

Marry for Money

Trace Adkins

She was pretty
She was smart
She was witty
Yeah she had charm
Cupid shot me
That's what got me down the aisle
But that match made in heaven
Went straight to hell
Split up our possessions
Put the house up for sale
And I learned a lesson I won't be forgetting
The next time around

I'm gonna marry for money
I'll be so damn rich it ain't funny
I'm gonna have me a trust fund, yacht club, hot tub piece of the pie
Find me a sweet sugar mama
With a whole lot of zeros and commas
Don't really care if she loves me
She can even be ugly
I'm gonna marry for money

I won't have to love her family
I won't have to like her friends
And if it works out like I planned it, I won't ever have to work again

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Find me a sweet sugar mama
With a whole lot of zeros and commas
I don't care if she loves me
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Show me the money

Cha-ching

Y'all I'm gonna find a wife
On a leer jet the old lady buys me
I'll call her sweet heart & honey if she's a hundred and twenty
I don't care if she loves me
She can be really ugly
I'm gonna marry for money

Oh, cha-ching
Mucho deniro

Come over here you good lookin' thing, you
There's your walker in the corner
Ov'er ov'er