

## **Fifty Cent**

### **"Material Girl 2000"**

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If a bitch don't like me  
Somethin' wrong with the bitch (fuck that bitch)  
Why... oh why... why... you wanna fuck with me now?  
Yo Dave, that shit come with the game baby, the  
money, you know  
That's how the shit work, you know what I'm sayin'  
They supposed to love me now baby  
I'm doin' it now baby  
Hahahaha

[Chorus]

Girl, what makes you wanna fuck with me now?  
I've been wantin' to fuck wit' you for quite a while  
Is the money makin' you wanna fuck with me?  
The money gonna make you sell your soul

[Verse One]

Whoa... if money's gonna make me slam these hoes...  
then alright  
Whattup Shorty, I ain't seen you in many moons  
Talk to me, how's life been treatin' you? good I hope  
You got a smile that only a fool would forget  
And a figure that'll leave a nigga droolin' and shit  
There I was, kickin' my game, pickin' her brain  
Buggin' 'cause a while back I met this bitch on the train  
She wasn't feelin' me, I pulled up, she wouldn't talk  
from the whip  
Uptown girl, she feel like that's some chickenhead shit  
But on the sidewalk we ain't play games  
We exchanged numbers and names  
I went back to the Range  
I heard her Girlfriend whisperin' "I know that nigga, he  
rich"  
She think I got six whips 'cause me and my Man switch  
Anyway, her name is CeCe  
She said she go to BMCC  
Push a '98 328 with chrome BB's  
She said she seen me in the Onyx video on TV  
She liked my part the best, man, this bitch is tryin' to G  
me.

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

It's hard as Hell to find a Girl that's really down for ya  
Type that'll hold down the Tre pound for ya  
They into diamonds now, to Hell with pearls  
These trick niggas fucked up, they done gave 'em the  
World

Hey Shorty, why you like me? huh? you like the way I  
spit?

Oh, I hit your girlfriend, she told you 'bout the dick?  
Nah for real, am I the type that you wanna roll wit'?  
Platinum iced out, got rid of that gold shit  
I love my lifestyle, you too, you love it  
That I could blow Twenty Thousand and think nothin' of  
it

Know you wouldn't fuck with me if I had no ends  
Probably wouldn't fuck in the whip if it wasn't a Benz  
I guess life looks different through them Shanel tints  
Man, I don't care if these hoes love me or not  
Long as I rhyme hot I'm gettin' head in my drop  
It goes on and on and on and it don't stop.

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

One thing you can always count on is change  
And a rich nigga to come put shit in the game  
Had a 4.0 then Jigga made you trade your Range  
Would've felt broke if you couldn't get your change  
Now it's hard to find us or stay behind us  
While we on the 900 double R Hondas  
Watch the cats who flip bricks recline in the latest whips  
While Penetentiaries stay packed with cats who sling  
packs

All these hoes ain't Madonna fans but all across the  
World

You can find a material Girl

I sip Dom 'till I earl

Take 'em two at a time

Quick I get in they mind

Have 'em thinkin' they mine

Bust off then tell 'em "Bust a Uey, on mo' time"

I'm like the reason ya'll niggas can't eat this year

Got your bitch breakin' her neck to peep this here

C'mon... uh huh... c'mon

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Fuck you bitch! leave me alone, walk on... get the fuck  
on...

Yo, Shorty... tell your friends ya'll ain't fuckin' with us...

Aww man... look... he ain't mean that shit...  
C'mon that's just records... niggas is playin'...  
We wasn't serious and shit...

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