

Funkmaster Flex f Charli Baltimore and Cam'Ron

"Charli Baltimore and Cam'Ron Freestyle"

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CB and Cam] Uh, uh, yo, yeah

[CB]Yeah, Funkmaster Flex, final chapter

[Cam]Yeah, it's Killa Cam baby

[CB]Volume Three

[Cam]Killa Cam, Harlem World baby

[CB]Uhh, aight.. Charli Baltimore representin Philly

[Cam]Yo, we about to show you what we gonna to do
y'all

[CB]Yeah, aight

[Cam]Knowwhat!msayin? Show y'all how unready, y'all
are

for Entertainment

[CB]Entertainment

[Cam]Show em Charli

[CB]Check, yo, yo

[Cam]Take it Charli, rip it down now

[CB]Yo, yo

[Charli Baltimore]

Nigga, who run here? Undeas, you underachieved
in this league, unglued cause we sunned you
You unfit for underground shit we unstoppable
Pop hits, top ten bitch, never undroppable
Underestimate, we under esca-lators, plottin
Unexpected, undetected

You unsuitable for unveiling, call us, what
We unavail-in, e-mailin, so what to tell dem
CB push unmarked V's with diamond marquees
Unblemished, unfinished, til I unload
Un-Usual-ly Suspect-ed but fuck it
Unaffected by y'all haters I know enough and
unlike me you're unlucky, sittin ducky
I'm untouchable, spittin lovely with Big above me
Slugs be flyin you're unwilling to die and
we stay underlying keep your death untiming
Unable to understand the Un madness
But nothin ever goes unsaid, for the cabbage
Underrated, unfaded, nah, to say we comes off
a understatement, uhh, we Entertainment

[Cam'Ron]

Aiyyo this nigga named P-O-P, D-O-A, R-I-P
Caught him at the D-M-V, while my ass T-N-T
Down the F-D-R doin eighty, in the E-S-3
Put you in E-M-S, break A-T-M's, K-F-C
850i, Q45, we the seventh wonders
Niggaz who be Willie-st, ten and eleven hundreds
and, B-L, double-O-D, R-I-P
C-O-C from N-Y to O-T
That night tried to O-D, sniffed a whole key
Puffed a O-Z, a blunt soaked in Olde E
Yeah we had C-O's, then we moved to P-O's
Yeah we want a O-T, for now we need a T-O
Could we duck the D-A, when we was in V-A
Now we got the hot out, in P-A
Tell you now it's easy to get a G-B, from A-T-L to D-C
Girls see my dick in 3-D, and umm
Fuck a A-C-T, R-C-T or S-A-T
Cause a nigga like me, ain't get no P-H-D
I'm wanted by the A-T-F, plus the I-R-S
Put you in E-M-S, bloody like P-M-S
Beef, let's get it done, get rid of sun, get a gun
C'mon now Flex we got whips make it a hit or run
You with it Dunn, the frigid one, just place a side bet
Sank him so his face looked like a nightcheck, you hype
yet?
I'm ready for you faggots, drama on the promo
for the condos with the momo, I hammer on you homos
Whylin since quo mo, a center for the drama
I'm the type to fuckin eat dinner with the Dahmer's
You think how to teach a bitch, is to eat a bitch
That's how you reach a bitch, that think she all that
Rip her one time, in two minutes she'll call back
J-O on the podium, fuck rugs Flex
I lay em on linoleum, just get the petroleum
Gas em like helium, tell him that I'm feelin him
Two weeks later, payday I'm peelin him

Uh, Funkmaster Flex (Funkmaster)
Charli B'More, (Cam'Ron) Cam'Ron, where you at?
Y'all in trouble
Told y'all, I told y'all

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