

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