

# 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  
Money got her hot  
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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No honey you can see no blood on my Louboutin soles, no...