

## Charley Pride

### "Charli"

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[Vocorder]

Charli, Charli

Charli, Charli

[Charli Baltimore]

What

(Chorus)

[Charli Baltimore]

Who got the 6 foot 9 niggas loving the thang?

Charli, Charli

Floor seats to the Sixers game?

Charli, Charli

Chicks screaming cause they loving the name?

Charli, Charli

Say my name

Charli, Charli

Say my name

[Charli Baltimore]

Flows tumble down like an avalanche

Who ride and murder tracks like an ambulance?

Still rap like I never stepped off for a sec

I'm back and this rap shit just be getting me wet

Y'all know Charli, sorry

For your unbelief

So much 'tude on y'all like a Diva

No nigga rhyme tighter

Flow sicker, limelighter

Fans need her (yeah she still off the meter)

Hating chicks sick like \*cough\* she a trick

What y'all know about me

To flow about me

Who be V.I.P

In films with Spike Lee

PHILLY, PHILLY

In case you wanna know where I be

Hold it down for the rest of the peeps

Blessing the streets

BANG, BANG

I'm next in the beat

HUH, HUH  
Put your money on Chuck  
Cause I'm destined to beat  
The fuck y'all know about me

(Chorus)

(Bridge)  
[Charli Baltimore]  
All my thugs flipping pack money  
Living it up  
Angels taking it without giving it up  
What the fuck  
Sheer thongs and we big in the butt  
What, what you know y'all feel this  
Y'all know who the real is

[Charli Baltimore]  
It ain't enough that I paid my dues  
Learn the game  
Whole world learn the name  
Talk greasy but I earn my fame  
What Chicks don't know that the chick so low  
Shit earning to claim  
Ain't drop but I'm sophomore in this  
Like not that bitch Baltimore on this  
Any hate, uh, give more the shit  
More to spit, incase you don't know how I rip  
Red head still, thorough bread streets West Phil  
Left field, came from that, huh, blaze the track  
My angels dust hot baby plain as that  
Oh he wanna holler blame the rap  
Again, second wind now  
Back in the game  
Still reign  
Body parts still remain the same  
Feel me up  
Fell the cupboard  
Fill the cup with Cosmos, A laze, and such  
Mix it up, we sick with it enough

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

[Charli Baltimore]  
Play to win  
Who got heat with it?  
We can take it back to Vaseline on our face, you street  
with it?  
Ride hard till I die hard like Bruce Will, whatever

A buck five hundred thou two mill  
So long as somebody fuck with me and my Angels  
Getting their wings long as the stuck with me  
On my peace to those who occasionally waited for me  
Screw face and any motherfucker hating on me  
Got nothing but love  
Ride 'burbans on nothing but dubs  
No arena shows nothing but clubs  
No sweet niggas nothing but thugs  
Nothing I duds  
Lame niggas say the name uh

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

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