

DJ Clue F/ Raekwon The Chef

"Charli"

Visit "[Charli](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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)

Visit [DJ Clue F/ Raekwon The Chef](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.