

Child Destiny's

"Bills Bills Bills Trackmasters Remix"

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Feating Jazz, And Sporty Theivz

[Jazz]

I stay away from cats that rap

That ain't got traps

And producers that make tracks

That ain't got no plaques

I'm J to the A-Z-Z, chrome Z3

You ain't balling, you ain't rolling with me

Jazz said it

These cats ain't cheap, they broke

Take me to a flick

Can't even buy me a Coke

All them quick say you ain't gettin' nada from us

Cause in their pockets they ain't got nada but dust

Come on, come on

[Beyonce]

Why you sitting here under me

Giving me grief

Saying you love me

You know you're lying through your teeth

Living it up

The good life for free

I don't know what you want from me

Don't you know I need somebody who can do me right

And keep his pockets tight

I don't know why I keep taking this mess from you

1 - [Destiny's Child]

I need a baller

Someone not like you

Who do me right

You're triflin', good for nothing, type of brother

Keep a sister working day and night

[Kelly]

I don't think you do

So you and me are through, oh ooh

2 - [Destiny's Child]

I'm looking for a man who will pay my bills

Pay my car note, give me what I want
Keep a sister real tight
And ladies if you hear me say right
(Right, right)
Cause I don't really wanna have to front the bills
Buy your clothes, give you everything you want
Cause I can't go for that, can't go for that, no, no
I can't go for that

[Beyonce]
So you rolling around in my drop six
Frontin', telling your boys how you copped it
Leeching off of me all the time
Why won't you just get a life
You really don't get it
I spend my money on myself
I gotta move on and find somebody else

Repeat 1

[Kelly]
I don't (I don't)
Think you (Think you)
You do
So you and me are through

Repeat 2 (2x)

[Sporty Thievz]
Hey yo this one babe
After we done laid
Started telling me about bills that's unpaid
And you know me, I'm that nada cat
Type to loan you a buck, get my dollar back
You holla at, me
Like you want me to trick, trick
I trick you into letting me hit
Said she ain't a pigeon and she hate nada
Uh-oh, put you off with the fake Prada, uh-oh

I'm getting dough but it ain't splendid
Offended, cause they tax for it when I make it
Running game when I spend it
Then chicks hit me with that "Kirk, let me get that"
Then I hit back
"Alright! Well first let me hit that"

Yo when I flow for her
Blow for her, get dough for her
Cop an O for you, and trip and what you can't go for it
Let's get it down to the nitty-gritty

Yo pretty-bitty
Give me two years and I might consider you for fifty-
fifty
Shot caller

Repeat 2 till end

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