

Material Thing\$ Hard To Deal With

Trinidad James

Okay
This your main man
T-Jame\$, you already know
And I can't talk to everybody face to face
So I gotta do songs so hopefully you listen
Cause it doesn't matter what I say
How you take it is the only thing that matters
My nigga

Hoes, clothes and that money
Hoes, clothes and that money, I said
Hoes, clothes and that money
Hoes, clothes and that money
You get money, you get hoes
You get money, you get clothes
You get money, you get hoes
I said hoes, clothes and that money

If you never knew nothing, know nothin' (God damn)
All the money in the world ain't nothin'
You can't please these bitches for nothin'
All these bitches wanna think they somethin' (they not)
Smoke a blunt blunt, bitch bitch (calm down)
Have respect for a nigga when a nigga come down
Do extra for a niggas if you claim you down
I'm rain with the weather when I come down
Coming down was the shit, comin' up was the hard part (yess)
Knowing in your heart cause' you asked for it
Prayin' up to God for a chance (chance)
A chance (chance) a chance (chance)
To change your life for what you want
Forget about them baby what you want?
Baby in the end that's all that counts
So live, love your life now

What's your addiction?
You sit back and think about it
Is it more than one?
Well, mines's is the

Hoes, clothes and that money
Hoes, clothes and that money, I said
Hoes, clothes and that money
Hoes, clothes and that money

Uh, I got a ho addiction (okay)
And Her addiction (yeah)
Is a coke-sniffin, pill-splittin' young missis
Cali' brought her to that A-town
That A-town brought that freak out
So every time she be 'round
I get the pussy and beat down, b-beat down
And I beez out, can't lay up
Or lay down, can't make your baby feel comfortable
Like I wanna be your man now
The reality of this situation
Is a tragedy, if I don't say

The things that you wanna hear
Is the things that I won't say (I won't say)

Cyhi

All she say is "Can you buy me those?"
"Take me out I like papa does"
She love the mall she like to shop for clothes
She a gold digger and I'm a pot of gold
But the bitch can't even make sloppy joes
I don't ever spend the night, I'm like "Adios!"
If we got pulled over by the police
That's the only time I aloud with hoes
All the real niggas sayin "Chuuch!"
The only thing missing is the choir robes
Pimpin' is like being a firefighter
'Cause you always got the fire hoes
You just another escort at the airport
Only fuck with niggas if they playin' sport
But she prefer rappers, that's her favourite choice
So when she find out who I was, it just made her moist
Mm-mm-mm ol' thirsty bitch
A nigga bought her everything, She don't work for shit
The ho suck dick for every purse she get
So when you really think about it, she ain't worth the list
Homie you can have her now, wether first to hit
Boy I'm all about the money, I don't flirt with chicks
At 17 I fucked my teacher, she was 36
So all the playas in the building seen the word to diss

Whooa

Changin' before our eyes
New world
Changin' before our eyes
New world
Changin' before our eyes
Before our eyes, before our eyes