

Cars, Clothes, Calories

Blackbear

She only wants the dress she sees in magazines
She thinks that ever after she'll be living happily
And this sudden curiosity you have for me
Show me something 'bout your personality
Oh, and these cars and clothes and calories
To her it's just an every day reality
So, what is you want, girl?
What is it you want, out of me?

'Cause maybe it's the soco
Maybe it's the Hennessy
Maybe it's the fast life
Maybe it's the limousines
Maybe it's the good weed
Maybe it's the nicotine
Maybe she's a dancer
Maybe she's a beauty queen
All these cars and clothes and calories (yeah)
All these, cars and clothes and calories
Yeah

She only wants to fuck me ego
We all know, everything there is to know about her
Gold digger.
As the pile of money gets bigger
All the girls get richer
Sip, sippin' on Conja like Luda
Have her feeling sweet like sugar
Lick it off your body
Get low, I can give you what you want
You could be my Christina Milian from 2004

(That was okay? I ain't playing. I'm for real)
I wanna' make a request
I wanna' feel blessed
I wanna' get you out of that dress
It's all about the way that you move
To make a man wanna' spend it on you
Work hard, play hard
That's what you do
And I'm in love
Miss Independant
Could do it on her own
But she feels like a princess
That's alright
Cause she takes the crown,
When she, uh

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All these, cars and clothes and calories
Yeah