

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

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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 outaa my mind
Hey

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