**A PEOPLE’S CHOIR DC: MONEY**

**May 7, 2019**

The original A People’s Choir is a monthly group sing-along created by Paige Reitz, Adele Hauser, and Decoteau Wilkerson in Portland, Oregon. Every month, a theme is chosen and choir members (i.e., whoever wants to come) suggest songs via social media. The choir simply sings along to the sound recordings - anything goes! The choir began in 2011 out of nostalgia for communal singing. Since the first choir, A People’s Choir has hosted choirs at PSU’s Open Engagement, New York’s Art in Odd Places festival, Last Thursdays on Alberta, PDX Farm Fiesta and monthly at their new venue, Crush Bar. They were also listed as one of the “Best of Portland” by the Willamette Week. Find out more about the Portland choir at: https://www.facebook.com/APeoplesChoir

The DC sing-along started in April 2014. You can keep track of events through email (send a note to the email below to get on the list), Twitter, Facebook, or just keeping an eye on the website (apcdc.weebly.com).

**APeoplesChoirDC@gmail.com | tw: @aPeoplesChoirDC | fb: PeoplesChoirDC**

* If I Had $1,000,000 – Barenaked Ladies
* Love Don’t Cost A Thing – Jennifer Lopez
* Thrift Shop – Macklemore & Ryan Lewis feat. Wanz
* Can’t Buy Me Love – The Beatles
* She Works Hard For The Money – Donna Summer
* B\*tch Better Have My Money – Rihanna
* Money Don't Matter 2 Night – Prince & The New Power Generation
* Why Don’t You Get A Job – The Offspring
* Royals – Lorde
* I Need A Dollar – Aloe Blacc
* If I Were A Rich Man – From “Fiddler On The Roof”

–10-minute intermission –

* 9 to 5 – Dolly Parton
* Bills, Bills, Bills – Destiny’s Child
* Money, Money, Money – ABBA
* Counting Stars – OneRepublic
* Mo Money Mo Problems – The Notorious B.I.G. feat. Puff Daddy and Mase
* Material Girl – Madonna
* Rich Girl – Hall and Oates
* Just Got Paid – Johnny Kemp
* Cheap Thrills – Sia
* The Gambler – Kenny Rogers

Lyrics follow, and are provided for educational purposes. Tips: [words in brackets are notes], (words in parentheses are for singing), words not in parentheses are also for singing, though this was probably intuitive.

**If I Had $1,000,000 – Barenaked Ladies**

If I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

Well, I’d buy you a house (I would buy you a house)

And if I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

I’d buy you furniture for your house

(Maybe a nice chesterfield or an ottoman)

And if I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

Well, I’d buy you a K-Car (A nice reliant automobile)

And if I had a million dollars, I’d buy your looooooooove

If I had a million dollars (I’d build a tree-fort in our yard)

If I had a million dollars(You could help it wouldn’t be that hard)

If I had a million dollars

(Maybe we could put a little tiny fridge in there somewhere)

[Spoken:]

We could just go up there and hang out, like open the fridge and stuff. And there’d all be foods laid out for us. Like, little pre-wrapped sausages and things. They have pre-wrapped sausages, but they don’t have pre-wrapped bacon. Well, can you blame them? (Yeah!)

If I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

Well, I’d buy you a fur coat (But not a real fur coat, that’s cruel)

And if I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

Well, I’d buy you an exotic pet (Yep, like a llama or an emu)

And if I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

Well, I’d buy you John Merrick’s remains

(Ooh all them crazy elephant bones)

And if I had a million dollars

I’d buy your loooooooo-ove

If I had a million dollars (We wouldn’t have to walk to the store)

If I had a million dollars

(We’d take a limousine ’cause it costs more)

If I had a million dollars (We wouldn’t have to eat Kraft dinner)

[Spoken:]

But we would eat Kraft dinner. Of course we would, we’d just eat more. And buy really expensive ketchups with it. That’s right, all the fanciest - Dijon ketchups!

If I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

Well, I’d buy you a green dress

(But not a real green dress, that’s cruel)

And if I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

Well, I’d buy you some art (A Picasso or a Garfunkel)

If I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

Well, I’d buy you a monkey

(Haven’t you always wanted a monkey?)

If I had a million dollars, I’d buy your looo-o-o-o-o-oooove

If I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

If I had a million dollars (If I had a million dollars)

If I had a million dooo-o-o-o-ooo-la-a-a-ars

I’d be rich

**Love Don’t Cost A Thing – Jennifer Lopez**

[Chorus:]

Think you gotta keep me iced, you don’t

Think I’m gonna spend your cash, I won’t

Even if you were broke, my love don’t cost a thing

Think I wanna drive your Benz, I don’t

If I wanna floss, I got my own

Even if you were broke, my love don’t cost a thing

When you rolled up in, the Escalade

Saw that dub you gave, to the valet

Knew that it was game, when you looked at me

Pulling up your sleeve so I could see the Rollie bling

Saw you later in, the corner booth

Raising up a toast, so I would notice you

But your heart’s a mess, think you oughta know

Doesn’t matter if you’re balling out of control

All that matters is that you treat me right

Give me all the things I need that money can’t bu-uy, yeah

[Chorus]

When I took a chance

Thought you’d understand (You don’t understand)

Baby, credit cards aren’t romance

So you’re trying to buy

What’s already yours

What I need from you is not available in stores

Seen a side of you (You) that I really feel (Feel)

