

No One Does It Better

Charli Baltimore

[Hook: Ashanti]Na na na na la la la la

Na na na na la la la la

Na na na na la la la la

No one does it like Murder Inc.

Na na na na la la la la

Na na na na la la la la

Na na na na la la la la

Baby, no one does it like Murder Inc.

[Charli Baltimore]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

[Hook][Charli Baltimore]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
[Hook][Charli Baltimore]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
[Hook]

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