

Paul Wall "Still (N Love With My Money)"

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(featuring 50/50 Twin)

[Chorus]

When I call you on the phone
You're never at home
You been gone for so long and I feel so alone
Your love of money gone ruin our relationship
but you say it isn't and thats a lie

[Chamillionaire]

Girl I ain't trippin' I Know that you're feelin' alone
but I feel you should know I'm still in luv wit my dough
And since they say time is money
I'm wastin' my money sittin here chillin' so good bye

[Verse 1: Chamillionaire]

She love a trick to treat
She be calling me up, Koopa let's eat
I'm Sorry, but I gotta radio interview to do
I gotta hook up with Milla Mack, and Greg Street
Maybe we can retreat, to get a bite to eat
Take a night to sneak, to a tight lil' suite
You can invite some freaks
but get it right I'm cheap
you could leave, with tonight's receipt
Makin' moves wit hatter
Ke'Noe and Dobey, BeBe and Jabber
When I'm not in the lab
you know I'm trying to grab a
Couple G's chick please, what are you getting mad for
In the morning
When I hook up with Killa Mike, Lil' Jon and them
All of my calls, I'm gonna forward them
To the answer machine, please call again I'm busy

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Paul Wall]

I'm Still in Luv wit my money
I'm still infatuated wit my cash
Ain't no need for relaxin' and chillin
I'm Stackin, and Killin' on a grind I mash

But I still make time for my lil' mama
But I ain't got no time for a little drama
I'm tryna pull out in drop top
Throw 22's on a lil' somethin' foreign for the summer
You can call me but I ain't gone answer
All this stress gone cause me cancer
Imma call up whodi in the club on and throw a couple
dollars on a Dancer
So don't hassle me, just leave me alone, quit callin my
phone
You say you an independent woman, then stand on ya
own
baby girl I'm gone, holla at me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: 50/50 Twin]

Get Mad, I chase cash
Do you contribute to fillin my stash
Smellin your piss bitch, go buy glass
Never deposit, but withdraw fast
Co-Dependant trash
Act with class but poor doin bad
Got a senada, can't afford a jag
I'm the best thing that you done had
Stumbled upon a gold mine thought you
Stuntin' with that dolce I bought you
An additional time gon cost you
Speakin gibberish are you
Who gave you permission to trip
You gon trip,take a trip
Car, plane take a ship
Music grind stand right here
Ten mill you might get recruited
The world don't twirl around beauty and booty
It twirl around cash and music
Cheer people up and help them through shit

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