

# Charli

## Charli Baltimore

[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 destine 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)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>