

Chicks = Trouble

MÃ¶tley CrÃ©

Rolls Royce shoppin', Vicaden poppin'
Burn my cash in Beverly Hills
Gold card lover, accountants run for cover
Gucci went and jacked up my bills Well, I know I shouldn't say it
But truth be told I really thought that pussy was gold Chicks = trouble
You add it up and you get what you get

Chicks = trouble

I always step right in, I always step right in the shit
Oh yeah, baby Oh yeah, I have a jet, my balls are deep in debt

And all she hears is cha-cha-chaching
But she wants more, a gold diggin' whore
Here come the lawyers again Chicks = trouble
You add it up and you get what you get

Chicks = trouble

They'll kick you when your down in the ditch

Chicks = trouble

I always step right in, I always step right in the shit They never said I could catch this from a centerfold

I got it bad and the doctor said I should've known
I should've known, I should've known, yeah, yeah, yeah Chicks = trouble
You add it up and you get what you get

Chicks = trouble

They'll kick you when your down in the ditch

Chicks = trouble

You add it up and you get what you get Chicks = trouble

Oh, you add it up, you get what you get

Oh, she gets it half

Oh no, no

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