

Hey Girl (feat. Ayesha & Papa Don)

Wyclef Jean

This is the life
This is the life of a night walkerHey girl, the partys on the floor
What you doin' in the back of the club smokin bud?
Hey girl, she said, I owe my pimp money
If I dont pay him tonight, then its gonna get uglyHey girl, she said, There is no excuse
This is the life of a prostitute
From the club to your ride, straight to the telly
To make money, money, make money, money, moneyThere she goes again the [Incomprehensible] Ethiopian
See her walkin' by, but I cant believe what happened
She jumpin' in a car with a stranger she dont know
Movin' at night time, whatever it takes to get the doughHey girl, I hope you listen to this song
I know you feel like your daddy did you wrong
But only you can boot your destiny
She said, Thanks for the advice but I got to make my moneyHey girl, the partys on the floor
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To make money, money, make money, money, moneySo hey girl, I can see it all in ya eye
Everythin' you cry is wholesome in your life
How many men you done let between your thighs?
Listen ma, there aint no surpriseYoure a street walker, slick talker
The face of an hour, the terrible night
And do anythin' just to survive
When you make fun at me, Im tryin' to stay aliveHey girl, the partys on the floor
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To make money, money, make money, money, moneyThis one goes out for
Diamonds, China, Phoenix, Belinda
Delicious, Star, Mercedes, peaches
Vanilla, cocoa, cinnamon, icky
Ebony, oh I cant forget IndiaEcstasy, sparkle, fantasia, Francis
Sunshine, Vanessa, precious
Haitian Madonna, youre so precious girl
Dont let yourself go dirtyHey girl, the partys on the floor

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