

Spend Some \$

Chingy

(Money)

Trey Songz, I see you baby, What Up? (SONGZ)

Spend some money on ya.
A little money on ya.
Drop some money on ya, a little money.
Spend some money on ya.
A little money on ya.
Drop some money on ya, a little money.

[Trey Songz:] So whatchu want, girl?
[Chingy:] If I got it, you got it.
[Trey Songz:] So whatchu want girl?
[Chingy:] What's mine's is yours.
[Trey Songz:] So whatchu want girl?
[Chingy:] If I got it, you got it.
[Trey Songz:] So Whatchu want girl?
[Chingy:] What's mine's is yours, baby

You a material girl, in a material world.
A celebrity chick, that wants diamonds and pearls.
Naw, I don't mind doing for you in public, you let me touch it and rub it,
But I don't love you (Aw no)
I let her drive the whip,
Stay over, call her girlfriends to my house and let 'em lay. (Oh Yeah)
Take her where she want, when she want, but don't get it twisted, the girl n
o her do's and don'ts.
My mama likes her, pops dig her.
Damn near took eight months just to hit her (No nigga)
When we go out, we take pictures
She bad, lil' dirty, around my homies, I kiss her
And ya'll know that ain't me, fo' sho' that ain't me
Oh, it's 'bout dough, and that's me (Money, Money)
My ride or die girl going hard, I spend it on her since the cash flow flowin
g hard.

[Chorus: Trey Songz]
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[Bridge:]
[Trey Songz:] So whatchu want, girl?
[Chingy:] If I got it, you got it.
[Trey Songz:] So whatchu want girl?
[Chingy:] What's mine's is yours.
[Trey Songz:] So whatchu want girl?
[Chingy:] If I got it, you got it.
[Trey Songz:] So Whatchu want girl?
[Chingy:] What's mine's is yours, baby

[Verse 2: Chingy]
I take her on trips, she like to go to Italy
Get it, heel game, that girl be killing me

I love her attitude, feisty and silly, B
Sex never bad, she the drug that be healing me
Sometimes though, the broad get the illest E
Notice that another chick, feeling me
Hey now, said she want a 'lac truck
She don't like riding low, 'cause she like to sit up
Put the 26's on it, what the fuck
Gave it to her, told her, tear the streets up
Pretty girl, but she keep the heat tucked
She tough, see bruh but she a freak, she enough, ya dig

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[Verse 3: Chingy]
Figures, girls look so good. But their brains are not ready, I don't know
I'd rather get with a baller chick, doing it real heavy, and getting dough
I'm a fly guy, baby, you got be up to part.
Hair, nails done, feet, looking like a star
Everywhere we go, they need to know who we are
And It's a must that we hop out the nicest cars

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[Trey Songz:]
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