

Money

Gold Money

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

Verse One: Charli Baltimore

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 want to 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

Chorus

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)

Verse Two: Charli Baltimore

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 want to play games then Charli direct
want to 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

Chorus

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)

Verse Three: Charli Baltimore

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...

Chorus

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written by Roth, Gabriel Alexander / Jones, Sharon La Faye / Sugarman, Neal Andrew / Steinweiss, Homer /
Guy, David

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