

Pretenders, The

"Money Talk"

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I'll come in your car to talk business
No business, no money talk
Zero in on my full intention
I think you got it 'cause you pulled up and stopped

(Ooh)
If money is the root of all evil
I'm begging at the feet of the Devil
Talk to me please
Money talk to me

Twenty gets you straight, the forty gets you other
Think of what a hundred could do
I've been gifted with the thing that you want
Now who's better than who?

(Ooh)
Never underestimate a woman like me
The kids have got to eat
And man, that's reality, you see
Money talk to me

So deluded
You think that I'm real
You pass your hormones off as love
Five minutes you feel

(Ooh)
Now you can buy a squeezy little silicone sack
But it won't feed the world
Like the ones that I pack naturally
Money talk to me

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