

Blues Traveler

"Cheapskate"

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Verse 1:

In a new mall, with a few broads in a shoe store,
Cop the new cars, and jump in the two-doors with the
blue valor,
Shirt open with the chain showing, way the shits going
so now we Range Roving,
With the waves blowing, stay holding, bitches in the
back whispering,
Now I'm listening, bitch this my car ya fucking sitting in,
speak up,
How dare ya think I cant hear ya, anymore talk, ya
bitches gonna walk,
They're like (what you sayin', you aint buy nothing for
us),
I didn't buy nothing ofcourse, ya bitches is whores,
(Please)
What I look like support, me trick man listen,
Yeah I trick trick yo ass you think I'm tricking,
Give you a sticking then I'm skipping, all you getting is
a hard dick chick,
After I spit I want you quick out my apartment,
Trife living, did the right thing, left one indictment,
Hitch hiking, hoping things a get strike by lightning.

Chorus:

You Aint Get Nadaaaa From Us,
Not Even A Dollaaaa From Us,
Gotta Trick The Prodaaa On Us,
Or You Get No Punanaaa From Us,

Verse 2:

Can you what, nah, I aint the herb on the ave,
I dont understand the three words can I have,
Even if a nigga rich, with a six to spend puffin,
I spend nothing, so baby spend your mind out my
pocket,
All I have to do to penetrate, is spin shorty to the mall,
And show her how quick four g's dissyntergrate,
A cheap nigga and I rub they nose in it,
Spin them through all the stores with sexy clothes in it,
When she see something, she dying to pose in it,

All she getting is a pre-shrunked tee with holes in it,
And when its time to eat, I arch the bucks,
A cheap nigga, yeah bitch, get a Arch Deluxe,
And still fuck, ya paid more than twice the worth,
How I love trickin shit my wife deserve,
And let it, be known now when you see us three dudes,
Call us, I don't gotta Kurt no Marlin the cheap dudes.

Chorus:

You Aint Get Nadaaaa From Us,
Not Even A Dollaaaa From Us,
Trickin Beauty Parlors On Us,
Or You Get No Punanaaa From Us,

Verse 3:

You I'm trying to be swollen, but right now I ain't
holding,
Hit the lie told them, everything I own is stolen,
Picture that like Brando gave up half he saved up,
Play the cut when dollar eye signs tricks is raised up,
I'm the cheapest, and thats the only way I'm gonna
keep this,
Slice I wanna heat this, girls is trying to eat this,
They think we should date, but still wont appreciate,
Neither help with the rate, or you order a decent plate,
I'm a cheap nigga that only provides better poking,
To get her open, send her home with a token,
Put girls in my car, like dropping off for ass fucking,
So what you giving up, ass honey or gas money, pass
dummies,
Hows it gonna be if I dont eat,
If I run out, then more than likely its on me, so I'm gone
b',
And if I ever win the sweepstakes, I keep papas,
And still live up to being a cheapskate.

Chorus:

You Aint Get Nadaaaa From Us,
Not Even A Dollaaaa From Us,
Drinks And The La-La's On Us,
Or You Get No Punanaaa From Us.

You Aint Get Nadaaaa From Us,
Not Even A Dollaaaa From Us,
Gotta Trick The Prodaaa On Us,
Or You Get No Punanaaa From Us.

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