

Buy U Music

Lil' Kim

One for the paper, two for the money
Girls get money we gon give it to them na baby hey
You see this what I like about?
Buy you music, cause you better buy you a car, you better buy you a phone
You better buy somewhere to stay or I'ma walk right by you
I don't know what's going on, baby? What the hell is going on, baby?
Used to take me to dinner, used to take me shopping
Now you're asking me for my paper
It's my money, boy my money, I bet you'll never ever get another dime from me
No you can't use the phone, baby
I think you need, get your own
Was looking for a man to hold me down
So how did I end up with you? You
And that's hard as i try has a car, times is getting hard, paying all these bills
The note on my car, so I don't need no broke boy trying to hide
So baby shut it up till you show me your dollars
One for the paper, two for the money
Brand new bag, no shoes yet I want it
All my girls fly girls getting money
All my girls fly girls getting money
One for the paper, two for the money
Girls did hair did yep yep i want it
One for the paper, two for the money
All my girls fly girls getting money
You wanna ride with that chick baby?
But you ain't got a whip baby
Yeah, it ain't gotta happen you don't got shit you need to rock with that chick baby
Yeah, thats funny , don't look my way if you ain't got that money
And I aint making 98 baby
I think it's time you treat
Was looking for a man to hold me down
So how did I end up with you? You
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broke ass niggers
Kim only check for the dope boy niggers
No, no, no, I'm not a gold digger
I'm just trying to say i got my own dope nigger
6 to sninge
You know the grown folks niggers
Niggers like scott they got they own boat nigger
No middle man, had your own coke nigger
Title to the dopes no car no nigger
Cant pay my rent get your compomense
And I don't need a man with no accomplishments
No wit, no job, no credit
Me & you was like our time just forget it
If you was my sugar, I'd be diabetic
Ya name like a old book i already read it
It's money on my mind boy and you just habit
I need a man wid the full package like fed ex
Kim lil bitches mafia the dollar
Money old like champagne in the cellar
Boy you need to split like a cigerella
You ain't treating me like an atm teller
So fuck your little cheese, I got my old chedder
So when they make it rain I open up my umbrella.
Dior glass slippers, call me Cinderella
Your bank account like these new artists, undeveloped
One for the paper, two for the money
Brand new bag, no shoes yet I want it
All my girls fly girls getting money
All my girls fly girls getting money
One for the paper, two for the money
Girls did hair did yep yep i want it
One for the paper, two for the money
All my girls fly girls getting money
Getcha own getting money(x3)
Need no broke boy tryna hide

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