

# 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 then 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

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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 outta my mind  
Hey

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