

# Charli Baltimore, They

\* send corrections to the typist

[Intro]

Yea  
Jealous niggaz and bitches

Yea

This for y'all

Uh uh

[Verse 1]

So many of us, envy us

Enough to just make a fly bitch bust with disgust

No homo, sick of how they pick me playin this chick  
And clam I copped my phat shit from playin a trick

And my outside appearance gotta stay straight

The first opportunity to seal my fate

Even well off they say I feel off

If they catch me rockless

Automatically assume I'm stopless

Bounty's on my head for info

Gossipers turn philosophers lie

My whole life is so strife

So I write to escape my memories

I got a sudden right to escape my enemies

Without rap I'd probably be a talk show guest

I guess my life interreges for haters when it's f\*\*ked up  
Topics on my boyfriends and choppin less

Copped a Navigator then what? Guess I suck nuts

My luck up, I'm stuck up

When I'm down they feedin off a bitch

Parasitin, so I'm writin this song for them

Light skin Type Slim

Think I had shit easy?

So you wanna talk greasy?

Please be judgmental after the facts  
Yall pouters get to live my life on this track

This goes out to all y'all jealous niggaz and bitches

F\*\*K Y'ALL!

[Chorus]

They dream they have all the things I did

So I drop these words inspired by Big  
Only love those who love you too

Only trust those who trust you too  
Only hate those who hate you too

And never ever ever be a fool

And never ever ever be a fool  
And never ever ever be a fool

[Verse 2]

At 15 received ass kickins from niggaz

At 18 cats was ass stickin my niggaz

I figure I never had a chance for peace

22 mom of two so the stress increased

At 24 four people I love diseased

In less then a year my life sweet from were?

Fear my tears

Cause they'll say its a break down

I take down the pain with Hennessy

But enemies shoot it up they veins high

Make lives tumors in other brains

I remain Tiffany Lane

No doubt tryna sort out

Fake friends fake men's

Stressed to f\*\*k  
They curious bout Notorious?

&quot;Glorious Day&quot; like Springstein  
When I bring dreams alive

Hatin can survive success

It turns to envy  
And men be worse then bitches

Mad when I surpass their riches  
But I hustle like niggaz do

Cold nights to own Nikes and Polo

But to own rights and hold mic's for Dolo

I know hoes who suck dicks

And niggaz alike

Just to say that they got me high

But despite all y'all and for y'all cause I ball y'all

I never fall y'all I still fight all y'all

Y'all got balls after you hear this to ever talk slick

Knowin half y'all jealous hoes go slit y'all wrists

[Chorus 3x's (fade)]