

# Hey Charli

## Charli Baltimore

[Guy] Hey Charli, hey Charli, hey Charli  
[Guy] She's unbelievable and she wit  
[ChB] I-N-C[Chorus]  
[Guy] Hey Charli  
[ChB] Catch me runnin red lights, niggaz beamin they headlights  
[Guy] Hey Charli  
[ChB] 187 be the digits only numbers you getting nigga  
[Guy] Hey Charli  
[ChB] See me with the angels, ass from all angles  
[Guy] She's unbelievable and she wit  
[ChB] I-N-C[Verse 1]  
We throw a club in the clique nigga  
I need a thug and a drink  
Scream "The Inc" Till I'm "Gone" like N'SYNC  
Bitches born for the scene  
Ass fat like it was born in them jeans  
They come on to my team  
Now we on to a scheme  
Ready for the tape on  
Face on  
Ass is up never  
Glasses up better  
Fuck it we brown paper baggin off the wagon  
See who worth taggin  
I play wit em but no slidin off  
Im watchin him expression as I'm ridin off  
Play 2-way tag but I'm not for baggin  
Who press cats? Me  
I was back like Jet Lagan  
Your fuckin wit a I.G. associate  
Want a dose of it?  
Can't come close to it  
Keep it brief like our game is been  
With more albums I score see who worth more[Chorus][Verse 2]  
Now I play gats, knives wit em cause I love to chase  
22"s on the Lex got em lovin my taste  
Love ta pace  
Mac doors got em lovin my face  
38" on the waste you wastin wit your place

I don't know you better then I don't show you  
But who's behind my chicks  
Never mind  
Never mind we never find one worth the energy  
My angels on Hennessey thinking they see enemy  
So keep it spinnin like Rule records on radios  
Even out the ratio 7 and 1  
All chicks from the front and the back  
All cliques aw shit we here whenever we near  
Sweetheart I aint tryna swell you let me tell you  
If you can bitter or spit me you can hit me  
Shit I aint met one yet  
Aint settlin foot to the pedal and cats keep on yellin[Chorus][Verse 3]  
Ok  
Can go deeper then replies on the beeper  
Ill work wit ya but lemme see if I fit ya  
Im more complex then dinner and a movie  
Nigga you gotta move me  
A bitch kinda moody  
So what's the plan of action  
Get it crakin  
What u working wit lets see if I can work wit it  
Im no amateur game master  
He has ta lay the mack down a little faster bastard  
Too slow and I'm dustin em one up  
Play the hood till the sun up they run up in  
Im skirtin no flirtin  
I aint checkin em niggaz still got the plot thickenin (thickenin)[Chorus] - repeat 2X

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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