

Wyclef Jean "Sweetest Girl"

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Some live for the bill, some kill for the bill
Yeah, she wined for the bill, grind for the bill
(She used to be the sweetest girl)
Some steal for the bill, if they got to pay they bill
(She used to be the sweetest girl)
Tonight Wyclef, Akon, Weezy on the bill

High school she was that girl
That make me do the hula hoop around the gym
(Just to get a peek again, she's a 10)
High school she was that girl
That make me do the hula hoop around the gym
(Just to get a peek again, she's a 10)

Never thought she would come and work for the
president
Mr. George Washington
(Where my money at?)
She thought he'd call
(Where my money at?)

She had a good day, bad day, sunny day, rainy day
All he wanna know is
(Where my money at?)
Closed legs don't get fed, go out there and make my
bread
All he wanna know is
(Where my money at?)

She ended up in a road car, bruised up, scarred hard
All he wanna know is
(Where my money at?)
She thought he'd call
(Where my money at?)

See, I'ma tell you like you told me
Cash rules everything around me
Singin' dollar, dollar bill y'all
(Dollar, dollar bill y'all)
Singin' dollar, dollar bill y'all
(Dollar, dollar bill y'all)

'Cause I'ma tell you like you told me
Cash rules everything around me
Singin' dollar, dollar bill y'all
(Dollar, dollar bill y'all)
Singin' dollar, dollar bill y'all
(Dollar, dollar bill y'all)

Pimpin' got harder 'cause hoes got smarter
On the strip is somethin' they don't wanna be a part of
Rather be up in the club shakin' for a thug
Get triple times the money and spendin' it like they
wanna

They got they mind on they money, money on they
mind
They got they finger on the trigger, hand on the nine
See every day they feel the struggle but stayin' on they
grind
And ain't nobody takin' from us and that's the bottom
line

But I know there's a drop in the block
You move slow, you gettin' pressure from cops
You don't know how not to lay low
'Cause 25 to life's no joke

To all my real gorillas thuggin'
On top of corners every day strugglin'
All the beautiful womens gettin' money
Washin' them dollar bills like laundry

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Money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money
It drives the world crazy
She used to be
She used to be the sweetest girl

She used to be the sweetest girl ever, forever
Now she like sour amaretto
She wears a dress to the T like the letter
And if you make it rain, she will be under the weather

She used to run track back in high school
Now she tricks on the track right by school
She take the loss 'cause she don't wanna see her child
lose
So respect her or pay up for the time used

And then she runs to the pastor
And he tells her there will be a new chapter
But she feels no different after
And then she asks him

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