

Charli Baltimore, Everybody Wanna Know

Artist: charli baltimore f/ dj premier

Yeah, what
(charli baltimore)
Bout to lay it down for these muthaf**kas
(charli baltimore)
What, speakin' on c. b'more
Yo, uh, yo, yo

Verse one

Now everybody wanna know the outcome, of went I come out
My roads to success, pay dues, with the thumb out
Hitch-hike, from she aight, to she's the nicest
I permit chicks to front, now I got a license what
Everybody wanna know if I spit my own hits
Come to any session, any song in question
Drop 48 bars on spots like remixes
All hoes do is add on my words like prefixes
Roll 'thorough bitches' from deep south to these sixes
Been way past cats ideas of mad riches
Phone numbers, bank accounts
They gon' match the time, what
9-9-9, 9-9, 9-9
And the punchline, give my best thoughts at "crunch time"
I drop cats front, part 2, three much
You want, hot shit, pop shit or some toxic
Underground gossip, '99, I lock shit, what

[dj premier]
'charli baltimore' <-- charli
'charli baltimore' <-- the b.i.g.
'yeah, yeah, my crew with... entertainment'
'the commission.. get it right'
'charli baltimore' <-- charli
'charli baltimore' <-- the b.i.g.
'yeah, yeah, my crew with... entertainment'
'the commission...'

Verse two

Yo, uh, yo
Now everybody wanna know the price
Go soft in the rays, in other words b, meltin' they ice
Lyrically price, mostly rap cats, nigga
So if I dis ya, better have them 48-master mister
Or misses, bitches, came in beemo with preim-o
Jet flight like flocks, in l.v., reno
Casino, I'll play ginger, I don't need no
Divas, see her, niggas wanna see us

Fall off, only thing we do is parl' off
If it's beef, only thing you do is call off
Talkin' about starter, please, we got is sewed up
When we got shows where you're at, don't even show up
Niggas need to grow up, step they flow up
Accept they diamonds won't blow up, and put they dough up
On how I grow up, and know what
Catch you on the charli, you don't blown up
Check the dial tone...

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Verse three

Yo, yo, uh
Now everybody wanna know my third, verse-atile
Niggas still tryin' to worry if I'm worth they wild
Why rap about clothes, i'ma merchantile
Legally the hot shit, in reverse awhile
Attachin' ideas to it, in my years, you through
In no time, I blow mine's, forget it, you who?
C-h-a-r-l-i, dot it, no 'e'
Ain't never been spotted, shit, nigga can throw me
Can't nobody hold me to nothin' they can't show me
Knew half now, and half now, do the math now
See who laughs now, e-mail, not free mail
Get the heffers like e-mail, rhyme with such detail
Geared to my songs like seashells, de-rail
Rappers off my track if they album is wacked
Half the tat's on my back, you can see me head on
Yeah me, get'cha red on point, be dead on, uh

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