

Hans Söllner

"My Money Gets Jealous"

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[Chamillionaire]

Koopa I said I never cheat on my money
Its funny how hoes dont belive me
watch mad-hatter and cat-hatter
but gave it to me becouse I'm greedy
dont be touchin all on my money
cause that make me honey look sleazy
gettin paid is like good sex
becuse my money comes easy
my fat stack be the reason
nappy head hoes wanna trap me
they be like "dont he look exactly like my son he the
pappy"
haters be making my doe unhappy
you should gimme my props
for makin my cash the propa way
instead of comin up pop ya

[Chorus]

Dont blame us for visions of princess cuts on our
fangas(fingers)
Big house's, candy paint and big swangas eehh
if aint about no money dont call my pager
because My Money Gets Jealous

blame us we ballin so hard
they think we drug slangas
we just entertainers
dont point your fangers yea
I'd rather be rich than be broke and famous
because My Money Gets Jealous

[Paul Wall]

Listen, see I use to sit at a bus stop
and try to holla at a broad
I'd ask he for her number to call
she laugh and tell a player Nah
take a bus a block and stop I
hop in my candy car with Texas plates
pop the trunk while the neon lights say aaawwww
I bet you feel stupid got to confess, the truth is

bullet-proof vest on my chest
so I cant get shot by Cupid
man, man, I'm the man
but ladies cant understand
how I can marry my grands
with no wedding band or best man

[Chorus]

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[Chamillionaire]

{*door bell*} Who is it, Here Lizard Lizard Lizard
pretty red bones and hott yellows
in high heels trying to gets us
but treat like some cinderellas, naah
"My Money Get Jealous"

We got tickets is what the tell us
the bail bond mail us letters
and tell us the police comin to get us, so
"My Money Get Jealous"

Uncle Sam doesnt want to let us to
ball on 20inch propellas
gimme my cut is what he tell us, no
"My Money Get Jealous"

cant even trust my own fellas
some got secret vendettas
probally plotting about trying to get us
"My Money Get Jealous"

you never know me and mad-hatter might
take a flight to nevada right,
near the ring at the tyson fight
but I'm sitting next to evanders wife
never trick and throw this, no
rose pedals, no candle-light
if you want to see a "G"
dont ask me go ask Vanna White

Koopa spend a grand at night
want a show I demand a price
thats right because I'm hott as a damn can
of Louisiana spice
never bite the hand that writes the checks
or you'll go broke
ugh could you see me grippin oak
or do you wish for me to choke

got to stay on your paper-chase
and get your change
because you dont know how long you'll last in this
game
visions of twankies twisting while I'm grippin grain
this girl in the passenger seat
I dont know her name
she said if I just let her hop up on my thang
she put it on me and I never be the same
that'd be nice but I do not think
that thats going to do a thang
I'm married to my change
and that will never change, man

[Chorus]

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eeem eeheh, eeem eeheh, eeemm eeem emmmmmmm
eeem eeheh, eeem eeheh, eeemm eeem emmmmmmm
eeem eeheh, eeem eeheh, eeemm eeem emmmmmmm
eeem eeheh, eeem eeheh, eeemm eeem emmmmmmm

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