

# Paul Wall, My Money Gets Jealous

[Chamillionaire]

Koopa I said I never cheat on my money  
Its funny how hoes dont belive me  
watch mad-hatter and cat-hatter  
but gave it to me becouse I'm greedy  
dont be touchin all on my money  
cause that make me honey look sleazy  
gettin paid is like good sex  
becuse my money comes easy  
my fat stack be the reason  
nappy head hoes wanna trap me  
they be like "dont he look exactly like my son he the pappy"  
haters be making my doe unhappy  
you should gimme my props  
for makin my cash the propa way  
instead of comin up pop ya

[Chorus]

Dont blame us for visions of princess cuts on our fangas(fingers)  
Big house's, candy paint and big swangas eehh  
if aint about no money dont call my pager  
because My Money Gets Jealous

blame us we ballin so hard  
they think we drug slangas  
we just entertainers  
dont point your fangers yea  
I'd rather be rich than be broke and famous  
because My Money Gets Jealous

[Paul Wall]

Listen, see I use to sit at a bus stop  
and try to holla at a broad  
I'd ask he for her number to call  
she laugh and tell a player Nah  
take a bus a block and stop I  
hop in my candy car with Texas plates  
pop the trunk while the neon lights say aaawwww  
I bet you feel stupid got to confess, the truth is  
bullet-proof vest on my chest  
so I cant get shot by Cupid  
man, man, I'm the man  
but ladies cant understand  
how I can marry my grands  
with no wedding band or best man

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[Chamillionaire]

{\*door bell\*} Who is it, Here Lizard Lizard Lizard  
pretty red bones and hott yellows  
in high heels trying to gets us  
but treat like some cinderellas, naah

"My Money Get Jealous"

We got tickets is what they tell us  
the bail bond mail us letters  
and tell us the police comin to get us, so  
"My Money Get Jealous"

Uncle Sam doesn't want to let us to  
ball on 20inch propellas  
gimme my cut is what he tell us, no  
"My Money Get Jealous"

cant even trust my own fellas  
some got secret vendettas  
probably plotting about trying to get us  
"My Money Get Jealous"

you never know me and mad-hatter might  
take a flight to nevada right,  
near the ring at the tyson fight  
but I'm sitting next to evanders wife  
never trick and throw this, no  
rose pedals, no candle-light  
if you want to see a "G"  
dont ask me go ask Vanna White  
Koopas spend a grand at night  
want a show I demand a price  
thats right because I'm hott as a damn can  
of Louisiana spice  
never bite the hand that writes the checks  
or you'll go broke  
ugh could you see me grippin oak  
or do you wish for me to choke

got to stay on your paper-chase  
and get your change  
because you dont know how long you'll last in this game  
visions of twankies twisting while I'm grippin grain  
this girl in the passenger seat  
I dont know her name  
she said if I just let her hop up on my thang  
she put it on me and I never be the same  
that'd be nice but I do not think  
that thats going to do a thang  
I'm married to my change  
and that will never change, man

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eeem eehh, eeem eeh, eeemm eeeem emmmmmm  
eeem eehh, eeem eeh, eeemm eeeem emmmmmm  
eeem eehh, eeem eeh, eeemm eeeem emmmmmm  
eeem eehh, eeem eeh, eeemm eeeem emmmmmm