

Face on My Money

Walker Hayes

That's right
Hey baby, I don't drive no Benz
I don't make no dollars, I don't make no sense
But I'm feelin' rich and famous wit'cha like, 'hey'
Look who's dancin' with me at the par-tay
Lemme get that door for ya, slide in my Taurus babe
Lean it back, let me roll you to the chorus, babe

You're everything, cake in the free world
That smile you're throwin', it ain't growin' on no tree, girl
You make it rain, make my soul sunny
I wish that I could put your face on my money honey
(whoo, ooh, ooh, ooh)
I wish that I could put your face on my money honey
(whoo, ooh, ooh, ooh)
Face on my money, lookin' sexy on a hundy
You make me wanna shake it like I'm Tom Cruise in my undies
You're the Beyonce that stung me
That scrub in front seat tongue be hangin' out like Mike when you walk by wi
t'cha Cold Medina Funky (get funky, baby)

I wish I could put your face on my money, put your face on my money honey

When they pass that bill darlin', you know I will flaunt it
I'mma love spendin' it on ya wit'cha grill on it
Yea, all that green, gonna be flyin' outta my wallet, babe
Literally burnin' a hole in my pocket, babe (Hey!)

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I'm feelin' rich and famous wit'cha like, hey
Look who's dancin' with me at the par-tay
I'm feelin' rich and famous witcha like hey
Look who's dancin' with me at the par-tay, hey!

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