

Cheapskate

Sporty Thievz

In a new mall, with a few broads in a shoe store
Cop the new cars, and jump in the two-doors with the blue valor
Shirt open with the chain showing, way the shits going so now we Range Roving
With the waves blowing, stay holding, bitches in the back whispering
Now I'm listening, bitch this my car ya fucking sitting in, speak up
How dare ya think I cant hear ya, anymore talk, ya bitches gonna walk
They're like (what you sayin', you aint buy nothing for us)
I didn't buy nothing ofcoarse, ya bitches is whores, (Please)
What I look like support, me trick man listen
Yeah I trick trick yo ass you think I'm tricking
Give you a sticking then I'm skipping, all you getting is a hard dick chick
After I spit I want you quick out my apartment
Trife living, did the right thing, left one indictment
Hitch hiking, hoping things a get strike by lightning You Ain't Get Nadaaa From Us
Not Even A Dollaaaa From Us
Gotta Trick The Prodaaa On Us
Or You Get No Punanaaa From Us Can you what, nah, I aint the herb on the ave
I dont understand the three words can I have
Even if a nigga rich, with a six to spend puffin
I spend nothing, so baby spend your mind out my pocket
All I have to do to penetratate, is spin shorty to the mall
And show her how quick four g's dissyntergrate
A cheap nigga and I rub they nose in it
Spin them through all the stores with sexy clothes in it
When she see something, she dying to pose in it
All she getting is a pre-shrunked tee with holes in it
And when its time to eat, I arch the bucks
A cheap nigga, yeah bitch, get a Arch Deluxe
And still fuck, ya paid more than twice the worth
How I love trickin shit my wife deserve
And let it, be known now when you see us three dudes
Call us, I don't gotta Kurt no Marlin the cheap dudes You Ain't Get Nadaaa From Us
Not Even A Dollaaaa From Us
Trickin Beauty Parlors On Us
Or You Get No Punanaaa From Us You I'm trying to be swollen, but right now I aint holding
Hit the lie told them, everything I own is stolen
Picture that like Brando gave up half he saved up
Play the cut when dollar eye signs tricks is raised up
I'm the cheapest, and thats the only way I'm gonna keep this

Slice I wanna heat this, girls is trying to eat this
They think we should date, but still wont appriciate
Neither help with the rate, or you order a decent plate
I'm a cheap nigga that only provides better poking
To get her open, send her home with a token
Put girls in my car, like dropping off for ass fucking
So what you giving up, ass honey or gas money, pass dummies
Hows it gonna be if I dont eat
If I run out, then more than likely its on me, so I'm gone b'
And if I ever win the sweepstakes, I keep papes
And still live up to being a cheapskate
You Ain't Get Nadaaa From Us
Not Even A Dollaaaa From Us
Drinks And The La-La's On Us
Or You Get No Punanaaa From Us
You Ain't Get Nadaaa From Us
Not Even A Dollaaaa From Us
Gotta Trick The Prodaaa On Us
Or You Get No Punanaaa From Us

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>