Fergie, Glamorous

(feat. Ludacris)

If you ain't got no money take yo'broke ass home You say: If you ain't got no money take yo'broke ass home G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S, yeah G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S

[B-Section:]
We flying the first class
Up in the sky
Poppin' champagne
Livin' the life
In the fast lane
And I wont change
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy

[chorus:]
The glamorous,
The glamorous, glamorous (the glamorous life)
For the glamorous, oh the flossy flossy

[Verse:] Wear them gold and diamonds rings All them things don't mean a thing Chaperons and limousines Shopping for expensive things I be on the movie screens Magazines and boogie scenes I'm not clean, I'm not pristine I'm no queen, I'm no machine I still go to Taco Bell Drive through, Ross, hell I don't care, I'm still real No matter how many records I sell After the show or after the Grammies I like to go cool out with the family Sippin', reminiscing on days when I had a Mustang And now I'm in...

[B-section then chorus]

[Ludacris:]
I'm talking Champagne wishes, caviar dreams
You deserve nothing but all the finer things
Now this whole world has no clue to do with us
I've got enough money in the bank for the two of us
Brother gotta keep enough lettuce
To support your shoe fetish
Lifestyles so rich and famous
Robin Leach will get jealous
Half a million for the stones
Taking trips from here to Rome
So If you ain't got no money take yo'broke ass home
G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S, yeah G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S

[B-section + chorus x2]

[Verse:]
I got problems up to here
I've got people in my ear
Telling me these crazy things
That I don't want to know (fuck y'all)
I've got money in the bank
And I'd really like to thank
All the fans, I'd like to thank

Thank you really though
Cause I remember yesterday
When I dreamt about the days
When I'd rock on MTV, that be really dope
Damn, It's been a long road
And the industry is cold
I'm glad my daddy tell me so, he let his daughter know. [x3]