

# Gold Digger

EPMD

Brothers things done got too far gone  
(Tell 'em 'bout it)  
We got ta let the girls know what they gotta do for us

Oh, what the heck, let's get married and have a son named Erick  
No big deal, no sweat, I was in for a big surprise  
And when I saw the judge hammer pass my green eyes  
Brainlocked my whole damn head was malfunctional  
'Coz I forgot to co sign a prenuptial agreement  
Now her case is hard like cement  
I have no files on all the money she spent  
She has a car, nineteen ninety brand new Jaguar

Fly kit, with chrome rims that's five star  
That she bought when I was away on tour  
Hittin' my bank account, gettin' more and more money  
She got paid, it wasn't funny  
Talkin' to myself, oh, you big big dummy  
Just my luck that I'm stuck with a marriage  
And a baby who lays in a gold carriage  
Now I can't leave, if I do she gets half  
(Not the cash)  
Oh yes, the whole damn bash of money

So I chill and act so sweet  
Kiss her feet, can't picture bein' in the street  
So I give a fake smile and a fake laugh  
Fake everything so I can keep all my cash  
Fake talk, like I love you so much  
But wishin', she gets hit by a Mack truck  
Next time, if there's one I'll know  
That most women strictly out for the dough  
They're called gold diggers

'Coz she's a gold digger  
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The P had a close call, quiet as kept I dated this  
("Fly girl")  
Yeah, and almost got vicked  
She had green eyes, thunder thighs, and a def body  
(So what cha sayin')  
Top it off, she drove a black Maserati  
Chrome kit, with a smile I couldn't resist  
I tapped E on the shoulder and said, "Yeah, I gots to get this"  
(P cool, she could be a gold digger)

Not with that smile and that stupid boomin' figure  
'Til one day, she spent the crazy dough  
Ten G's on Levi's, cold went Rambo  
But then she smiled, gave me a back massage  
Gassed my head up and said  
(Oh, P you're so large)  
Like a jerk, I went for the line like a fish  
But she was far from dream girl, and more like a death wish  
She likes to sit back, lamp, walk on plush rugs

Whip my five-sixty sip Moet and bug  
(So did you flip?)  
Tried to but she cut me off  
And said, "Guess what?"  
(What)  
"I'm pregnant"  
(Pregnant? Damn)  
Yeah, and the child is yours  
So to fellas, who wanna keep they cash  
Or beware of the jack hammer and the helmet that glows  
'Coz she's a gold digger

She's a gold digger  
She's a gold digger  
She's a gold digger

That's why, men in the 90's must watch themselves  
'Coz ladies of the 80's got hip and went for self  
With the new divorce laws, which entitles them half  
That means the house goes  
The car  
You and half your cash  
What a price to pay, but if you play you pay  
'Coz women of the world they got smart today  
They flash a smile and profile  
A pucker with a strut

Try to move in  
Knock the boots  
And got stuck with alimony payments  
Time to meet Judge Wapner  
You try to flip and cut, but she smiles 'coz she gotcha  
You get a flashback to wedding, when you vowed the vow  
Said the two deadly words  
I do  
But look now, you lost the house  
The car

Eatin' TV dinners in a one bedroom apartment  
Boy you picked a winner  
But what goes around, comes around  
That's why she wheels the Benz  
And you ride Greyhound  
Oh, just your luck, they on strike  
Take off the wedding band, put out the thumb, time to hitch-hike  
And the more you walk the pain from your corns get bigger  
(Now you know)  
Not to mess with a gold digger

'Coz she's a gold digger  
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Yeah, EPMD's in effect, DJ Scratch runs flex boy  
Hit Squad in effect in the house  
Large  
Yeah, she get half