

# No One Does It Better

Charli Baltimore

Na na na na na la la la la  
Na na na na na la la la la  
Na na na na na la la la la  
No one does it like Murder Inc.  
Na na na na na la la la la  
Na na na na na la la la la  
Na na na na na la la la la  
Baby, no one does it like Murder Inc.

Ain't none better, repeat the letters  
Murder I-N-C fucka, we go together, Lord  
When you see the pink hair the Inc. here  
Fuck - we can do it mixtape or dubbed  
And by the underground bastards, appeal to the masses  
Style like Jackie on asses, come through with Jackie on glasses  
Protectin yo asses, 7 inch classes, FUCK ya'll bastards  
G - catch a wiff of the murderous bitch, the murderous clique  
Like you never heard of the G  
From the muscle like crime life like corner hustlers  
And the, tunner winter shit, tell me I ain't a winner  
??, Got my mind on my money and my money in my pocket  
Who the fuck gon' stop it, time for the honey is up  
So dummy it up, who the FUCK gon' knock it  
Now that The Inc. locked it, Chuck

We got vision by I.G. - hook by Ashanti  
Got Chuck spittin, where the fuck ya'll fit in  
Those without my name recognition  
C.B. - bitch of the commision, still play my position  
Oh, won't settle, put the foot to the pedal  
And knee short Staletto's, the chick is still ghetto  
Hold the bitch down, but not on her  
I'm rissen, mind driven like hundred mile commisions  
How I'm spittin, niggaz is rewritin, and I'm just bullshittin  
Gon' know when I'm hittin (uh)  
Wrists start slittin, I'm killin 'em soft  
A Predator, Slow Burn and I'm killin 'em off  
Now, back to back let's pace it, 5 steps  
Who wanna test the streets is on a record  
187 mami, click behind me, ya'll know what the sellin be  
Kill 'em with the melody, Chuck

Now who that baige bitch poppin that shit like she cocky eyed  
Inc. mami, bitch know how to find me  
Out 'til the late night, studio trouble maker  
Ass don't know how to take a (Murderous) love the hater  
Flows liek an elevator, 'cause each level I'm up, I get off  
Fucker, who wanna cross the line  
It's real thin with a pad and a pen  
And I spit 10 and throw ya'll 6 for the win  
Again - ya'll heard me, niggaz thought but the chicks all girly  
Body all curvy, FUCK how the world be  
I'm mobbin' on the top of ya'll  
I-N-C and C.B. cock-blockin' ya'll, Chuck