

# Destiny's Child, Bills, Bills, Bills (Trackmasters Re

[Jazz]

I stay away from cats that rap  
That ain't got traps  
And producers that make tracks  
That ain't got no plaques  
I'm J to the A-Z-Z, chrome Z3  
You ain't balling, you ain't rolling with me  
Jazz said it  
These cats ain't cheap, they broke  
Take me to a flick  
Can't even buy me a Coke  
All them quick say you ain't gettin' nada from us  
Cause in their pockets they ain't got nada but dust  
Come on, come on

[Beyonce]

Why you sitting here under me  
Giving me grief  
Saying you love me  
You know you're lying through your teeth  
Living it up  
The good life for free  
I don't know what you want from me  
Don't you know I need somebody who can do me right  
And keep his pockets tight  
I don't know why I keep taking this mess from you

1 - [Destiny's Child]

I need a baller  
Someone not like you  
Who do me right  
You're triflin', good for nothing, type of brother  
Keep a sister working day and night

[Kelly]

I don't think you do  
So you and me are through, oh ooh

2 - [Destiny's Child]

I'm looking for a man who will pay my bills  
Pay my car note, give me what I want  
Keep a sister real tight  
And ladies if you hear me say right  
(Right, right)  
Cause I don't really wanna have to front the bills  
Buy your clothes, give you everything you want  
Cause I can't go for that, can't go for that, no, no  
I can't go for that

[Beyonce]

So you rolling around in my drop six  
Frontin', telling your boys how you copped it  
Leeching off of me all the time  
Why won't you just get a life  
You really don't get it  
I spend my money on myself  
I gotta move on and find somebody else

Repeat 1

[Kelly]

I don't (I don't)

Think you (Think you)  
You do  
So you and me are through

Repeat 2 (2x)

[Sporty Thievz]  
Hey yo this one babe  
After we done laid  
Started telling me about bills that's unpaid  
And you know me, I'm that nada cat  
Type to loan you a buck, get my dollar back  
You holla at, me  
Like you want me to trick, trick  
I trick you into letting me hit  
Said she ain't a pigeon and she hate nada  
Uh-oh, put you off with the fake Prada, uh-oh

I'm getting dough but it ain't splendid  
Offended, cause they tax for it when I make it  
Running game when I spend it  
Then chicks hit me with that "Kirk, let me get that"  
Then I hit back  
"Alright! Well first let me hit that"

Yo when I flow for her  
Blow for her, get dough for her  
Cop an O for you, and trip and what you can't go for it  
Let's get it down to the nitty-gritty  
Yo pretty-bitty  
Give me two years and I might consider you for fifty-fifty  
Shot caller

Repeat 2 till end