

# FIST

## "Gold Diggin'"

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Chorus:

Gold' diggin' girls, drivin' me crazy I can't take it no more  
Fellas sing!  
(Gold diggin' girls, drivin' me crazy I can't take it no more)

First Verse:

Now I really don't know what the heck is goin' on  
All I really know, man, somethin' is wrong  
About a couple of girls I know askin' for things  
From diamonds to chains, bracelets, bangles and gold rings  
They want to drive my car, they want to spend my money  
Everytime they want somethin', it's come here honey  
But I'm not a fool, and I don't play no games  
How dare you ask for somethin'? You don't even know my name  
Your hair is all fixed, your jeans real tight  
But if you don't clock dollars, you won't party tonight  
You'll have to settle for less, and that means nothin'  
You say you won't have sex, well I think that you're bluffin'  
Girl I know your secrets, that's why my money's stacked  
You either want gold, or my cadillac  
Who're you tryin' to fool? The D is never slippin'  
I'm still nasty as Hell, and to girls that be trippin'

Chorus

Second Verse:

Me and my homie took the van, and we drove it to the store  
There was a female there that we had never seen before  
Her body looked-ed nice, her hair was in a curl

But from the looks of things, we could tell she's a  
material girl  
She had lots of gold rings, fingers that were stacked  
My homie looked at me and said "Nas-D lets jack"  
I almost took the bait, but I just couldn't do it  
Already runnin' late, so I had to get to it  
We hopped back in the ride, and drove to U.S.A.  
We started seein' faces that we see everyday  
The girls were in crowds, fellas were actin' lazy  
Someone mentioned Nas-D, and they all went crazy  
Gold diggers beggin', you know what I think?  
They must've thought I was a bank, cuz I wear Gucci  
links  
Come on girls askin' for things, oh boy I had to dip  
I mean I can't believe it, but the females they trip

Chorus

Third Verse:

Every guy wants to know why girls do what they do  
Us fellas can't get over without them askin' you  
For somethin' to eat, somethin' to wear, get their hair  
done  
When they approach askin' for somethin', you wanna  
run  
Gold here, gold there, gold everywhere  
Piled up on the chick with the weave in her hair  
This song is for the guys, so I hope that you listen  
Don't let ANY girl, fool you on a gold mission

Chorus

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