

Epmd "Gold Digger"

Visit "[Gold Digger](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Brothers things done got too far gone
(Tell 'em 'bout it)
We got ta let the girls know what they gotta do for us

Oh, what the heck, let's get married and have a son
named Erick
No big deal, no sweat, I was in for a big surprise
And when I saw the judge hammer pass my green eyes
Brainlocked my whole damn head was malfunctional
'Coz I forgot to co sign a prenuptial agreement
Now her case is hard like cement
I have no files on all the money she spent
She has a car, nineteen ninety brand new Jaguar

Fly kit, with chrome rims that's five star
That she bought when I was away on tour
Hittin' my bank account, gettin' more and more money
She got paid, it wasn't funny
Talkin' to myself, oh, you big big dummy
Just my luck that I'm stuck with a marriage
And a baby who lays in a gold carriage
Now I can't leave, if I do she gets half
(Not the cash)
Oh yes, the whole damn bash of money

So I chill and act so sweet
Kiss her feet, can't picture bein' in the street
So I give a fake smile and a fake laugh
Fake everything so I can keep all my cash
Fake talk, like I love you so much
But wishin', she gets hit by a Mack truck
Next time, if there's one I'll know
That most women strictly out for the dough
They're called gold diggers

'Coz she's a gold digger
'Coz she's a gold digger
'Coz she's a gold digger

The P had a close call, quiet as kept I dated this
("Fly girl")
Yeah, and almost got vicked

She had green eyes, thunder thighs, and a def body
(So what cha sayin')
Top it off, she drove a black Maserati
Chrome kit, with a smile I couldn't resist
I tapped E on the shoulder and said, "Yeah, I gots to
get this"
(P cool, she could be a gold digger)

Not with that smile and that stupid boomin' figure
'Til one day, she spent the crazy dough
Ten G's on Levi's, cold went Rambo
But then she smiled, gave me a back massage
Gassed my head up and said
(Oh, P you're so large)
Like a jerk, I went for the line like a fish
But she was far from dream girl, and more like a death
wish
She likes to sit back, lamp, walk on plush rugs

Whip my five-sixty sip Moet and bug
(So did you flip?)
Tried to but she cut me off
And said, "Guess what?"
(What)
"I'm pregnant"
(Pregnant? Damn)
Yeah, and the child is yours
So to fellas, who wanna keep they cash
Or beware of the jack hammer and the helmet that
glows
'Coz she's a gold digger

She's a gold digger
She's a gold digger
She's a gold digger

That's why, men in the 90's must watch themselves
'Coz ladies of the 80's got hip and went for self
With the new divorce laws, which entitles them half
That means the house goes
The car
You and half your cash
What a price to pay, but if you play you pay
'Coz women of the world they got smart today
They flash a smile and profile
A pucker with a strut

Try to move in
Knock the boots
And got stuck with alimony payments
Time to meet Judge Wapner

You try to flip and cut, but she smiles 'coz she gotcha
You get a flashback to wedding, when you vowed the
vow
Said the two deadly words
I do
But look now, you lost the house
The car

Eatin' TV dinners in a one bedroom apartment
Boy you picked a winner
But what goes around, comes around
That's why she wheels the Benz
And you ride Greyhound
Oh, just your luck, they on strike
Take off the wedding band, put out the thumb, time to
hitch-hike
And the more you walk the pain from your corns get
bigger
(Now you know)
Not to mess with a gold digger

'Coz she's a gold digger
'Coz she's a gold digger
'Coz she's a gold digger

Yeah, EPMD's in effect, DJ Scratch runs flex boy
Hit Squad in effect in the house
Large
Yeah, she get half

Visit [Epmc](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.