

Charli Baltimore

"Money"

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For the love of what
Uh huh, entertainment
Charli Dangerous, H-Class, little E
Uhh uhh

I don't know if it's the pretty face or the expensive taste
That got everybody wantin' to touch me like Case
Feels So Good like Mase, to pull over
Anywhere I want, diplomats on the Rover

The way I put it on a nigga sober
I have 'em comin' back, knockin' on my door like
Jehovah's
Ya'll already know that Charli's in charge
Weekly massage, platnuim and gold cars

Money stashed in NY to Witchitaw
And I stay with my niggas 'cause you know how bitches
are
Aggy, 'cause they baby daddy wanna bag me
That's why I never leave home without the 44
Ya'll hoes can't do nothin' to me

I got this game wrapped like a dubee
Pinned up in what?
Charli rappin' about, I really got
And it ain't that I'm stuck on myself, I'm really hot

For the love of money
(Dollar bills y'all)
For the love of money
(Gots to have it, eh, heh)

For the love of money
(Dollar bills y'all)
For the love of money
(Really need it, yeah)

Yo yo yo, gimme the money
Rich bitch be swimmin' in money
I need Jet Ski's in mind, can't tease a dime
Lookin' in the mirror, feelin' pleased with the shine

Lady Rolex for the time, the class is S
Wear the ice on the bra of my chest
When the money ain't right I go far to the left
Niggas wanna play games then Charli direct

Wanna Long Kiss Goodnight, don't hold ya breath
Bitches know I'm the shit with my MAC lipstick
Crushin' the player haters with a purple navigator
Shoes alligator, my bag is too
If I was broke like you, I would be mad like you

But you can come work for Charli, a boss with a body
Ask anybody, I could take over Gotti
Poo by the poo while you just another hottie
Niggas roll bricks that'll stay if it's notty

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Uh huh, yo when you look you see the slim waist,
leavin' no trace
'Cause shit for no Charli will be in the briefcase
Yeah, Long Kiss Goodnight, Baltimore get it right
For the cash, pop out the window and shoot through the
ice

Ain't no love here, just the black gloves here
Check it and I don't get by with nothin' I can't leave in
30 seconds
But my kids, they think mommy a teacher, they don't
know
For the love of this, I make the whole world tre' dough

Bingo, get 'em ready for school like nothin' happen
Here's a apple for the teacher, tell 'em mommy
said, "Hi"
Bet he won't fail you no more, one more F and he die

Even with my nails done, I can take guns apart, son
So when they come lookin' for this reporter broke, Un
Dealt with birds but I had to move on
But for none of these I tattoo the little P-Pac on my arm

Ask Un how the ones be when he advance me dough
So I put out mines and tell dawg keep yours yo
For real

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