

## Still (n Love With My Money)

Paul Wall

When I call you on the phone  
You're never at home  
You been gone for so long and I feel so alone  
Your love of money gone ruin our relationship  
But you say it isn't and that's a lie  
Girl I ain't trippin' I know that you're feelin' alone  
But I feel you should know I'm still in luv wit my dough  
And since they say time is money  
I'm wastin' my money sittin here chillin' so good bye

She love a trick to treat  
She be calling me up, Koopa let's eat  
I'm Sorry, but I gotta radio interview to do  
I gotta hook up with Milla Mack, and Greg Street  
Maybe we can retreat, to get a bite to eat  
Take a night to sneak, to a tight lil' suite  
You can invite some freaks  
But get it right I'm cheap  
You could leave, with tonight's receipt  
Makin' moves wit hatter  
Ke'Noe and Dobey, BeBe and Jabber  
When I'm not in the lab  
You know I'm trying to grab a  
Couple G's chick please, what are you getting mad for  
In the morning  
When I hook up with Killa Mike, Lil' Jon and them  
All of my calls, I'm gonna forward them  
To the answer machine, please call again I'm busy

I'm Still in Luv wit my money  
I'm still infatuated wit my cash  
Ain't no need for relaxin' and chillin  
I'm Stackin, and Killin' on a grind I mash  
But I still make time for my lil' mama  
But I ain't got no time for a little drama  
I'm tryna pull out in drop top  
Throw 22's on a lil' somethin' foreign for the summer  
You can call me but I ain't gone answer  
All this stress gone cause me cancer  
Imma call up whodi in the club on and throw a couple dollars on a Dancer  
So don't hustle me, just leave me alone, quit callin my phone  
You say you an independent woman, then stand on ya own  
Baby girl I'm gone, holla at me

Get Mad, I chase cash  
Do you contribute to fillin my stash  
Smellin your piss bitch, go buy glass  
Never deposit, but withdraw fast  
Co-Dependant trash  
Act with class but poor doin bad  
Got a senada, can't afford a jag  
I'm the best thing that you done had  
Stumbled upon a gold mine thought you  
Stuntin' with that dolce I bought you  
An additional time gon cost you  
Speakin gibberish are you  
Who gave you permission to trip

You gon trip,take a trip  
Car, plane take a ship  
Music grind stand right here  
Ten mill you might get recruited  
The world don't twirl around beauty and booty  
It twirl around cash and music  
Cheer people up and help them through shit