

Goal Digger

REASON

Yeah, yeah

Look, if she ain't got a weave, I don't want her (I don't want her)
I only smoke a bitch from California (True)
I done had a bad bitch come through on the late night (Late night)
We ain't fuckin', I'm just makin' sure the cake right
I ain't trippin' on a pussy, where the money?
Mind on your paper, baby
Where the money?
She gon' have it all too, that one hunnid
Only question you should be askin' is "Where the money? Where the money, ho?"
"

She on game, I can be on game with her (Game with her)
Wha, bet her by the dollar, still the same nigga (Proof)
Money long, girl, looks gon' fade quicker
Paper like a book, baby lemme get on page with ya
Wait (Wait, wait, wait)
Money hungry, girl I love guap (Love guap)
Ballin' like a nigga gotta jump shot (Swish)
Yo Instagram poppin', you be killin' hoes (Wha)
What them likes mean if you bitches broke?
Catch me in the range, in that pussy like I'm rentin' though (Skrt!)
Pull up on 'em, spit some game, now she hittin' for it
Dus, dus, dice game, what it hittin' for?
I don't fuck with Instagram thots 'cause them bitches broke (Bitches broke)
Shit, my main bitch got her bachelors (Bachelors)
She just enrolled to get her masters (Wha?)
And a [?] longer and her taxes (Hah!)
She get her own shit, she don't gotta ask me
If you ain't got your own, got your own, I ain't hittin' it
In the [?], in the streets innocent
My bitch never lease, got a loan, she ain't rentin' shit
I ain't fuckin' with that gold diggin' shit

Look, if she ain't got a weave, I don't want her (I don't want her)
I only smoke a bitch from California (True)
I done had a bad bitch come through on the late night (Late night)
We ain't fuckin', I'm just makin' sure the cake right
I ain't trippin' on a pussy, where the money? (Where the money?)
Mind on your paper, baby
Where the money? (What?) (Where the money?)
She gon' have it all too
Only question you should be askin' is "Where the money? Where the money, though?"
You on the road, I be on the road with ya (With ya)
I only want 'em if they goal diggin'
I ain't fuckin' with them gold diggers, uh
I only want 'em if they goal diggin', wait

Wait, wait, wait, look girl, look
Is that who I think-
Girl, that's Joe!
I mean he ain't my type or nothin' but shit, he got money, haha, hey!

I'm baby mama K, hungry hoes
Still lookin' for bread

I'm 'bout to find 'em to the 'Rari
Still lookin' for friends
I had to grow out my dreads 'cause niggas takin' pictures
I got a new twin Glock so they can get it [?] (Brrah!)
I got a new white bitch, she got a thick sister (Thick sister)
And if you ain't a real nigga, then I don't click with ya (I don't fuck with
'em)
You can't bring it to the table, I can't sit with ya (Hah!)
I brung a toilet to the toilet, I'ma shit with ya (What?!)
I fuck with Kimberly and Jennifer but no Stacy (But no Stacy)
I had to cut my Rollie off, it was so racist (What?!)
Black and white diamonds lookin' like a pro tip (Like a pro tip)
I heard them Greystone hoes only want sex (Sex!)
I heard them playhouse hoes only want a check (Check)
I heard real niggas really only want head (Head)
If you was fuckin' for a bad bitch, go ahead
Like a nigga on a diet, bitch no bread

I ain't trippin' on a pussy, where the money? (Where the money?)
Mind on your paper, baby
Where the money? (What?) (Where the money?)
She gon' have it all too, that one hunnid
Only question you should be askin' is "Where the money? Where the money, tho
ugh?"
You on the road, I be on the road with ya (With ya)
I only want 'em if they goal diggin'
I ain't fuckin' with them gold diggers, uh
I only want 'em if they goal diggin', wait

I remember how I used to have time to wait
But now I'm just like... hah

Bitch, raise up your funds for me
Your pussy mean nothin' to me
Ask the last chick that try to say that she done with me
'Cause from, from behind the only time that she run from me
Other than that, the only goal is to keep my dick company
Get your light, ho say "Get your life"
Take your only rights, you was right
You ain't on yo shit, you just on the pipe
Boy, them hoes that don't put niggas for they paper
Fuck, fuck, skeet, skeet, see you later
I tell her beep, dot, dot, dot and then forget to reply
Oops, I think I just lied
You prolly just ain't my type
She'll meet me any fuckin' where in that Uber (Skrt, skrt)
Don't got no car but she got funds for her maneuvers
She a Uber thot
Gold diggin', flag on the plate before she threw the twat
I been the nigga that she knew to watch
That's 'cause I set them goals, lil ho
So I don't care if you do or not
Or gettin' sexy for me, you are not

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Heh, real shit

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We ain't fuckin', haha