Doing way too much (Much), never keep it real (Real)

If it doesn’t change, gotta hit the road

Now I’m leaving, where’s my keys? I’ve got to go-o-o-o-o

All that matters is that you treat me right

Give me all the things I need that money can’t bu-uy, yeah

Think you gotta keep me iced, you don’t

Think I’m gonna spend your cash, I won’t (Baby)

Even if you were broke

My love don’t cost a thing (Love don’t cost a thing)

Think I wanna drive your Benz, I don’t

If I wanna floss, I got my own

Even if you were broke, my love don’t cost a thing, ing, ing, ing

[DANCE BREAK]

Think you gotta keep me iced, you don’t

Think I’m gonna spend your cash, I won’t

Even if you were broke

My love don’t cost a thing (Love don’t cost a thing)

Think I wanna drive your Benz, I don’t

If I wanna floss, I got my o-own

Even if you were broke (Even if you were broke)

My love don’t cost a thing (My love don’t cost a thing)

Think you gotta keep me iced, you don’t

Think I’m gonna spend your cash, I won’t

Even if you were broke, my love don’t cost a thing

Think I wanna drive your Benz, I don’t (Think I wanna)

If I wanna floss, I got my own (If I want my own)

Even if you were broke

My love don’t cost a thing, thing, thing, thing

You think the money that you make (That you make)

Can substitute the time you take (The time you take)

Take the keys here to my heart

Then you can win my heart, and get what’s in my heart

(Don’t cost a thi-i-ing)

I think you need to take some time

To show me that your love is true (Oo-ooh)

There’s more than dollar signs in you

Then you can win my heart, and get what’s in my hea-eart

Think you gotta keep me iced, you don’t

Think I’m gonna spend your cash, I won’t

Even if you were broke

My love don’t cost a thing (Love don’t cost a thing)

Think I wanna drive your Benz, I don’t

If I wanna floss, I got my own (Got my o-own)

Even if you were broke (Even if you were broke)

My love don’t cost a thing (My love don’t cost a thing)

Think you gotta keep me iced, you don’t

Think I’m gonna spend your cash, I won’t

Even if you were broke, my love don’t cost a thing

Think I wanna drive your Benz, I don’t (Think I wanna)

If I wanna floss, I got my own (If I wanna, my own)

Even if you were broke, my love don’t cost a thing

Think you gotta keep me iced, you don’t (Think I wanna)

Think I’m gonna spend your cash, I won’t (If I want my own)

Even if you were broke

My love don’t cost a thing

Think I wanna drive your Benz, I don’t (Think I wanna)

If I wanna floss, I got my own (If I want my own)

Even if you were broke

My love don’t cost a thing

**Thrift Shop – Macklemore & Ryan Lewis feat. Wanz**

[x4] What what, what, what

[x4] What what, what, what (Bada, bada, bada doo da)

[x4] Bada, bada, bada doo da

[Chorus:]

I’m gonna pop some tags, only got 20 dollars in my pocket

I-I-I’m huntin’, lookin’ for a come up

This is fucking awesome

Now, walk into the club like, “What up, I got a big c\*ck!”

Nah, I’m just pumped, I bought some shit from a thrift shop

Ice on the fringe is so damn frosty

The people like, “Damn, that’s a cold ass honkey!”

Rollin’ in hella deep, headed to the mezzanine

Dressed in all pink; except my gator shoes, those are green

Draped in a leopard mink, girl standin’ next to me

Probably should’ve washed this, smells like R. Kelly sheets\*

(Pissssss...)

But shit, it was 99 cents!

Fuck it, coppin’ it, washin’ it

‘Bout to go and get some compliments

Passin’ up on those moccasins

Someone else has been walkin’ in

Bummy and grungy, fuck it, man

I am stunting and flossin’ and saving my money

And I’m hella happy; that’s a bargain, bitch!

I’ma take your grandpa’s style, I’ma take your grandpa’s style

No, for real, ask your grandpa

Can I have his hand-me-downs? (Thank you!)

Velour jumpsuit and some house slippers

Dookie brown leather jacket that I found diggin’

They had a broken keyboard, I bought a broken keyboard

I bought a skeet blanket, then I bought a knee board

Hello, hello, my ace man, my mellow

John Wayne ain’t got nothing on my fringe game, hell no

I could take some Pro Wings, make ‘em cool, sell those

The sneaker heads would be like, “Ah, he got the Velcros.”

[Chorus][x2]

What you know about rockin’ a wolf on your noggin?

What you knowin’ about wearin’ a fur fox skin?

I’m diggin’, I’m diggin’

I’m searchin’ right through that luggage

One man’s trash, that’s another man’s come up

Thank your granddad for donatin’ that plaid button-

up shirt ‘cause right now, I’m up in here stuntin’

I’m at the Goodwill, you can find me in the bins

I’m not, I’m not stuck on searchin’ in that section (Mens)

Your grammy, your auntie, your mama, your mammy

I’ll take those flannel zebra jammies

Second hand and I’ll rock that, motherfucker

The built-in onesie with the socks on the motherfucker

I hit the party and they stop in that motherfucker

They be like, “Oh, that Gucci? That’s hella tight”

I’m like, “Yo, that’s 50 dollars for a t-shirt.”

Limited edition, let’s do some simple addition

50 dollars for a t-shirt, that’s just some ignorant bitch shiiiit

I call that getting-swindled-and-pimped shiiiit

I call that getting tricked by business

That shirt’s hella dough

And having the same one as six other people in this club is a hella don’t

Peep game, come take a look through my telescope

Tryna get girls from a brand?

