

# Slaughter, Shout It Out

Wanna take her to the movies  
She don't like no show  
But she likes to see how far  
Your credit card can go  
Gonna push it to the limit  
All the way to the top  
Don't say that word  
Cause you know she can't stop  
She's goin' shoppin' on you  
It's Mastercard or Visa  
Or American Express  
She knows all of your limits  
And which stores are the best  
In Beverly Hills, oh yes  
She's drivin' in your sportcar  
Bought her tickets to Paris, France  
She's gamblin' in Las Vegas  
She's got to take a change  
On your cash, babe  
She ain't got not bills at home  
And as a matter of fact  
She ain't got no house to own  
She's driving in that  
Big black limosine  
And she acts just like  
A fashion beauty queen  
Say hello to Miss Universe  
Thank you very much  
She wants more, more, more  
She wants more, more, more  
She took your very last dollar  
With a calculatin' grin  
Hey dude, I feel sorry for you  
Cuz I know where you've been  
It's kind of hurts right here, doesn't it?  
Ow!  
She ain't got not bills at home  
And as a matter of fact  
She ain't got no house to own  
She's driving in that  
Big black limosine  
And she acts just like  
A fashion beauty queen  
Say hello to Miss Universe fellas  
She wants more, more, more  
She wants more, more, more