

Chamillionaire, My Money Gets Jealous

I said I'll never cheat on my money
It's funny how hoes don't believe me
Mr. Mannhatta and Cattahatta,
But gave it to me cause I'm greedy
Don't be touchin all on my money because that makes my honey look sleazy
Getin paid is like good sex because my money comes easy.
My fat stack be the reason
Nappy head hoes try to trap me
They be like, "Don't he look exactly like my son"? He the papi
Haters be makin my dough unhappy
You should give me my propas
Makin my cash a proper
Instead of comin to pop ya

(Chorus)

Don't blame us
For visions of princess cuts on our fingers
Big houses, candy paint and big swangers, Aaaa
If it aint bout no money
Don't call my pager
My money gets jealous
Blame us,
We ballin so hard they think we truck slangas
We just entertainer don't piont ya fingers, Aaaa
Aint bout no money don't call my pager
My Money gets jealous
Chamillionaire
Listen, See I used
to sit at a bus stop and try to holla at a broad
I'll ask her for her number to call
And she'll tell a playa "Naw";
Take a bus a block and stop
I'd hop in my candy car
With Texas plates
Pop the trunk
While my neon lights say "Awwwww";
I bet you feel stupid
Got to confess the truth is
Bullit proof vest on chest
So I can't get shot by cupid
Man man, I'm the man
The ladies don't undersand
That I can marry me grand
With no weddin Band or best ma

Repeat 1st Chorus Verse

Ding dong, Who is it Here lizard lizard
Pretty red bones
in high yellows
In high heels try to get us
They treat them like some cinderallas
(My money get jealous)
Bon wouldn't let us
Ball on 20in propellas
Tellin us the police is comin to get us
(My money gets jealous)