

# 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