Material Girl 2000

50 Cent

If a bitch don't like me
Somethin' wrong with the bitch (fuck that bitch)
Why... oh why... why... you wanna fuck with me now?
Yo Dave, that shit come with the game baby, the money, you know
thats how the shit work, you know what I'm sayin'
they supposed to love me now baby
I'm doin' it now baby
hahahaha[Chorus]
Girl, what makes you wanna fuck with me now?
I've been wantin' to fuck wit' you for quite a while
Is the money makin' you wanna fuck with me?
The money gonna make you sell your soul[Verse One]
Whoa... if money's gonna make me slam these hoes... then alright
Whattup Shorty, I ain't seen you in many moons
talk to me, how's life been treatin' you? good I hope
you got a smile that only a fool would forget
and a figure that'll leave a nigga droolin' and shit
There I was, kickin' my game, pickin' her brain
buggin' 'cause a while back I met this bitch on the train
she wasn't feelin' me, I pulled up, she wouldn't talk from the whip
Uptown girl, she feel like thats some chickenhead shit
but on the sidewalk we ain't play games
we exchanged numbers and names
I went back to the Range
I heard her Girlfriend whisperin' "I know that nigga, he rich"
she think I got six whips 'cause me and my Man switch
anyway, her name is CeCe
she said she go to BMCC
push a '98 328 with chrome BB's
she said she seen me in the Onyx video on TV
she liked my part the best, man, this bitch is tryin' to G me.[Chorus][Verse Two]
It's hard as Hell to find a Girl thats really down for ya
type that'll hold down the Tre pound for ya
they into diamonds now, to Hell with pearls
these trick niggas fucked up, they done gave 'em the World
Hey Shorty, why you like me? huh? you like the way I spit?
oh, I hit your girlfriend, she told you 'bout the dick?
nah for real, am I the type that you wanna roll wit'?
platinum iced out, got rid of that gold shit

I love my lifestyle, you too, you love it
that I could blow Twenty Thousand and think nothin' of it
know you wouldn't fuck with me if I had no ends
probably wouldn't fuck in the whip if it wasn't a Benz
I guess life looks different through them Shanel tints
Man, I don't care if these hoes love me or not
long as I rhyme hot I'm gettin' head in my drop
it goes on and on and on and it don't stop.[Chorus][Verse Three]
One thing you can always count on is change
and a rich nigga to come put shit in the game
had a 4.0 then Jigga made you trade your Range
would've felt broke if you couldn't get your change
now it's hard to find us or stay behind us
while we on the 900 double R Hondas
watch the cats who flip bricks recline in the latest whips
while Penetentiaries stay packed with cats who sling packs
all these hoes ain't Madonna fans but all across the World
you can find a material Girl
I sip Dom 'till I earl
take 'em two at a time
quick I get in they mind
have 'em thinkin' they mine
bust off then tell 'em "Bust a Uey, on mo' time"
I'm like the reason ya'll niggas can't eat this year
got your bitch breakin' her neck to peep this here
c'mon... uh huh... c'mon[Chorus - repeat 2X]Fuck you bitch! leave me alone, walk on... get the fuck on...
Yo, Shorty... tell your friends ya'll ain't fuckin' with us...
aww man... look... he ain't mean that shit...
c'mon thats just records... niggas is playin'...
we wasn't serious and shit...

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