Money Hungry Hoe

Brokencyde

(Oh no, there she go) x4 (hey!)
(Chorus)This girl is popping like shes in a magazine. One of the finest girls i've ever fucking seen. She plays my music when shes cruzing in her car. She chill with me cause she knows that I'm a star(:
These bitches want me for my money, but I can't complain, Cause i get more pussy then half these kids in this rap game. We can get romantic, pop them bottles of some champain. No need to panic, when you sweat,and imma make it rain. We get it popping, there aint no stopping of what we about to do. These girls be jocking, but dont trip, they dont got shit on you. I know you want me, quit fronting, what will my friends think of you?Now hollerback,dont dip, I wanna get with you
(Chorus)
She loves it when i bend it over makes her touch her shins, now give it to her til shes begging for some oxygen. Pimping all over these hoes, im ready, no. theres no stopping me from fucking up this stereo. Now girl, quit fronting, all these Jazzy boys, we do it big. I got stripper poles in the kitchen- licck-licck lick youur bread. We dont stop til them snitches are hating up the place. We just lean back, not dipping. We do it big

(Chorus.)
Oh no, there she go. x8
I think she wants me, so come and get me, you know you wanna be mine. So come and find me, my heart is empty, what are you looking to find. She always calls me, I think she needs me. I've been feeling so blind. She can invade me, if you want me. Can't get you outta my mind
. . .
(hey!) (Chorus)
Oh no, there she go. x8

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