

# EPMD, Gold Digger

[Verse One: Erick Sermon]

Oh what the heck, let's get married and have a son named Erick  
No big deal, no sweat  
Hmmm, I was in for a big surprise  
And when I saw the judge hammer pass my green eyes  
Brainlocked, my whole damn head was malfunctional  
Cause I forgot to co-sign a prenuptial, agreement  
Now her case is hard like cement  
I have no files on all the money she spent  
She has a car, nineteen ninety brand new Jaguar  
Fly kit, with chrome rims that's five star  
that she bought, when I was away on tour  
Hittin' my bank account, gettin more and more money  
She got paid, it wasn't funny  
Talkin to myself - oh you big big dummy  
Just my luck, that I'm stuck with a marriage  
And a baby, who lays in a gold carriage  
Now I can't leave, if I do she gets half (not the cash)  
Oh yes, the whole damn bash of money  
So I chill, and act so sweet  
Kiss her feet, can't picture bein in the street  
So I give a fake smile, and a fake laugh  
Fake everything so I can keep all my cash  
Fake talk, like I love you so much  
But wishin, she gets hit by a Mack truck  
Next time, if there's one I'll know  
That most women strictly out for the dough  
They're called gold diggers

Cause she's a gold digger [x3]

[Verse Two: Parrish Smith]

The P had a close call, quiet as kept I dated this  
"Flyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy girl"  
Yeah, and almost got vicked  
She had green eyes, thunder thighs, and a def body (so what cha sayin)  
Top it off, she drove a black Maserati  
Chrome kit, with a smile I couldn't resist  
I tapped E on the shoulder and said, "Yeah I gots to get this"  
(P cool, she could be a gold digger)  
Not with that smile and that stupid boomin figure  
til one day, she spent the crazy dough  
Ten G's on Levi's, cold went Rambo  
But then she smiled, gave me a back massage  
Gassed my head up, and said (oh P you're so large)  
Like a jerk, I went for the line like a fish  
But she was far from dream girl, and more like a death wish  
She likes to sit back, lamp, walk on plush rugs  
Whip my five-sixty sip Moet and bug (so did you flip?)  
Tried to but she cut me off  
And said, "Guess what?" (what) "I'm pregnant" (pregnant? damn)  
Yeah and the child is yours  
So to fellas, who wanna keep they cash  
Or beware of the jack hammer and the helmet that glows  
Cause she's a gold digger

Cause she's a gold digger [x3]

Verse Three: Erick Sermon, Parrish Smith

[E] That's why, men in the 90's must watch themselves  
[P] Cause ladies of the 80's got hip and went for self

With the new divorce laws, which entitles them half  
[E] That means the house goes  
[P] The car  
[E] You and half your cash  
[P] What a price to pay, but if you play you pay  
Cause women of the world they got smart today  
They flash a smile and profile  
[E] A pucker with a strut  
[P] Try to move in  
[E] Knock the boots  
[P] And got stuck, with alimony payments  
[E] Time to meet Judge Wapner  
[P] You try to flip and cut, but she smiles 'cause she gotcha  
You get a flashback to wedding, when you vowed the vow  
Said the two deadly words  
[E] I do  
[P] But look now, you lost the house  
[E] The car  
[P] Eatin TV dinners in a one bedroom apartment  
[E] Boy you picked a winner  
[P] But what goes around, comes around  
[E] That's why she wheels the Benz  
[P] And you ride Greyhound  
Oh, just your luck, they on strike  
Take off the wedding band, put out the thumb, time to hitch-hike  
And the more you walk the pain from your corns get bigger  
(Now you know)  
Not to mess with a gold digger

Cause she's a gold digger [x3]

[P] Yeah EPMD's in effect, DJ Scratch runs flex boy  
Hit Squad in effect in the house

[E] Large!!  
Yeah, she get half