Saucy Santana, Material Girl

[Chorus]
(Material Girl)
I want Chanel nine boots
All these niggas steady jockin’, 'cause they know I'm the truth
(Material Girl)
And I get it from my mammy
Balmain bust downs, these hoes can’t stand me
(Material Girl)
Currently working on a Grammy
Meanwhile, pussy poppin' with ya man in Miami
(Material Girl)
Chanels and pearls, that's the trick that it take to keep the girls
[Verse 1]
Choppin' bitches down like Edward Scissor Hands (Scissor Hands)
I don't want no petty money, nigga, run them bands (Run them bands)
Private Island living chillin' with Toucan Sam
Fucking billionaire ballers, rap shit got me grand (Ah)
Motorsport do the dash, drop the top in the Lamb'
Chanel Bags, that'll make me know it (Yeah)
You need a hot girl? Boy, you gon’ have to show it
You wanna taste? Baby boy, you gon’ have to throw it
Deposit all accounts, baby, keep the cash flowin' (Ching-ching)
Bust down wrist but the bussdown keep’ em going
Hennessy on my lips, take a sip
I like my niggas laid, don't come here with no chips (Ha-ha-ha)
How much is you payin'? (Payin')
I don’t speak broke boy language (Nah)
You can leave with the crew that you came with (Came with)
Me and my bitches ain't playing (Gon' on)
Ice me out, nigga, like Elsa (Elsa)
Fly me out, private jet, no Delta (Delta)
You can send your bitch back to the shelter (Shelter)
You ain't got no money, bitch, I can't help ya

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Related Songs
La La La La
Saucy Santana
Blue Bandz
Saucy Santana
Walk Em Like a Dog
Saucy Santana
[Verse 2]
Look, but don't touch (Uh-uh)
You used to free bitches, I cost too much
I'm married to the money, baby, you can keep yo' tux
Stop askin' the same questions, "Is you fuckin' or what?" (No)
I like a super size, nigga, money deluxe
Where my money? Now you stutter, w-w-w-what?
Let me make it real clear, fuck nigga, pay up
Broke niggas leave a bad taste, ugh, yuck
Ocean Drive is where I wanna be (Facts)
Neck on freeze thanks to my girl Tiffany (Froze)

Feet on fleek, steppin' through Balenci'
You would be crazy as fuck to put her against me (Ha)
Fly me to Cali (Cali)
Swipin' all yo' credit cards, this B.A.P.S., I'm Halle
Gucci, Louis, Prada, it don't matter
Money make me cum, boy, stop with the chatter
Rich nigga, eight figures, not enough
Ten figures, private show in the back of the Bentley truck
Spend yo' money, you still can't cuff
I want materials and serials, boy, you outta luck
No stash type of bitch, you ain't keepin' your money tucked (Gimme that)
You bought Givenchy, I'm still stingy, no sir, you can't fuck
("You said you loved me") Tuh, boy, I told you what?
You a duck-ass nigga, stop cluckin' and pay up
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Chanels and pearls, that's the trick that it take to keep the girls (To keep the girls)