

# Money

Charli Baltimore

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 Johovas  
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 ya'll)  
For the love of money (gots to have it, eh-heh)  
For the love of money (dollar bills ya'll)  
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, feeling 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 breifcase  
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 nothing 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 tatto 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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