

Destiny's Child Feat. Jazz & Sporty Thievs

"Bills, Bills, Bills"

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Bills, Bills, Bills (trackmasters Remix)
Destiny's Child Feat. Jazz & Sporty Thievs

[Jazz]

I stay away from cats that rap
That ain't got traps
And producers that make tracks
That ain't got no plaques
I'm J to the A-Z-Z, chrome Z3
You ain't balling, you ain't rolling with me
Jazz said it
These cats ain't cheap, they broke
Take me to a flick
Can't even buy me a Coke
All them quick say you ain't gettin' nada from us
Cause in their pockets they ain't got nada but dust
Come on, come on

[Beyonce]

Why you sitting here under me
Giving me grief
Saying you love me
You know you're lying through your teeth
Living it up
The good life for free
I don't know what you want from me
Don't you know I need somebody who can do me right
And keep his pockets tight
I don't know why I keep taking this mess from you

1 - [Destiny's Child]

I need a baller
Someone not like you
Who do me right
You're triflin', good for nothing, type of brother
Keep a sister working day and night

[Kelly]

I don't think you do
So you and me are through, oh ooh

2 - [Destiny's Child]

I'm looking for a man who will pay my bills
Pay my car note, give me what I want
Keep a sister real tight
And ladies if you hear me say right
(Right, right)
Cause I don't really wanna have to front the bills
Buy your clothes, give you everything you want
Cause I can't go for that, can't go for that, no, no
I can't go for that

[Beyonce]

So you rolling around in my drop six
Frontin', telling your boys how you copped it
Leeching off of me all the time
Why won't you just get a life
You really don't get it
I spend my money on myself
I gotta move on and find somebody else

Repeat 1

[Kelly]

I don't (I don't)
Think you (Think you)
You do
So you and me are through

Repeat 2 (2x)

[Sporty Thievz]

Hey yo this one babe
After we done laid
Started telling me about bills that's unpaid
And you know me, I'm that nada cat
Type to loan you a buck, get my dollar back
You holla at, me
Like you want me to trick, trick
I trick you into letting me hit
Said she ain't a pigeon and she hate nada
Uh-oh, put you off with the fake Prada, uh-oh

I'm getting dough but it ain't splendid
Offended, cause they tax for it when I make it
Running game when I spend it
Then chicks hit me with that "Kirk, let me get that"
Then I hit back
"Alright! Well first let me hit that"

Yo when I flow for her
Blow for her, get dough for her

Cop an O for you, and trip and what you can't go for it
Let's get it down to the nitty-gritty
Yo pretty-bitty
Give me two years and I might consider you for fifty-
fifty Shot caller Repeat 2 till end

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