Man, you hella won’t!...Man, you hella won’t!

[Pretend to be a child:] Goodwill, poppin’ tags, yeah!

[Chorus]

I’ll wear your granddad’s clothes

I look incredible

I’m in this big-ass coat

From that thrift shop down the road (oooo)

I’ll wear your granddad’s clothes (damn right)

I look incredible (now come on, man)

I’m in this big-ass coat (big-ass coat)

From that thrift shop down the road (let’s go, come on!)

[Chorus]

[Child again:] Is that your grandma’s coat?

[\*R Kelly’s sheets are one of the least gross things about R Kelly]

**Can’t Buy Me Love – The Beatles**

Can’t buy me loooo-ove, looooo-ove

Can’t buy me loooo-ove

I’ll buy you a diamond ring, my friend, if it makes you feel alright

I’ll get you anything, my friend, if it makes you feel alright

‘Cause I don’t care too - much for money

Money can’t buy me love

I’ll give you all I’ve got to give, if you say you love me, too

I may not have a lot to give, but what I got I’ll give to you

I don’t care too - much for money, money can’t buy me love

Can’t buy me looo-ove, everybody tells me so

Can’t buy me loooo-ove

No-no-no, no!

Say you don’t need no diamond rings, and I’ll be satisfied

Tell me that you want the kind of things

That money just can’t buy

I don’t care too - much for money, money can’t buy me love

Ow!

[Guitar Solo]

Buy me looo-ove, everybody tells me so

Can’t buy me loooo-ove, no-no-no, nooooo!

Say you don’t need no diamond rings

And I’ll be satisfied

Tell me that you want the kind of things

That money just can’t buy

I don’t care too - much for money

Money can’t buy me love

Can’t buy me looo-ove, loooo-ove

Can’t buy me looo-oooo-ooove

**She Works Hard For The Money – Donna Summer**

[Chorus:][x2]

She works hard for the money

So hard for it, honey

She works hard for the money, so you better treat her right

Onetta there in the corner stand, and she wonders where she is

And it’s strange to her some people seem to have everythi-i-ing

Nine A.M. on the hour hand, and she’s waitin’ for the bell

And she’s lookin’real pretty, just waitin’ for her cliente-e-ele

[Chorus][x2]

Twenty-eight years have come and gone

And she’s seen a lot of tears

Of the ones who come in, they really seem to need her the-e-re

It’s a sacrifice, working day to day

For little money, just tips for pay

But it’s worth it all, to hear them say that they caaa-are

[Chorus]

Already knows, she’s seen her bad times

Already knows, these are the good times

She’ll never sell out, she never will

Not for a dollar bill! She works hard...

[Dance break]

[Now a guitar solo]

[Dance in the road]

[Different guitar solo]

[Even Onetta is dancing!]

[Fun facts from the Mental Floss website:

Summer’s biggest hit of the 1980s was inspired by (according to her) a real-life incident. When she took a bathroom break while dining at LA’s famed celebrity bistro Chasen’s she startled the ladies’ room attendant who’d fallen asleep in her chair. The woman, Onetta Johnson, apologized for being caught napping on the job and explained to Summer that she had a full-time job during the day was just plain exhausted. Summer thought to herself “she works hard for her money” and jotted down the name “Onetta” on a piece of paper when she returned to her table. The video filmed to accompany the song garnered Summer an MTV VMA nomination, the first by an African-American woman.]

[Chorus][x2]

She works hard for the money (Hard, hard, hard for the money)

So hard for it, honey (Hard, hard, hard for it honey)

She works hard for the money

So you better treat her ri-i-i-i-i-ight

She works hard for the money (Hard, hard, hard for the money)

So hard for it, honey (Hard, hard, hard for it honey)

She works hard for the money

So you better treat her right, alright

She works hard for the money

So hard for it, honey

She works hard for the money, so you better treat her right

She works hard for the money (Hard, hard, hard for the money)

So hard for it, honey (Hard, hard, hard for it honey)

She works hard for the money

So you better treat her right, alright

**B\*tch Better Have My Money – Rihanna**

Yayo, yayo

Mula-la

Yayo

Bitch better have my money

Y’all should know me well enough

Bitch better have my money

Please don’t call me on my bluff

Pay me what you owe me

Ballin’ bigger than LeBron

Bitch, give me your money

Who y’all think y’all frontin’ on?

Like bra, bra, bra

Louis XIII, and it’s all on me, n-, you just bought a shot

Kamikaze, if you think that you gon’ knock me off the to-o-op

Shit, your wife in the backseat of my brand new foreign car

Don’t act like you forgot

I call the shots, shots, shots

Like bra, bra, bra

Pay me what you owe me, don’t act like you forgot

[Chorus:]

Bitch better have my money

Bitch better have my money

Pay me what you owe me

Bitch better have my (bitch better have my)

Bitch better have my (bitch better have my)

Bitch better have my money

Turn up to Rihanna while the whole club fuckin’ wasted

Every time I drop, I am the only thing y’all playin’

In a drop top, doin’ hundred, y’all in my rearview mirror racin’

Where y’all at? (Where ya’ll at)

Where y’all at? (Where ya’ll at)

Where y’all at? (Where ya’ll at)

