

Grass Roots

"Money, Money"

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My baby gives me the finance blues, tax me to the limit
of my revenues.

Here she comes finger-poppin, clickety-click
She says furs or diamonds, you take your pick.

She wants money, what she wants, she wants money,
what she wants,
She wants money, what she wants, she wants money,
what she wants,
Money money, money money money. money money,
money money money.

She say, money, honey, Id rob a bank,
I just load my gun and mosey down to the bank.
Knockin off my neighborhood savings and load,
To keep my sweet chiquita in eau de cologne.

She wants money, what she wants, she wants money,
what she wants,
Money money, money money money. money money,
money money money.

Mama dont send me down to rob that bank again,
I got a notion that your leadin me to sin.
Wont you relax, wont you lay way back,
Dont you bug your honey bout no cadillac.
Its only bucks, you dont need no jack.
So wont you please relax and lay way back.

My babys lovin gives me such a thrill;
It gives me inspiration makin counterfeit bills.
Now some folks say the best things in life are free,

She wants money, what she wants, she wants money,
what she wants,
Money money, money money money. money money,
money money money.

Lord made a lady out of adams rib, next thing you
know, you got womens lib.
Lovely to look upon, heaven to touch;

Its a real shame that they got to cost so much.

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