

Latif

"Money"

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Mama come and see, she's in love with me
Au contraire, mon fr re
Seemed genuine when she winked at me
Her savoir faire
She had her way with words
And then yoric fers
In an empty purr she came and preached my fix
Yup, she got me
I'm in this mall, stuck me up, straight robbed me of my

Money, she had her eyes on nice things
Would've done anything for money
She really didn't want love
She really got there for me or
Money, I messed up and gave my heart
She was too greedy for a little bit
Shorty had to have it all
Money, yea money, oh money, oh money, money

I tried to tell him not to trust that chick
But he went all in
And bought a cost for the hell of it
Had pretty dollars to spend
It's the recession, yea
He couldn't pay her rent
She deposited pain and left a deficit
And his lips salty
He paid the rent and loved somebody who only wants

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And finally, she had met her match
He's like 'where my paper at?
You got robbed, really I don't care

Shoot, you'd better bring it all back
If you can blister up
I don't give a what
You come back short this time I put my foot in up your
Yup, she's now a hoe and I would find her that night
she's open for that

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I know it's wrong
But I don't care
As cold as this world is
I can only look out for myself
So if a dude is willing to pay me for spending time
Think clearly, cuz guess what
I'm 'bout that money, money, money

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She loved herself
That's how money deceived her, yea
Money's the root of all evil

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