

Bitter Sweet, Sugar Mama

Could you open up your wallet
So I can peek inside?
Do you have a car to drive and a job that pays you right?
Cuz baby, I'm not the sugar mama kind.
Now I've had my share of actors
And writers are a chore.
Musicians never pay the rent, I've seen it all before
So baby, I'm not the sugar mama kind
Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh
Now shower me with flowers
And buy me naughty things
The amazon could be so so hot or Paris in the spring....
It's on you babe, I'm not the sugar mama kind
Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh
Now the moral to the story is
Play your cards just right
And you won't be fooled by the playboy who'll just take you on a ride
Oh baby, I'm not the sugar mama kind
Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh