

Diggin' In My Pocket

Hodgy Beats

[Verse 1:]

The only time she speaks the taboo
Is when I get her purchased shirts and the tattoos
Forget about the Bengals, make the system bambooz
Conditioner for the hair to follow the shampoo
If not, shoppin, lip-gloss poppin
She copped the attitude, forgetting the meaning of
respect
Money equal gratitude, her feet Indian
Pressing in the latitude
New pumps, [?] can't go casual
That's like tryna turn a ho into a housewife
3 AM still at the club all night
Silver Patron, gingerale over sprite
The insight of a golddigger ain't nice
It cost to be the boss and I can't pay the price
She's a fucking gamble snake eyes, nigga roll the dice
If it ain't about her nails, her house or her ice

[Hook:]

Diggin' in my pocket, diggin', diggin' in my pocket
She diggin' in my pocket, diggin', diggin' in my pocket
My pocket

[Interlude:]

Hello?
Yo, what's up baby? How you doin'?
Huh? You need some more money?
Whatcha you mean you need some more money?
I just gave you like six hundred dollars!

[Verse 2:]

She diggin in my pocket, yeah she livin' in my pocket
Money make her laugh so she giggling in my pocket
Shake her booty to the beat, wriggling in my pocket
Girl you need to stop it, or else I'm a knock this
She giggle and I'm smoky, actin like I ain't got shit
She say "nigga you are rich" (No I'm not, bitch!)
"Na-uh, Hodgy don't try to play"
When all she do 24/7 is play all day
I'm a end up broke, if I have to pay all day
Pay for my admission and have to pay her way
She need to go to work, need God? Go to church
You only seem to flirt when you want a new skirt
Girl I need a fix, and a second; grab a twix
You claim to need [?] and the [?] and the gifts
Well I have no more to give
If you can't listen to me? Well, here's my ad-libs
(You can't have shit!)

[Hook]

[Outro:]

Yeah girl, you really have to go, y'know
You was diggin' my pockets too deep
But I [?]
I hope you happy, cause I get money, money

I got money, money
Odd Future, go on