

Rich Girl

Watsky

You're a rich girl, and you gone too far
'Cause you it don't matter anyway
You can rely on the old man's money
You can rely on the old man's money
It's bitch girl, but its gone too far
'Cause you it don't matter anyway
So money money won't get you too far, won't get you too far

Am I the only one who thinks a bit of soul is nice?
Some women suck it from you like the poltergeist
Cause I can tell the time of day without a diamond on my wrist, I give a ___
about your roolly's price
I like 'em bold, and I'll roll the dice
Cause I been crushing on all these crunchy granola types
I'm over being over it and women on a mission got my heart melting like polar ice
I might
Be looking for a little bit of Bay
A little San Francisco in these women in LA
Ashe
There's nothing I can say
And if you're being fake
You should be walking away
I don't play babe
Don't give a damn how low your earrings hang
Your favorite brand, I don't need to hear it, dang
Cause Everybody's born naked and maybe later I'll be licking on your Gucci
And you, rubbing my Vera Wang

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Sooner or later you'll figure out it's a hard world
You could get stronger doing arm curls
But this is a stickup and I'm coming saying break yourself, better give me that heart girl
Just put it in the bag
And if I give it back
Don't put it in the trash
Cause I been looking for a partner with a passion saying
Don't recycle
Don't recycle me
But in this economy
I don't really think it's cute for you to flaunt your property
What about some modesty?
That would be a shock to me
Cause the only time you walk on the block is on a shopping spree
Mother-eff that song and dance
Baby girl there's not a chance
Not unless you wanna grab a coffee in pajama pants
We'll be looking like we just rolled out of bed together
All we really need is you and me

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