Like bra, bra, bra

Louis Thirteen, and it’s all on me, n-, you just bought a shot

Kamikaze, if you think that you gon’ knock me off the to-o-op

Shit, your wife in the backseat of my brand new foreign car

Don’t act like you forgot

I call the shot, shot, shots

Like bra, bra, bra

Pay me what you owe me, don’t act like you forgot

[Chorus][x2]

[Lower voice:]

Bitch better have my money

Bitch better have my money

Bitch, bitch, bitch better have my money

Yo, that bitch better have my money

Hold up

My money

Yo, my money

That bitch better have my money

Bitch better have my money

**Money Don’t Matter 2 Night – Prince & The New Power Generation**

One more card and it’s 22

Unlucky for him again

He never had respect for money it’s true

That’s why he never wins

That’s why he never ever

Has enough

To treat his lady right

He just pushes her away in a huff

And says ‘money don’t matter tonight’

[Chorus:]

Money don’t matter tonight

It sure didn’t matter yesterday

Just when you think you’ve got more than enough

That’s when it all up and flies away

That’s when you find out that you’re better off

Making sure your soul’s alright

Cause money didn’t matter yesterday

And it sure don’t matter tonight

‘Look, here’s a cool investment’

They’re telling him he just can’t lose

So he goes off

And tries to find a partner

But all he finds are users (users)

All he finds are snakes in every color

Every nationality and size

Seems like the only thing that he can do

Is just roll his eyes, and say that...

Money don’t matter tonight (don’t matter)

It sure didn’t matter yesterday

Just when you think you’ve got more than enough

That’s when it all up and flies away

That’s when you find out that you’re better off

Making sure your soul’s alright (soul’s alright)

Cause money didn’t matter yesterday, (don’t matter)

And it sure don’t matter tonight

(Ooh-wee-ooh, don’t matter)

(It don’t matter tonight, no)

(Doo doo doo doo)

Hey now, maybe we can find a good reason

To send a child off to war

So what if we’re controllin’ all the oil

Is it worth a child dyin’ for? (is it worth it?)

If long life

Is what we all live for

Then long life will come to pass (oo oo oo oo)

Anything is better than the picture of the child

In a cloud of gas

And you think you got it bad

[Chorus][x2]

**Why Don’t You Get A Job – The Offspring**

My friend’s got a girlfriend, man, he hates that bitch\*

He tells me every day

He says, “Man, I really gotta lose my chick

In the worst kind of way.”

[\*Right out the gate! This song list features the word “bitch” more than I had anticipated.]

She sits on her ass, he works his hands to the bone

To give her money every payday

But she wants more dinero just to stay at home

Well, my friend, you gotta say

[Chorus:]

“I won’t pay, I won’t pay ya, no wa-a-a-aay

Na-na, why don’t you get a job?”

Say, “No way,” say, “No way-ya, no wa-a-a-ay

Na-na, why don’t you get a job?”

I guess all his money, well, it isn’t enough

To keep her bill collectors at bay

I guess all his money, well, it isn’t enough

’Cause that girl’s got expensive taste

[Chorus]

Well, I guess it ain’t easy doin’ nothing at aaaaall

Oh, yeaaah

But hey man, free rides just don’t come along

Every day (let me tell you about my other friend now)

My friend’s got a boyfriend, man, she hates that dick

She tells me every day (woo, every day now)

He wants more dinero just to stay at home

Well, my friend, you gotta say (gotta say)

[Chorus]

“I won’t give you no money, I always pay

Na-na, why don’t you get a job?”

Say, “No way,” say, “No way-ya, no way

Na-na, why don’t you get a jooooo-oooob?”

**Royals – Lorde**

I’ve never seen a diamond in the flesh

I cut my teeth on wedding rings, in the mo-o-vies

And I’m not proud of my addre-e-ess

In a torn-up town, no postcode envy

But every song’s like

Gold teeth, Grey Goose, trippin’ in the bathroom

Bloodstains, ball gowns, trashin’ the hotel room

We don’t care; we’re drivin’ Cadillacs in our dreams

But everybody’s like

Cristal, Maybach, diamonds on your timepiece

Jet planes, islands, tigers on a gold leash

We don’t care; we aren’t caught up in your love affair

[Chorus:]

And we’ll never be royals (royals)

It don’t run in our blood

That kind of luxe just ain’t for us

We crave a different kind of buzz

Let me be your ruler (ruler)

You can call me queen bee

And baby I’ll rule (I’ll rule, I’ll rule, I’ll rule...)

Let me live that fantasy

My friends and I, we’ve cracked the code

We count our dollars on the train to the party

And everyone who knows us kno-o-oo-o-oows

That we’re fine with this

We didn’t come from mo-o-ney

But every song’s like

Gold teeth, Grey Goose, trippin’ in the bathroom

Bloodstains, ball gowns, trashin’ the hotel room

We don’t care; we’re driving Cadillacs in our dreams

But everybody’s like

Cristal, Maybach, diamonds on your timepiece

Jet planes, islands, tigers on a gold leash

We don’t care; we aren’t caught up in your love affair

[Chorus]

(Oooh ooooh ohhh) (Oh oh ohhh, ohh ohhh)

We’re bigger than we ever dreamed

And I’m in love with being queen

(Oooh ooooh ohhh)(Oh oh ohhh, ohh ohhh)

Life is great without a care

We aren’t caught up in your love affair

[Chorus]

**I Need A Dollar – Aloe Blacc**

[Chorus:]

I need a dollar, dollar, dollar that’s what I need (hey hey)

Well I need a dollar, dollar, dollar that’s what I need (hey hey)

Said I said I need dollar, dollar, dollar that’s what I need

And if I share with you my story, would you share your dollar with me?

