

Glamorous (Vinss T Brickwal mix)

Fergie

If you ain't got no money take yo'broke ass home
You say: If you ain't got no money take yo'broke ass home
G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S, yeah G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S We flying the first class
Up in the sky
Poppin' champagne
Livin' my life
In the fast lane
And I won't change
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy The glamorous,
The glamorous, glamorous (the glamorous life)
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy The glamorous,
The glamorous, glamorous (the glamorous life)
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy Wear them gold and diamonds rings
All them things don't mean a thing
Chaperons and limousines
Shopping for expensive things I be on the movie screens
Magazines and boogie scenes
I'm not clean, I'm not pristine
I'm n queen, I'm no machine I still go to Taco Bell
Drive through, raw as Hell
I don't care, I'm still real
No matter how many records I sell After the show or after the Grammys
I like to go cool out with the family
Sippin', reminiscing on days when I had a Mustang
And now I'm in We flying the first class
Up in the sky
Poppin' champagne
Livin' my life
In the fast lane
And I won't change
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy The glamorous,
The glamorous, glamorous (the glamorous life)
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy The glamorous,
The glamorous, glamorous (the glamorous life)
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy I'm talking Champagne wishes, caviar dreams
You deserve nothing but all the finer things
Now this whole world has no clue to do with us I've got enough money in the bank for the two of us
Brother gotta keep enough lettuce
To support your shoe fetish

Lifestyles so rich and famous Robin Leach will get jealous
Half a million for the stones
Takin' trips from here to Rome
So If you ain't got no money take yo' broke ass home G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S, yeah G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S We
flying the first class
Up in the sky
Poppin' champagne
Livin' my life
In the fast lane
And I won't change
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy The glamorous,
The glamorous, glamorous (the glamorous life)
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy The glamorous,
The glamorous, glamorous (the glamorous life)
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy I got problems up to here
I've got people in my ear
Telling me these crazy things
That I don't want to know (fuck y'all) I've got money in the bank
And I'd really like to thank
All the fans, I'd like to thank
Thank you really though 'Cause I remember yesterday
When I dreamt about the days
When I'd rock on MTV, that be really dope
Damn, It's been a long road And the industry is cold I'm glad my daddy told me so, he let his daughter know
my daddy told me so, he let his daughter know
my daddy told me so, he let his daughter know

Songwriters

MICAIAH ABDUL RAHEEM, JAMAL F. JONES, CHRISTOPHER BRIAN BRIDGES, ELVIS L. JR.
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM ADAMS, STACY FERGUSON Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>