

Flight 16

"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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