Bad times are coming and I reap what I done so-o-owed (hey hey)

Well let me tell you somethin’, all that glitters ain’t gold (hey hey)

It’s been a long old trouble, long old troublesome road

And I’m lookin’ for somebody come and help me carry this load

[Chorus]

Well I don’t know if I’m walkin’ on solid ground

Cause everything around me is

Falling down

And all I want is for someone to help meeeee

I had a job but the boss man let me go (he said)

I’m sorry but I won’t be needing your help no more (I said)

Please mister boss man I need this job more than you know

But he gave me my last paycheck and he sent me on out the door

[Chorus]

And I need dollar, dollar, dollar that’s what I need

And if I share with you my story would you share your dollar with me?

Well I don’t know if I’m walkin’ on solid ground

Cause everything around me is

Crumbling do-o-o-o-own

And all I want is for someone

To help meeeeeee

What in the world am I gonna to do tomorrow

Is there someone with a dollar I could borrow

Who can help me take away my sorrow

Maybe it’s inside the bottle (maybe it’s inside the bottle)

I had some good old buddies

Names is Whiskey and Wine (hey hey)

And for my good old buddies

I spent my last dime (hey hey)

Now Wine is good to me, he help me pass the time

And my good old buddy Whiskey keep me warmer than sunshine (hey hey)

Your mama may have blessed the child that’s got his own (hey hey)

If God has plans for me I hope it ain’t written in stone (hey hey)

Because I’ve been workin’, workin’ myself down to the bone

And I swear on Grandpa’s grave I’ll be paid when I come home (hey hey)

[Chorus]

Well I need dollar, dollar, dollar that’s what I need

And if I share with you my story would you share your dollar with me?

C’mon share your dollar with me

Go ‘head, share your dollar with me

C’mon share your dollar, gimme your dollar

Share your dollar with me

C’mon share your dollar with me-e-e-e-e-e

**If I Were A Rich Man – From “Fiddler On The Roof”**

[Chorus:]

If I were a rich man

Ya ba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dum

All day long I’d biddy biddy bum, if I were a wealthy man

I wouldn’t have to work hard

Ya ba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dum

If I were a biddy biddy rich

Yidle-diddle-didle-didle man

I’d - build - a - big tall house with rooms by the dozen

Right in the middle of the town

A fine tin roof with real wooden floors below

There would be one long staircase just going up

And one even longer coming down

And one more leading nowhere, just for show

I’d - fill - my - yard with chicks and turkeys and geese and ducks

For the town to see and hear

Squawking just as noisily as they can

And each loud “agay” and “agoo” and “aga” and “aca!”

Would land like a trumpet on the ear

As if to say, “Here lives a wealthy man.”

[DEEP SIGH]

[Chorus]

I – see - my - wife, my Golde, looking like a rich man’s wife

With a proper double chin

Supervising meals to her heart’s delight

I see her putting on airs and strutting like a peacock

Oy, what a happy mood she’s in

Screaming at the servants, day and night

[SHOUT]

The most important men in town will come to fawn on me!

They would ask me to advise them

Like a Solomon the Wise: “If you please, Reb Tevye...”

“Pardon me, Reb Tevye...”

Posing problems that would cross a rabbi’s eyes!

Ya da-dee da da

Ya da da da

Ya da da da daaaa

And it won’t make one bit of difference

If I answer right or wrong

When you’re rich, they think you really know

If - I - were - rich, I’d have the time that I lack

To sit in the synagogue and pray

And maybe have a seat by the Eastern wall

And I’d discuss the holy books with the learn-ed men, several hours every day

That would be the sweetest thing of alllllll

[Sigh]

If I were a rich man

Ya ba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dum

All day long I’d biddy biddy bum

If I were a wealthy man

I wouldn’t have to work hard

Ya ba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dum

Lord who made the lion and the lamb

You decreed I should be what I am

Would it spoil some vast eternal plan

If - I were a wealthy maaaaaan

**9 to 5 - Dolly Parton**

Tumble outta bed and I stumble to the kitchen

Pour myself a cup of ambition

And yawn and stretch, and try to come to life

Jump in the shower, and the blood starts pumpin’

Out on the street, the traffic starts jumpin’

The folks like me on the job from 9 to 5

[Chorus:]

Workin’ 9 to 5, what a way to make a livin’

Barely - gettin’ by, it’s all takin’ and no givin’

They just - use your mind, and they never give you credit

It’s enough to drive you

Crazy if you let it

9 to 5, for service and devotion

You would - think that I would deserve a fat promotion

Want to - move ahead, but the boss won’t seem to let me

I swear sometimes that man is, out to get me

Oooo oo oo ooo ooooo

They let you dream just to watch ‘em shatter

You’re just a step on the boss-man’s ladder

But you got dreams he’ll never take away

You’re in the same boat

With a lotta your friends

Waitin’ for the day your ship’ll come in

And the tide’s gonna turn

And it’s all gonna roll your way

[Chorus]

9 to 5

Yeah, they got you where they want you

There’s a - better life

And you think about it, don’t you

It’s a - rich man’s game

No matter what they call it

And you spend your life

Puttin’ money in his wallet

[Chorus]

9 to 5, yeah

They got you where they want you

There’s a better life

And you dream about it, don’t you

**Bills, Bills, Bills – Destiny’s Child**

At first we started out real cool

Taking me places I ain’t never been

But now, you’re getting comfortable

Ain’t doing those things you did no more

You’re slowly making me pay for things

Your money should be handling

And now you ask to use my car (car)

Drive it all day and don’t fill up the tank

And you have the audacity

To even come and step to me

Ask to hold some money from me

Until you get your check next week

You triflin’, good for nothing type of brother

Silly me, why haven’t I found another?

