

Paul Wall

"My Money Gets Jealous"

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[verse 1]

koopaa, i said i never cheat on my money,
it's funny how hos don't believe me,
watch mad hatter and cat hatter but gave it to me
because im greedy
dont be touchin all on my money 'cause that makes my
honey look sleazy
getten paid is like, good sex 'cause my money comes
easy
my phat stack be the reason nappy head hos wanna
trap me
they be like dont he look exactly like my son he the
pappy
haters be makin my dough unhappy you should give
me ya propers
for makin my cash the proper way instead of comin to
pop ya

[chorus]

don't blame us for visions of princess cuts on our
fingers
big houses, candy paint,
and big swangers ya
if it aint bout no money dont call my pager
because my money gets jealous

blame us we ballin so hard we think we drug slangers
we just entertainers dont point your finger ya
i'd rather be rich than be broke and famous..
because my money get jealous

[verse 2]

listen, see i used to sit at a bus stop and try to holla at a
broad
i'd ask her for a number to call she'd laugh and tell a
playa naw
take the bus a block and stop i'd hop in my candy car
with texas plates, pop the trunk while the neon lights
say. aww
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 im the man the ladies cant understand

how i can marry my grands with no wedding band or
best man

[chorus]

don't blame us for visions of princess cuts on our
fingers
big houses, candy paint,
and big swangers ya
if it aint bout no money dont call my pager
because my money gets jealous

blame us we ballin so hard we think we drug slangers
we just entertainers dont point your finger ya
i'd rather be rich than be broke and famous..
because my money get jealous

[verse 3]

(doorbell) who is it... here lizard lizard lizard
pretty red bones and hot yellas in high heels tryin to
get us
we treat them like some cinderellas naw

my money gets jealous
we got tickets is what they tells us
the bail bonds mail us lettas and tell us the police
comin to get us so
my money gets jealous
uncle sam dont wanna let us ball on 20 inch proppelers
gimme my cut is what he tell us no
my money gets jealous
cant even trust my own fellas some got secret
vendettas
probaly plottin bout tring to get us
my money gets jealous
you never know me and mad hatter might
take a flight to nevada right
middle ring at the tyson fight
but i'm sitting next to evander's wife
never trick and throw this no
rose petals no candle light
if you wanna see a G dont ask me go ask Vanna White
koopaspend a grand a night
wanna show i demand the price
thats right because i hot as a damn can of louisiana
spice
never bite the hand that writes the checks or you'll go
broke uhh
could you see me grippin oak
or do you wish to see me choke

[extended versus]

get on your paper chase 'n get your change
'cause you dont know how long you'll last in this game
visions of twankies twistin while im grippin grain
this girl in the passenger seat i dont know her name
she said if i just let her hop on up my thang
she'd put it on me and i'd never be the same
that'd be nice but i do not think that that's gone do a
thang
im married to my change and that will never change
man

[chorus]

don't blame us for visions of princess cuts on our
fingers
big houses, candy paint,
and big swingers ya
if it aint bout no money dont call my pager
because my money gets jealous

blame us we ballin so hard we think we drug slangers
we just entertainers dont point your finger ya
i'd rather be rich than be broke and famous..
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