

# Money Hungry Hoe

Brokencyde

Oh no, there she goes  
Oh no there she goes  
Oh no there she goes  
Oh no there she goes

Hey

This girl's popping like she's in a magazine  
One of the finest girls I've ever fucking seen  
She plays my music when she's cruising in her car  
She chill with me cause she knows I'm a star

These bitches want me for my money

But I can't complain cause I get more pussy than half these kids in this rap game

We can get romantic

Pop them bottles of some champain

No need to panic, when you sweat, and imma make it rain

We get it popping, there ain't no stopping of we bout to do

These girls be jocking, but don't trip, they don't got shit on you

I know you want me, quit fronting

What will my friends think of you?

Now holler back, don; t dip, I wanna get with you

She loves it when I bend over

Makes her touch her shins

Now give it to her til she begging for some oxygen

Pimping all over these hoes

I'm ready

No

There's no stopping me from fucking up this stereo

Now girl quit fronting

All these jazzy boys, we do it big

I got stripper poles in the kitchen

Lick lick your bread

We don't stop til them snitches are hating up the place

We just lean back

Not dipping

We do it big

Oh no there she go

Oh no there she go

Oh no there she go

Oh no there she go

Oh no there she go

Oh no there she go

Oh no there she go

Oh no there she go

I think she wants me

So come and get me

You know you wanna be mine

So come and find me

My heart is empty

What are you looking to find

She always calls me

I think she needs me

I've been feeling so blind

She can invade me

If you want me  
Can't you get outaa my mind  
Hey

Oh no there's she goes  
Oh no there she goes  
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