A baller, when times get hard

I need someone to help me out

Instead of a scrub like you

Who don’t know what a man’s about

[Chorus:][x2]

Can you pay my bills?

Can you pay my telephone bills?

Do you pay my automo’ bills?

If you did then maybe we could chill

I don’t think you do

So, you and me are through

Now you’ve been maxing out my card (caaaard)

Gave me bad credit, buyin’ me gifts with my own ends

Haven’t paid the first bill

But instead you’re headin’ to the mall

Goin’ on shopping sprees perpetrating

Telling your friends that you be ba-a-llin’

And then you use my cell phone (phone)

Callin’ whoever that you think’s at home

And then, when the bill comes

All of a sudden you be acting dumb

Don’t know where none of these calls come from

When your momma’s number’s here more than once

You triflin’, good for nothing type of brother

Silly me, why haven’t I found another?

A baller, when times get hard

I need someone to help me out

Instead of a scrub like you

Who don’t know what a man’s about

[Chorus][x2]

[x4:]

You triflin’, good for nothing type of brother

Oh silly me, why haven’t I found another

[Chorus][x3]

**Money, Money, Money – ABBA**

I work all night, I work all day, to pay the bills I have to pay

Ain’t it sa-ad?

And still there never seems to be a single penny left for me

That’s too ba-ad

In my dreams, I have a pla-an

If I got me a wealthy ma-an

I wouldn’t have to work at all

I’d fool around and have a ba-all

[Chorus:]

Money, money, money, must be funny

In the rich man’s world

Money, money, money, always sunny

In the rich man’s world

A-haaaaa, a-a-a-ah

All the things I could dooo

If I had a little money, it’s a rich man’s world

It’s a rich man’s world

A man like that is hard to find, but I can’t get him off my mind

Ain’t it sa-ad?

And if he happens to be free, I bet he wouldn’t fancy me

That’s too ba-ad

So I must leave, I’ll have to go

To Las Vegas or Monaco-o-o

And win a fortune in a game

My life will never be the sa-aaame

[Chorus]

[KEY CHANGE]

[Chorus]

It’s a rich man’s world

**Counting Stars – OneRepublic**

[Chorus:]

Lately, I’ve been, I’ve been losin’ sleep

Dreamin’ about the things that we could be

But baby, I’ve been, I’ve been prayin’ hard

Said no more countin’ dollars

We’ll be countin’ stars

Yeah, we’ll be countin’

Sta-ars

I see this life, like a swinging vine, swing my heart across the line

And in my face is flashing signs, seek it out and ye’ shall find

Old, but I’m not that old

Young, but I’m not that bold

And I don’t think the world is sold

On just doing what we’re told

I-I-I-I feel somethin’ so right

Doin’ the wrong thing

I-I-I-I feel somethin’ so wrong

Doin’ the right thing

I couldn’t lie, couldn’t lie, couldn’t lie

Everything that kills me makes me feel alive

[Chorus]

Lately, I’ve been, I’ve been losing sleep

Dreaming about the things that we could be

But baby, I’ve been, I’ve been praying hard

Said no more countin’ dollars

We’ll be, we’ll be countin’ stars

I feel the love, and I feel it burn

Down this river, every turn

Hope is a four-letter word

Make that money, watch it burn

Old, but I’m not that old

Young, but I’m not that bold

And I don’t think the world is sold

On just doing what we’re told

I-I-I-I feel somethin’ so wrong

Doin’ the right thing

I couldn’t lie, couldn’t lie, couldn’t lie-ie

Everything that drowns me makes me wanna fly

[Chorus]

Lately, I’ve been, I’ve been losing sleep

Dreamin’ about the things that we could be

But baby, I’ve been, I’ve been praying hard

Said no more counting dollars

We’ll be, we’ll be counting stars

Oh oh oh oh oh

[x4:]

Take that money, watch it burn

Sink in the river the lessons I learned

Everything that kills me…

Makes me feel alive

[Chorus]

Lately, I’ve been, I’ve been losing sleep

Dreamin’ about the things that we could be

But baby, I’ve been, I’ve been praying hard

Said no more countin’ dollars

We’ll be, we’ll be countin’ stars

[x4:]

Take that money, watch it burn

Sink in the river the lessons I learned

**Mo Money Mo Problems – The Notorious B.I.G. feat. Puff Daddy and Mase**

[x2]

I’m - Comin’ - Out

I’m comin’

Now, who’s hot, who not?

Tell me who rock, who sell out in the stores?

You tell me who flopped, who copped the blue drop?

Whose jewels got rocks?

Who’s mostly Dolce down to the tube sock?

