verse 1]

We throw a club in the clique nigga

I need a thug and a drink

Scream "The Inc" Till I'm "Gone" like N'SYNC

Bitches born for the scene

Ass fat like it was born in them jeans

They come on to my team

Now we on to a scheme

Ready for the tape on

Face on

Ass is up never

Glasses up better

Fuck it we brown paper baggin off the wagon

See who worth taggin

I play wit em but no slidin off

Im watchin him expression as I'm ridin off

Play 2-way tag but I'm not for baggin

Who press cats? Me

I was back like Jet Lagan

Your fuckin wit a I.G. associate

Want a dose of it?

Can't come close to it

Keep it brief like our game is been

With more albums I score see who worth more

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Now I play gats, knives wit em cause I love to chase
22"s on the Lex got em lovin my taste
Love ta pace
Mac doors got em lovin my face
38" on the waste you wastin wit your place
I don't know you better then I don't show you
But who's behind my chicks
Never mind
Never mind we never find one worth the energy
My angels on Hennessey thinking they see enemy
So keep it spinnin like Rule records on radios
Even out the ratio 7 and 1
All chicks from the front and the back
All cliques aw shit we here whenever we near
Sweetheart I aint tryna swell you let me tell you
If you can bitter or spit me you can hit me
Shit I aint met one yet
Aint settlin foot to the pedal and cats keep on yellin

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Ok
Can go deeper then replies on the beeper
Ill work wit ya but lemme see if I fit ya
Im more complex then dinner and a movie
Nigga you gotta move me
A bitch kinda moody
So what's the plan of action
Get it crakin
What u working wit lets see if I can work wit it
Im no amateur game master
He has ta lay the mack down a little faster bastard
Too slow and I'm dustin em one up
Play the hood till the sun up they run up in
Im skirtin no flirtin
I aint checkin em niggaz still got the plot thickenin
(thickenin)
Â
[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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