

# My Money Gets Jealous

## Chamillionaire & Paul Wall

I said I'll never cheat on my money  
It's funny how hoes don't believe me  
Mr. Mannhatta and Cattahatta,  
But gave it to me cause I'm greedy  
Don't be touchin all on my money  
because that makes my honey look sleazy  
Gettin paid is like good sex because my money comes easy.  
My fat stack be the reason  
Nappy head hoes try to trap me  
They be like, "Don't he look exactly like my son"? He the papi  
Haters be makin my dough unhappy  
You should give me my propas  
Makin my cash a proper  
Instead of comin to pop ya()  
Don't blame us  
For visions of princess cuts on our fingers  
Big houses, candy paint and big swangers, Aaaa  
If it aint bout no money  
Don't call my pager  
My money gets jealous  
Blame us,  
We ballin so hard they think we truck slangas  
We just entertainer don't piont ya fingers, Aaaa  
Aint bout no money don't call my pager  
My Money gets jealous  
Chamillionaire  
Listen, See I used  
to sit at a bus stop and try to holla at a broad  
I'll ask her for her number to call  
And she'll tell a playa "Naw"  
Take a bus a block and stop  
I'd hop in my candy car  
With Texas plates  
Pop the trunk  
While my neon lights say "Awww"  
I bet you feel stupid  
Got to confess the truth is  
Bullit proof vest on chest  
So I can't get shot by cupid  
Man man, I'm the man  
The ladies don't undersand  
That I can marry me grand

With no weddin Band or best ma  
Repeat 1st Ding dong, Who is it Here lizard lizard  
Pretty red bones  
in high yellows  
In high heels try to get us  
They treat them like some cinderallas  
(My money get jealous)  
Bon wouldn't let us  
Ball on 20in propellas  
Tellin us the police is comin to get us  
(My money gets jealous)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>