The same old pimp, Mase

You know ain’t nothing change but my limp

Can’t stop till I see my name on a blimp

Guarantee a million sales, call it level up

You don’t believe in Harlem World, n-, double up

We don’t play around, it’s a bet, lay it down

N- didn’t know me ‘91, bet they know me now

I’m the young Harlem n- with the Goldie sound

Can’t no Ph.D. n- hold me down

Coulda schooled me to the game, now I know my duty

Stay humble, stay low, blow like Hootie

True pimp n- spend no dough on the booty

And then you yell, “There go Mase!”, there go your cutie

[Chorus:][x2]

I don’t know what they want from me

It’s like the more money we come across

The more problems we see

I’m the D to the A to the D-D-Y

Know you’d rather see me die than to see me fly

I call all the shots, rip all the spots

Rock all the rocks, cop all the drops

I know you thinking now, “When all the ballin’ stops?”

N- never home, gotta call me on the yacht

Ten years from now we’ll still be on top

Yo, I thought I told you that we won’t stop

Now what you gon’ do with a crew

That got money much longer than yours

And a team much stronger than yours?

Violate me, this’ll be your day, we don’t play

Mess around, be D.O.A., be on your way

‘Cause it ain’t enough time here

Ain’t enough lime here for you to shine here

Deal with many women but treat dimes fair

And I’m bigger than the city lights down in Times Square

Yeah

Yeah yeah

[Chorus][x2]

B-I-G P-O P-P-A

No info for the DEA

Federal agents mad ‘cause I’m flagrant

Tap my cell and the phone in the basement

My team supreme, stay clean

Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that

Cat you see at all events bent

Gats in holsters, girls on shoulders

Playboy, I told ya, mere mics to me

Bruise too much, I lose too much

Step on stage, the girls boo too much

I guess it’s ‘cause you run with lame dudes too much

Me lose my touch? Never that!

If I did, ain’t no problem to get the gat

Where the true players at? Throw your Rolies in the sky

Wave ‘em side to side and keep your hands high

While I give your girl the eye, player please

Lyrically, n- see B.I.G be flossin’

Jig on the cover of Fortune, 5-double-O

Here’s my phone number, your man ain’t got to know

I got the dough, got the flow down pizat

Platinum plus like thizat

Dangerous on trizacks, leave your ass flizat

I’m comin’

[Chorus][x4]

**Material Girl – Madonna**

Some boys kiss me, some boys hug me

I think they’re okay

If they don’t give me proper credit

I just walk away

They can beg and they can plead

But they can’t see the light (that’s right)

‘Cause the boy with the cold hard cash

Is always Mister Right

[Chorus:]

‘Cause we are living in a material world, and I am a material girl

You know that we are living in a material world

And I am a material girl

Some boys romance, some boys slow dance

That’s all right with me

If they can’t raise my interest, then I have to let them be-e

Some boys try, and some boys lie

But I don’t let them play (no way)

Only boys that save their pennies make my rainy day

[Chorus][x2]

Living in a material world (-terial)

Living in a material world (ah ah)

Living in a material world (-terial)

Living in a material world

Boys may come, and boys may go

And that’s all right, you see

Experience has made me rich, and now they’re after me

‘Cause everybody’s living in a material world

And I am a material girl

You know that we are living in a material world

And I am a material girl

Living in a material world

And I am a material girl

You know that we are living in a material world

And I am a material girl

A material, a material, a material, a material world

Living in a material world (-terial)

Living in a material world

Living in a material world (material)

Living in a material world (uh uh)

Living in a material world (-terial)

Living in a material world

Living in a material world (-terial)

Living in a material world

**Rich Girl – Hall and Oates**

[The internet says they originally wrote this song about a man that one of their girlfriends had dated, but then changed the song to be about a woman.]

[Chorus:]

You’re a rich girl, and you’ve gone too far

Cause you know it don’t matter anyway

You can rely on the old man’s money

You can rely on the old man’s money

It’s a bitch, girl, but it’s gone too far

Cause you know it don’t matter anyway

Say money but it won’t get you too far

Get you too fa-a-ar

Don’t you knooooow? Don’t you kno-ow?

That it’s wro-o-o-ong\*

To take what is given you

So far goo-o-one

On your o-own

You can get along, if you try to be strong

But you’ll never be stroooong cause

[\*wrong seems like a strong word here.]

[Chorus]

High and dryyy-y-y-y, out of the ra-ain

It’s so easy-y-y-y to hurt others when you can’t feel pain

And don’t you knoooow

That a love can’t grow

‘Cause there’s too much to give, ‘cause you’d rather live

For the thrill of it aaall, o-oh

You’re a rich girl and you’ve gone too far

‘Cause you know it don’t matter anyway

You can rely on the old man’s money

You can rely on the old man’s money

It’s a bitch, girl, and it’s gone too far

‘Cause you know it don’t matter anyway

Say money but it won’t get you too far

Say money but it won’t get you too far

Say money but it won’t get you too far

Get you too far

And you say you can rely on the old man’s money

You can rely on the old man’s money

You’re a rich girl (rich girl)

You’re a rich girl

Ohh, you’re a rich bitch girl, yeah

**Just Got Paid – Johnny Kemp**

[If you’re panicking because this is not the NSYNC

version, don’t worry: this is the original, which is

almost exactly the same.]

Yeah

[?]

Ow

Yeah

Ooh ooh yeah

Feels good, feels good

Ooh oh

Just got paid, it’s Friday night

Party huntin’, feelin’ right

Body shakin’, all around

Know one thing: I’m gettin’ down

Check the mirror, I’m lookin’ fly

Round up the posse, jump in my ride

Radio rockin’, a monster jam

Feel the rhythm, pump up the sound

I’m feelin’ so good

Don’t you know I’m just groovin’ to the beat?

