

Money Got Her Hot

Kim Petras

I got my lipstick on
Ready to party
I look around
And the club is full of hotties
You see this guy there
They say that he's got money
I hear his Rolex tick and suddenly he got me, got me

You see me party party
Take me on a Safari
Mink, Gorilla, Chinchilla, Whatever
Get it for me
Stop staring old guys
I'm way too stylish
I'm wanting Balenciaga
Do not need Viagra, holla

Money got her hot
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Money, money got her what?
Money, money got her hot, oh!

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I'll be your Marilyn
She is your Jackie
Don't need her anyways
If you can push up on me
You're such a Rockefeller
I hear kaching kaching
Don't need no Louis V
If I can get some Bling Bling

You'll be my Santa Clause
I'll be your chimney
You can come in and out
Just leave a present for me
You're looking at my goodies
I'm looking at your wallet
I see your money money
Can't you see I want it want it

Oh baby you can see no blood on my Louboutin soles
No honey you can see no blood on my Louboutin soles, no

I'll be your playmate
You'll be my Heffner
Give me some Dolce
We can do what-so-ever
Get me a new bikini
Driving in your Lamborghini
Paris would be jealous
If she could just see me see me

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Take me to Paris
Sur les Champs-Élysées
Get me some new heels
Or we both are passé
If you're not as rich as Trump
You won't ever touch my hump
Look around so many girls
Wanting you to touch their junk
All the boys at the bar
Waitin' to give me a drink
Paralyzed by the money
Do not stop to blink blink
You say that I'm a hoe
But I might say I'm not
What the hell can I do
If the money got me so hot

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