

# Young Gunz "Girlz"

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**(feat. Juelz Santana)**

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

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  
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 shizzer!  
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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far

*[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, 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  
And i show em no love  
Cause your a

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