I’m groovin’, groovi-i-in’

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Just got paid (just got paid)

It’s Friday night (Friday)

Party hunting (party huntin’)

The bass is right (feelin’ alright)

Booty shaking (oh-ooh)

All around (all around, baby)

Poured my drink, now I’m gettin’ down

On the flo-or, rockin’ to the beat

Oo-wee, you sure look sweet

Fine young lady, standin’ by

Come on, baby, sweet eye delight

I love the way that you move

You look so sweet when you’re movin’ to the beat

I-I’m tired of all these boring parties

Why don’t we get on down?

Come on, let’s get on down now

Just got paid (just got paid)

It’s Friday night (got money in my pocket)

Party hunting (ha hey)

The bass is right (bass is right)

Booty shaking (booty shakin’)

All around (love the way you move, girl)

Poured my drink, now I’m gettin’ down

Getting’ down, uh

Say ho (ha ha ha, you say it)

Say ho-ho (ho-ho)

Say ho

Ha ha, hoooooo-ow

On the floor (on the floor)

Rockin’ to the beat (Rocking, baby)

Oh-wee, you sure look sweet

Fine young lady (fine young lady)

Standing by (Come here)

Come on, baby

Look me in my eye

Just got paid (just got paid)

It’s Friday night

Party hunting

The bass is right (money in my pocket)

Booty shaking

All around (show you a good time)

Poured my drink, now I’m gettin’ down

Gettin’ do-o-own, yeah

Gettin’ down

Say ho (ho-ho)

Say ho-ho (ho-ho-ho)

Say ho

Oooh-ow

Teddyyyy, you play it

[Dance break]

Shake it up, shake it up

I just got paid

I’m feelin’, I’m feelin’ right

Just got paid (just got paid)

It’s Friday night (Fridaaaa-ay)

Party huntin’ (party huntin’)

The bass is right (tell me where the party is)

Booty shaking (tell me where the party is, baby ow)

All around

Poured one drink (come on)

Now I’m gettin’ down (gettin’ down)

Just got paid (just got paid)

It’s Friday night (it’s Friday)

Party hunting (how’m I supposed to get down, baby)

The bass is right (havin’ a good time, baby)

Booty shaking (havin’ a good time, baby)

All around (yeaaa-ya)

Poured one drink, now I’m gettin’ down

Just got paid (gettin’ down, gettin’ down)

It’s Friday night (gettin’ down, gettin’ down)

Party huntin’ (yeaaah-ay ayyy)

The bass is right

Booty shaking (whoa-oah)

All around (yeah yeah yeah yeah yeaaa-ya)

Poured one drink, now I’m gettin’ down (gettin’ do-own)

Oh, I’m gettin’ down, dowwwwwn

I’m gettin’ down, down

**Cheap Thrills – Sia**

Come on, come on, turn the radio on

It’s Friday night and I won’t be long

Gotta do my hair, put my make up on

It’s Friday night and I won’t be long

‘Til I, hit the dance floor, hit the dance floor

I got all I need

No, I ain’t got cash, I ain’t got cash

But I got you baby

[Chorus:]

Baby, I don’t need dollar bills to have fun tonight

(I love cheap thrills)

Baby, I don’t need dollar bills to have fun tonight

(I love cheap thrills)

But I don’t need no mo-o-ney, as long as I can feel the beat

I don’t need no mo-o-ney, as long as I keep da-a-ncing

Come on, come on, turn the radio on

It’s Saturday and I won’t be long

Gotta paint my nails, put my high heels on

It’s Saturday and I won’t be long

‘Til I hit the dance floor, hit the dance floor

I got all I need

No, I ain’t got cash, I ain’t got cash

But I got you baby

[Chorus]

(I love cheap thrills)

(I love cheap thrills)

I don’t need no money, as long as I can feel the beat

I don’t need no money, as long as I keep dancing

Oh, oh

[Chorus]

[x4] Laaa, la, la, laaaa, laaa, laaaaa, la (I love cheap thrills)

**The Gambler – Kenny Rogers**

On a warm summer’s eve

On a train bound for nowhere

I met up with the gambler

We were both too tired to sleep

So we took turns a-starin’

Out the window at the darkness

‘Til boredom overtook us

And he began to speak

He said, “Son, I’ve made a life

Out of readin’ people’s faces

And knowin’ what the cards were

By the way they held their eyes

So if you don’t mind my sayin’

I can see you’re out of aces

For a taste of your whiskey

I’ll give you some advice”

So I handed him my bottle

And he drank down my last swallow

Then he bummed a cigarette

And asked me for a light

And the night got deathly quiet

And his faced lost all expression

He said, “If you’re gonna play the game, boy

You gotta learn to play it right”

[Chorus:]

You’ve got to know when to hold ‘em

Know when to fold ‘em

Know when to walk away

Know when to run

You never count your money

When you’re sittin’ at the table

There’ll be time enough for countin’

When the dealin’s done

[Key change! Are you prepared? Did you even notice?]

Every gambler knows

That the secret to survivin’

Is knowin’ what to throw away

And knowin’ what to keep

‘Cause every hand’s a winner

And every hand’s a loser

And the best that you can hope for

Is to die in your sleep”

And when he finished speakin’

He turned back toward the window

Crushed out his cigarette

And faded off to sleep

And somewhere in the darkness

The gambler he broke even

But in his final words

I found an ace that I could keep

[Chorus][x3]