

Slaughter, Shout It Out

Wanna take her to the movies
She don't like no show
But she likes to see how far
Your credit card can go
Gonna push it to the limit
All the way to the top
Don't say that word
Cause you know she can't stop
She's goin' shoppin' on you
It's Mastercard or Visa
Or American Express
She knows all of your limits
And which stores are the best
In Beverly Hills, oh yes
She's drivin' in your sportcar
Bought her tickets to Paris, France
She's gamblin' in Las Vegas
She's got to take a change
On your cash, babe
She ain't got not bills at home
And as a matter of fact
She ain't got no house to own
She's driving in that
Big black limosine
And she acts just like
A fashion beauty queen
Say hello to Miss Universe
Thank you very much
She wants more, more, more
She wants more, more, more
She took your very last dollar
With a calculatin' grin
Hey dude, I feel sorry for you
Cuz I know where you've been
It's kind of hurts right here, doesn't it?
Ow!
She ain't got not bills at home
And as a matter of fact
She ain't got no house to own
She's driving in that
Big black limosine
And she acts just like
A fashion beauty queen
Say hello to Miss Universe fellas
She wants more, more, more
She wants more, more, more