

Girlz

Rakel Traxx

Rich girl, and you've come too far
'Cuz you know it don't matter anyway
You can rely on the old man's money
You can rely on the old man's money

Rich girl, but you're going to far
'Cuz you know it don't matter anyway
You can say money

But it won't get ya to far, get ya to far Yeah, you a rich girl, girl

And you livin' in that rich girl world
Well, bitch I'm a pimp, baby, it's da Roc
I'm da baby from da block

They can hate, they can't fade us
Long as the ladies wanna die

If is da ladies holla, who is ya baby fatha? Don't jump out the pocket

I jump out an' pop it

Were back at cha soldier

Matter fact, I told ya

I showed ya you know if like it
And after that it's over, that's it for him

Bills leave it upon him

If I decide to come, kids leavin' them on him Cheatin' all on him visa spendin' it on me

And it's cool whenever C come, leavin' it on him

Chea, that's what I like about ya

Keepin' it young and in order

My number one supporter

Girl, that's why I write about ya

Well, stick with him, I'm broke as you

We'll both be cool long as you a do you'll be labeled as a Rich girl, and you've come too far

'Cuz you know 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 a bitch girl, but you've come too far

'Cuz you know no it don't matter anyway

You can say money

But it won't get ya to far, get ya to far Yo, I went from bad girl to rich girl

That girl, to this girl

I ain't care if that girl was his girl

That girl would get twirled

Rapped up in a pimp swirl

I was layin' my mack down, for shizzerl
I was layin' the pipe in every lady I liked up in the 80's
My life was really crazy
Hey ma, wassup?
I been like dis since the 80's
You still a gold digger
Livin' off ya own nigga

He was a O-G, livin' off of O-G's He got killed you started sniffin' through his O-G's
Ho please, no we don't spend no G's on you so leave
Let's roll we move like goldie and the mack do
My homie got the Mack truck, that's just in case ya man want it
You should roll with some homies that'll back you

Poke it in ya back to maybe you'll live like a Rich girl, and you've come too far
'Cuz you know 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 a bitch girl, but you've come too far
'Cuz you know no it don't matter anyway
You can say money

But it won't get ya to far, get ya to far Yo, play ya cards right
You might last long
Trust I fucks 'em and duck 'em
Baby, my arms strong
Straight brush 'em off the collars
I ain't got no baby momma's
I'm young with none

That's just a bunch of drama You won't have me caught up
No child supporters
Payin' them lawyers
Cover the orders
I need one to help get it across the border
Real way I ain't talkin' about the borders

And when I'm done help me move out on the corners The law around she be tuckin' a toast up on her
Make me put it on ya tryna see where ya cake at
Ya bake that ya fish girl, Juelz take that, take that
Give me the drop and we gettin' them a-tacks
Shut up and take these stacks And don't give me no face back
No, bucky don't play that
I do what I does
Keepin' this between them
And I show 'em no love
'Cause you're a Rich girl, and you've come too far
'Cuz you know 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 a bitch girl, but you've come too far
'Cuz you know no it don't matter anyway
You can say money
But it won't get ya to far, get ya to far

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