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