

Dolly Parton

"Ka-Ching"

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[Hook]

I know ya bitches like mink and classy things
Holdin' karats by ya ear with ya prepaid rings
Gettin' called by a thug nigga flippin' them things
Talkin' to ya how he want cause he think he a king
This shit swing right next to his pocket, ka-ching
Took ya in and out of town, show that ass some things
Wrap ya body up in glass, call ya Miss Bling Bling
Now tell ya friends about that cause it don't mean a
thing
Ka-ching ching

[Verse 1]

Yo on the real, yo the ho is a freak
Gave me head in the car, I mean right in the street
And if ya don't believe me then ask my niggas ya meet
Live up on my block, sell pussy for free
It don't smell, if it did I was high of the drink
Intoxication is a fuck if my dick could think
He'd probably tell me...slow down
New York is ho town
Close ya pants nigga or ya might go down
Fuck a hole through ya condom now ya ass got a child
Now ya know that ain't cha' style
Don't wanna claim it, move away a hundred miles
Called for child support and that ass blew trial
Stressed out thinkin' what cha' gonna do now
Gray tones growin' with a sharper tone than Al's
Saxophone nigga blowin' money by the notes
Stickin' us to get paid, I'm bustin' seeds in they throat
Ya gets no fur on ya coat if you ain't hustle this coke
Jigga said it aint a thing, KA-CHING, it ain't a joke
It'll make ya grab ya totes and be out and reload
And me, a business man, like to see my money grow
And motherfuck a ho, I ain't trickin' no dough
They haters with vibrators, they don't wanna see me
though

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Lay out broads with the haze, lay out for two days
Might tease the adventure
See me freaked out with two chicks smashin' em' out
Like a nigga had two dicks
And the breeze done shook all the leaves off the trees
Leads to homicide with the suit jacket
Who want the keys in the tight package
I walkin' past the park with Spark
That's in the plain clothes harassin' the same niggas
And smashin' the same hoes
My lil' son Sammie hold the weasel
Behind the phone booth and the wall is the teasil
With em' up, we gon' live like ghetto stars, how we are
We gon' fuck with all the broads and drink shit out the
bar
We gon' snatch a bitch too, throw em' in back of the car
Money boss be a force
Blast a gun in exhaust
I don't want it no more, who had they coat and they ring
on the fourth floor
Yeah, let's get these broads and get the fuck outta
here

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I got pussy on my mind
But gotta keep it on the grind
Track the wrong bitch, lusted for a life of crime
Gotta sign, got the blind
That's why I fuck em' feed em'
Duck em' leave em'
Then act like I don't need em'
Because I don't need em'
They all lyin' so you can't believe em'
Fuckin' scandalous and they so conceited
They make a nigga heart stop breathin'
She whorin' every time he snorin'
Fuck a nigga where he sleepin'
That's why Trey gon' change the game
Fuck a bitch, fuck a slut, fuck a whore be about cha'
caine
Ka-ching and don't forget cha' change
Something to spin when ya tipsy
And ya tip over in the Range Rover
Ride it into October
Fuck it, ya lived once plus the end is comin' closer

[Hook]

[Various ad-libs to fade]

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