

EPMD, Gold Digger

[Verse One: Erick Sermon]

Oh what the heck, let's get married and have a son named Erick
No big deal, no sweat
Hmmm, I was in for a big surprise
And when I saw the judge hammer pass my green eyes
Brainlocked, my whole damn head was malfunctional
Cause I forgot to co-sign a prenuptial, agreement
Now her case is hard like cement
I have no files on all the money she spent
She has a car, nineteen ninety brand new Jaguar
Fly kit, with chrome rims that's five star
that she bought, when I was away on tour
Hittin' my bank account, gettin more and more money
She got paid, it wasn't funny
Talkin to myself - oh you big big dummy
Just my luck, that I'm stuck with a marriage
And a baby, who lays in a gold carriage
Now I can't leave, if I do she gets half (not the cash)
Oh yes, the whole damn bash of money
So I chill, and act so sweet
Kiss her feet, can't picture bein in the street
So I give a fake smile, and a fake laugh
Fake everything so I can keep all my cash
Fake talk, like I love you so much
But wishin, she gets hit by a Mack truck
Next time, if there's one I'll know
That most women strictly out for the dough
They're called gold diggers

Cause she's a gold digger [x3]

[Verse Two: Parrish Smith]

The P had a close call, quiet as kept I dated this
"Flyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy girl"
Yeah, and almost got vicked
She had green eyes, thunder thighs, and a def body (so what cha sayin)
Top it off, she drove a black Maserati
Chrome kit, with a smile I couldn't resist
I tapped E on the shoulder and said, "Yeah I gots to get this"
(P cool, she could be a gold digger)
Not with that smile and that stupid boomin figure
til one day, she spent the crazy dough
Ten G's on Levi's, cold went Rambo
But then she smiled, gave me a back massage
Gassed my head up, and said (oh P you're so large)
Like a jerk, I went for the line like a fish
But she was far from dream girl, and more like a death wish
She likes to sit back, lamp, walk on plush rugs
Whip my five-sixty sip Moet and bug (so did you flip?)
Tried to but she cut me off
And said, "Guess what?" (what) "I'm pregnant" (pregnant? damn)
Yeah and the child is yours
So to fellas, who wanna keep they cash
Or beware of the jack hammer and the helmet that glows
Cause she's a gold digger

Cause she's a gold digger [x3]

Verse Three: Erick Sermon, Parrish Smith

[E] That's why, men in the 90's must watch themselves
[P] Cause ladies of the 80's got hip and went for self

With the new divorce laws, which entitles them half
[E] That means the house goes
[P] The car
[E] You and half your cash
[P] What a price to pay, but if you play you pay
Cause women of the world they got smart today
They flash a smile and profile
[E] A pucker with a strut
[P] Try to move in
[E] Knock the boots
[P] And got stuck, with alimony payments
[E] Time to meet Judge Wapner
[P] You try to flip and cut, but she smiles 'cause she gotcha
You get a flashback to wedding, when you vowed the vow
Said the two deadly words
[E] I do
[P] But look now, you lost the house
[E] The car
[P] Eatin TV dinners in a one bedroom apartment
[E] Boy you picked a winner
[P] But what goes around, comes around
[E] That's why she wheels the Benz
[P] And you ride Greyhound
Oh, just your luck, they on strike
Take off the wedding band, put out the thumb, time to hitch-hike
And the more you walk the pain from your corns get bigger
(Now you know)
Not to mess with a gold digger

Cause she's a gold digger [x3]

[P] Yeah EPMD's in effect, DJ Scratch runs flex boy
Hit Squad in effect in the house

[E] Large!!
Yeah, she get half