Yeah, she like the way I flip this Tennis shit But the fact that she don't know the words really says a bit She says we just friends, don't you love benefits? Rich girls with beamers and country club memberships Yeah, where playing golf is a hobby Where the grass is green and the culture is snobby When she needs a rip, she'll call her friend Robby Rich girl with a trust fund, bitch is WASPy Yeah, and she won't wear it unless it's cashmere And she won't buy it on sale or if it's last year She hands daddy's credit card to the cashier, and when she go somewhere she always keep her stash near She know the deal, we fuck second and we blaze first She had some work done, just so she don't age worse She'll fuck me five times, all in a day's work But won't clean the sheets up, that's the maid's work

Coconut Grove is a very small cove Separated from the sea by a shifting shoal We didn't realize that we had arrived at high tide, high tide Will we make it out alive?

Uh-huh, and the pages of Vogue set her trends She looks in the mirror, thinks of who she's better then Slides a bird to the bouncer that she know'll let her in She's livin' in a fantasy she hopes'll never end, cause she's 19, with a fortune to blow And she's never had to work, that's a fortunate ho With a fortunate dro, and a fortune to blow Munchin' tricks out an antique porcelain bowl Yeah, we light up and smoke it all, we don't waste any She make a THIZZ face every time she taste Henny Sure, her body's lame, but her face pretty She like to keep her nose runny and her waist skinny I'm just a punk kid, and she's a rich girl She's from the other side of town and that's a different world But what she don't know is how to live a real life She's a WASPy girl, we party all night

If real life hit her, she wouldn't know what it was She only love sex, money, and drugs
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