

# Outside

Charles Hamilton

I'm on the outside... I'm on the outside...

See these ni\*\*az don't get it till I spazz out  
When I see a full moon and they assed out  
Get a dutch get a light then grass out  
More smoke more fire till I pass out  
That's how ni\*\*as get finished like popeye's spinach  
On a top five list, go cop my shit  
Never cop out when the cops out  
Do not doubt I got {clout} the {rapper's rappers rap about}  
C-H-A-R spitting like an A-R  
Fifteen my shits mean so get lean  
The MVP in pink, no draft pick  
Just drastic, get ya ass whipped  
Don't gimme no help just gimme ya belt  
So when you start feeling ya self, you'd be feeling the welt  
Charles hamilton is back, Sha-leik on the track  
This beat is so crack, I got jeezy in the back

On the outside looking and I want in  
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On the outside looking and I want in  
And I want in and I want in  
On the outside looking and I want in  
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On the outside looking and I want in  
And I want in and I want in

Got ni\*\*as holding they head whenever they cipher with me  
Get rowdy like I got Roddy Piper with me  
Ya bitch ass looking like a diaper, dig me  
I might just hit until I strike ya kidney  
And watchu gonna do (Not a god damn thing)  
What ya man gon do (not a god damn thing) (yeah)  
Step inside this god damn ring and watch ya ass leave with (not a god damn t  
hing)  
I never lost a battle so fuck u rap ni\*\*as  
All you do is double talk, I don't trust u rap ni\*\*as  
You rap with no class, so I cut u rap ni\*\*as  
Give you a pound?, the hell would I touch u rap ni\*\*as?  
It's me, Cassidy, and Weezy, the new class  
You don't see yo name on the list, why you mad?  
My ni\*\*as my fam you don't get it my man  
I'm hungry for the game little ni\*\*a I- Am

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See I was born out in cleveland, raised here in harlem  
Money or not, I'm gon' stay here in harlem  
Play here in harlem lay here in harlem

I'm already ghost, see my grave here in harlem  
I stay clear of problems but it always finds me  
So I sit on ni\*\*as that say charles is grimy  
A day in my life would make a hot picture  
Not just 1 song like that jason fox ni\*\*a  
I'm way too sick for the chicken noodle soup  
I make new hits and my ni\*\*\*s do it too  
Fuck outside the box, man I'm living through the roof  
Living proof my condition ain't got shit to do with u  
{The hits that they produce} isn't what you fools used to  
I ate the apple from the tree and made it fruity loops  
Cause I'm the true babe ruth of the booth stay true to my roots  
Make music but you, {you}

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On the outside looking and I want in  
And I want in and I want in

I'm on the outside  
I'm a get in  
I can see through you  
See your true colors  
Inside you're ugly  
Ugly like me  
I can see through you  
See in the real you