I don't need a girlfriend
It's money that I'm chasing
It ain't honeys that I'm chasing
I fuck hoes and replace 'em

I don't need a boyfriend
It's money that I'm chasing
It ain't niggas that I'm chasing
Fuck niggas, I replace them

Pedicure, manicure, Dior, Christian all these
Been 63, knew I'm a Christian shorty
I ain't missing mommy, I hate missing mornings
When I'm with the chick the fiends start acting funny
Bath and body bro, smelling like Channel
I jump out that pussy girl for 100 sell
Say I ain't got swag, I stay brand new
I got that big [?] that karate kangaroo

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Twista

Her body so bad that I be feeling like I'm a go after her Running like I look on my Eddy Robin pace but I don't got the cardiovascular When the call I'm chasing after these hoes I run out of breath and I stay forever calm But when it come to peace I'm going after the paper, shit I could run in a marathon I could ride where I want Fucking 50 bitches and I got some killers on the payroll Motherfuckers think I'm gonna say so Got to make another dollar so I'm hooking up with Yayo Way more is what we all fish to do So it's so least I will not gonna be into you I'm chasing this paper, will stretch me invincible Therefore a bitch is dispensable Money over bitches is the principle So I gotta concentrate, I'm coming in that ugly Can't be your man, I could be your fuck buddy Remind me to get you some sex, I hope your day go better But if lil' mama want a lil' more than that then me and they gonna kill her

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