

The Automatic, Gold Digger

She take my money when I'm in need
Yea she's a triffin' friend indeed
Oh she's a gold digga way over town
That dig's on me.

(Chorus:)

She gives me money
Now I ain't sayin' she a gold digger
When I'm Need
But she ain't messin' wit no broke niggas
She gives me money
Now I ain't sayin' she a gold digger
When I'm need
But she ain't messin' wit no broke niggas
I gotta leave
Get down girl gone head get down
I gotta leave
Get down girl gone head get down
I gotta leave
Get down girl gone head get down
I gotta leave
Get down girl gone head

(Verse 1:)

Cutie the bomb met her at a beauty salon
With a baby Louis Vuitton under her underarm
She said I can tell you rock I can tell by your charm
Far as girls you got a flock I can tell by your charm
and your arm but I'm lookin for the one have you seen her?
My psychic told me she'll have a ass like Serena
Trina, Jennifer Lopez, four kids
An I gotta take all they bad ass to show-biz
Ok, get your kids but then they got their friends
I pulled up in the Benz, they all got up in
We all went to Den and then I had to pay
If you fuckin' with this girl then you better be payed
You know why? It take too much to touch her
From what I heard she got a baby by Busta
My best friend say she use to fuck wit Usher
I dont care what none of yall say, I still love her

(Chorus)

(Verse 2:)

18 years, 18 years
She got one of yo kids got you for 18 years
I know somebody payin child support for one of his kids
His baby momma car and crib is bigger than his
You will see him on TV any given Sunday
Win the Superbowl and drive off in a Hyundai
She was s'pose to buy you shorty TYCO with your money
She went to the doctor got lypo with your money
She walkin' around lookin' like Michael with your money
Should of got that insured GEICO for your money
If you aint no punk
holla 'We Want Prenup' 'WE WANT PRENUP! Yeaah!'
It's something that you need to have
Cause when she leave your ass she gone leave with half
18 years, 18 years
And on her 18th birthday he found out it wasn't his

(Chorus)

(Verse 3:)

Now I ain't sayin you a gold digger, you got needs
You don't want a dude to smoke but he can't buy weed
You got out to eat and he can't pay, ya'll cant leave
There's dishes in the back, he gotta roll up his sleeves
But why ya'll washin' watch him
He gone make it into a Benz out of that Datsun
He got that ambition, baby, look in his eyes
This week he moppin' floors, next week it's the fries
So, stick by his side
I know his dude's ballin, but yeah thats nice
And they gone keep callin' and tryin', but you stay right girl
And when you get on, he leave your ass for a white girl

Get down girl gone head get down
Get down girl gone head get down
get down girl gone head get down
get down girl gone head.