

Young Gunz, \$\$\$ Girls

Rich girl, and youve come to far
Cuz you know it don't matter anyway
You can rely on the old mans money
You can rely on the old mans money
Rich girl, but your going to far
Cuz you know it don't matter anyway
You can say money but it wont get ya to far, get ya to far

(Chris)

Yea you a rich girl, girl
And you livin in that rich girl world
Well bitch im a pimp, baby it's da Roc
I'm da baby from da block
They can hate they cant fade us
Long as the ladies wanna die
If is da ladies holla, who is ya baby fatha?
Don't jump out the pocket
I jump out n pop it
Were back at cha soldier
Matter fact, I told ya
I showed ya u kno if like it
And after that it's over, that's it for him
Bills leave it upon him
If I decide to come, kids leavin them on him
Cheatin all on him visa spendin it on me
And it's cool whenever C come, leavin it on him
Chea, that's what I like about ya
Keepin it young and in order
My number one supporter
Girl that's why I write about ya
Well stick wit him, im broke as you
We'll both be cool long as u a do you'll be labeled as a

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You can rely on the old mans money
It's a bitch girl, but youve come to far
Cuz you know no it don't matter anyway
You can say money but it wont get ya to far, get ya to far

(Juelz)

Yo I went from bad girl to rich girl
That girl, to this girl
I ain't care if that girl was his girl
That girl would get twirled
Rapped up in a pimp swirl
I was layin my mack down, for shizzerl
I was layin the pipe in every lady
I liked up in the 80's
My life was really crazy
Hey ma, wassup?
I been like dis since the 80's
You still a gold digger
Livin off ya own nigga
He was a O-G, livin off of O-G's
He got killed you started sniffin through his O-G's
Ho please, no we don't spend no g's on you so leave
Let's roll we move like goldie and the mack do
My homie got the mack tru, thats just in case ya man want it
You should roll wit some homies that'll back you
Poke it in ya back to maybe you'll live like a

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(Neef)
Yo play ya cards right
You might last long
Trust I fucks 'em and duck 'em
Baby my arms strong
Straight brush 'em off the collars
I ain't got no baby momma's
I'm young wit none
That's just a bunch of drama
You won't have me caught up
No child supporters
Payin them lawyers
Cover the orders
I need one to help get it across the border
Real way I ain't talkin about the borders
And when i'm done help me move out on the corners
The law around she be tuckin a toast up on her
Make me put it on ya tryna see where ya cake at
Ya bake that ya fish girl, yo juelz take that, take that
Give me the drop and we gettin them a-tacks
Shut up and take these stacks
And don't give me no face back
No, bucky don't play that
I do what I does
Keepin this between them chickens
And I show em no love
Cause your a

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