

## Money (That's What I Want)

Little Richard

You know, the landlord rang my front door bell  
I let it ring for a long, long spell  
I went to the window  
I peeped through the blind  
And asked him to tell me what was on his mind  
He said

Money, honey, a-huh-huh  
Money, honey  
Money, honey  
If you want to get along with me

Well, I screamed "Fella, what's wrong with you?  
From this day on our romance is through?"  
I said "Tell me baby, [?] that you played  
How could another man take my place?"  
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