

# Charli Baltimore, Where It's At

Artist: charli baltimore f/ mobb deep

What, what  
Uh, uh  
What, uh

What, yeah  
Uh, yo  
Yo, what  
Yo, uh  
Yo, uh

[charli]

Say mobb deep, niggas go sorry  
Niggas might rob me  
See these niggas that go with car figures  
Papers dial mine, clothes custom figure  
Matchin' jon gotti to roll through customs nigga  
Roll the custom built shit, I bust them clips  
Niggas trust my lips, while they suck they dicks  
Plus the kiss be the long goodnight  
Murderous bitch be the wrong in spiked-typed  
Price right, be that song, the right type  
But only if havoc and p spittin' wit' me  
And they say they gon' see that c.b. nice wit' it  
Hinnesy and rimmy, and give me some ice wit' it  
Shake down, niggas'll throw some dice in it  
Put your money on chuck or in 9-9, you're f\*\*ked  
Try your luck, stress this red-head  
I mix blood in my dye, like my faily ties

Chorus (havoc & charli)

When you in the mix with this shit  
Skin and bones, nothing but the fists  
Do your hard beat, rapper lay a bid  
Other dogs posted up over here

Niggas f\*\*kin' up, where my niggas at huh?  
Niggas be frontin', where my niggas at what?  
Yo they don't want it  
This is live nigga rap  
Scared nigga, get back, but if not, it's cool  
Cause right here is where it's at

[havoc]

Yo, when I foul out on lab mouse  
One nut and I'm out  
Ain't tryin' to stick around, let a nigga catch me out of bound  
Don't give a f\*\*k about a rumor  
Know how I get down  
Let my man's do it, he gots to right to it  
Known jay come through the door, still like they "who this?";  
Don't got beef, but got niggas, serious ones  
Make sure a nigga here, plus lasted wars  
And stay countin' all that cash when I'm f\*\*kin' wit' 'un'  
F\*\*k around with my funds, got a bring a gun  
Please don't make me have to puncture ya lungs

[ty nitty]

Cause we the ones rockin' 'em, the ones toppin' 'em  
Gold bars unpredictable, like mystikal and shock and 'em  
We heavenly like big, pac and them

Mobb deep and charli baltimore, who's coppin' 'em  
Who's lockin' 'em, who's hotter then them  
It's like a dice game and crack tito totterin' them

Chorus

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[prodigy]

Yo, all and together we gon' rush the front door  
Get at them  
They dumpin' our songs, so now it's on  
Infamous, my niggas pop clips to this  
And fight to it  
Niggas respect it, it's like we magnetic  
It's like the last thing you want is drama  
Go at the girls, have a good time, don't make it a problem  
While we pop bottles of mo'  
Burn down bottles of 'dro  
Smack that ass of models and ho's  
Rappin', all y'all some rag old bunnies  
Ready to jump off  
I'm on the side fondlin' this marcy  
Black car be gone, q.b. bitches ready to brawl  
Charli baltimore payin' dues, got it 'em balled  
At the bar slashin' bitches  
Over some niggas  
From a wayne cell, we stuff back in '96  
Spaid like... swallow the gin, we musclin' in  
Play ya par kid, don't be a talkative marvin

Chorus

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