

Brad Paisley F/ Chely Wright**"Looking for a Dollar"**

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[Chorus 2X: Jazze Pha]

We, roll dubs
Ball, in clubs
Dimes, no scrubs
If you're lookin for a baller, baller

[Break: Jazze Phe]

From the yay, from the yay
Poppin my collar
If you're lookin for a baller, baller
From the yay, from the yay
Poppin my collar
If you're lookin for a baller, baller

[Too \$hort]

Whassup baby? Still dreamin?
For a rich man, you still fiendin?
Well I hope he got skills if you know what I mean
Everything from oral sex, to cookin and cleanin
Rich niggaz want it all, just like you
And when I ball don't ask me what I do
You wanna be kept, keep yo' mouth shut
But youse a golddigger and you go out too much
If I choose you, it'll be the wrong choice
I'm sayin fuck you loud, with a strong voice
One rainy day and yo' ass is out
No money to spend, you start passin out
So dramatic, even though it ain't yo' cash
Bitches like you I wanna thank yo' ass
for bein shallow, I know you a bad ho
I wouldn't let yo' punk-ass stand next to my shadow

[Chorus]

[Too \$hort]

I like a Cinderella story, but most of the time
These nothin-ass golddiggin hoes are fine
A nigga frontin, you wanna have sex with a star?
He drive a Benz, but it's the next nigga car
The only thing he own is that outfit
But he still stuck his dick in yo' mouth bitch

And after all that gettin fucked on the floor
He called a taxi to take you home in the mornin
Dumb bitch, you just got fucked by a flunkie
See you at the club and you actin like you want ME
Don't make me laugh
We get married, and you take half
I don't think so, see you at the bank ho
You wanna walk down the aisle but I cain't go
I got her number, but I never call her
You better look around and find another baller, beotch!

[Chorus]

[Too \$hort]
I don't want yo' key, you ain't gettin mine
Ask to use my car, you commitin a crime
Leave yo' panties or yo' bra, I throw 'em away
Cain't find the door? I show you the way
Hope you come back, but you just cain't stay
We can get together on another day
I come get you, when I miss you
Cause if I see you every day I'd probably diss you
What'chu gon' do when you get you a baller?
Rich man, what she gotta do to get you to call her?
Better talk about, might like what you hear
Say it right in her ear, every night of the year
You can be together, beotch!
You better get a job if you wanna be rich
Go to school or somethin, get a degree
I know you wanna baller but it can't be me

[Break]

[Pimpin' Ken outro bleeds over to skit on next track]

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