

Walk On By

Charli Baltimore

Yes indeed, what the deal
This is the world famous kid capri
Up here wit my man joey crack
Joey crack got this new joint coming out
Yo joey, tell 'em what the name of this joint is

This is for the hoes and bitches

A-yo what about all the young ladies, the positive young ladies

Like I said this is dedicated to the hoes and bitches
Speak on it man

Verse 1-fat joe
This ain't for the intelligent civilized divas
For all the hoes and bitches who swallow nut by the leisters
Two months pregnant madd dick pokin' the fetus
But she don't give a damn still suckin' dick for sneakers
You know the type, damn dirty is right she even did it wit dice
And made a dildo of ice
A-yo it's like the hiest
Move ya phat ass to gain
And if you love me baby girl give my friends some entertainment (yo that's
Foul joe)
Hey yo I treat 'em how they act yo
Behave like a hooker and played like a madd hoe
Rumor has it that you take it in the asshole
And wrap ya lips around my dick like a lasso
I love the way you hold that
Joe crack bozak
While niggas bone that
My stomach's where ya nose at
Just another hoe in the midst
That does more than kiss when we start pourin' the 'cris
All you bitches be fuckin' for money
Playin' niggas but they can't get shit from me
You ain't smokin' my lye
Pushin' my ride and if you ain't fuckin' just walk on by
All you bitches just walk on by

Verse 2-fat joe
I once knew a girl by the name of savannah
Met her backstage at a show in atlanta
Seemed like a nice girl, class and well-mannered
When I took her to the hotel the bitch went bananas
Did my eyes decieve me
Was she suckin' three pee-pee's
Caught it all on tape so I could watch it late on t.v.
Couldn't wait to beep me
Started in the car shorty caught the quick train from the trinity stars
Big joe'll railroad
Any frail hoe
Have a bitch scream and yell throwin' elbows
Now who the hell knows
Why these girls fuck for cell phones
Turnin' tricks for material shit
Now bust it, you wanna hit it gotta pay top dollar

These chicks is hott rodders
Wit grips like rottwilers
But why bother
Picture me payin' a fee
I'll just play like akinyle and fuck these hoes for free

Verse 3-charli baltimore
Picture b-more on the floor on all fours
Mind must've lost yours
Never been tossed
Tour thats what I do for ones
Not whore baby thats what I do for fun
Now I dread that I gave you head
All because them four double a duracells went dead
My vibrator....huh!! playa hatin' on me
Thinking you can hit this and get away scott free
Now you boomeranged....all I wanted was some ac-tion
Brought my own branton
Got my own mansion
Now you off tryin' to front to yo niggas
'cause I blew ya back out and got my own figgas
Please, you was just something to do
Had a camcorder too
How you like that boo
You madd 'cause I hit that and vanished
Or 'cause you on tape screamin' "charli baltimore" in spanish

All you bitches be fuckin' for money
Playin' niggas but they can't get shit from me
You ain't smokin' my lye
Pushin' my ride and if you ain't fuckin' just walk on by
All you bitches just walk on by

Just walk on by
See ya later yeah
You scandalous hoe