Rich

Samia

If I had a dollar every time that I swore you off
And a twenty every time that I picked up when you called
And a crisp new Benjamin for when you're here then gone again
And a dollar every time I was right about you after all

Boy, I'd be rich, head to toe Prada
Benz in the driveway, yacht in the water
Vegas at the Mandarin, high roller gambling
Me and Diddy drippin' diamonds like Marilyn
No, I wouldn't be drowning in all your IOUs
Every promise you made me would have some real value
'Cause all the little lies rolling off your lips
Is money falling from the sky... Shit, I'd be rich
La-a-a-a-a-di-da

If I had a dime every time that you crossed my mind
Well, I'd basically be sitting on a big ass pile of dimes
And all the times that you make my heart feel cheap
I might as well have won the lottery
All of this pain and me cursing your name
Would just turn into dollar signs

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