

Hands Off My Money

YONAKA

This is my life
This is my prerogative
Don't get it twisted
You're just greasy, you're derogative
I deserve better
I have a choice
I will not suffer under any man's voice
So, lower your tone when you're talking to me
I ain't asking for much but r-e-s-p-e-c-t
Got me a bitch with a gun for a mouth
I get bruised when it all goes south
'Cause I can't get just what I want
Unless I do it all myself

Hands off my money!

My money, money
My money, money
My money, money
I said, hands off my
My money, money!

Get your filthy little claws
Off my silky little drawers
You say you want what I got
Well, go and get yours
I don't play with little boys, nah-ah
They tend to spit out their toys
And I can't get no satisfaction
When I'm paying by the hour, but your words are turning sour
They want the power
They kill my dreams
They rip the roots of my money tree

Listen, hands off my money!

My money, money
My money, money
My money, money
I said, hands off my

Oh, ring
I saw you called
If you've wondered why I've not picked up at all
It's cause I'm tired, so sick and tired
Of you fucking up my capital, not yours
I'm turning green
It's all obscene
I worked the grave shift, and you want it all for free
You want it all
You want it all
You want it all for free

My money, money
My money, money
My money, money
I said, hands off my

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I said, hands off my
My money, money!