

A PEOPLE'S CHOIR DC

MONEY

May 7, 2019



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 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 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]

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, or Facebook.

APeoplesChoirDC@gmail.com
@aPeoplesChoirDC
[facebook.com/APeoplesChoirDC](https://www.facebook.com/APeoplesChoirDC)

Song List

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 (provided for educational purposes, of course).

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 looooooove
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 looooooove
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-ooooove
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

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

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-oo-h)
There's more than dollar signs in you
Then you can win my heart, and get what's in my hea-ear-t

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*
(Pisssssss...)
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 shiiiiit
I call that getting-swindled-and-pimped shiiiiit
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

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 pizatz
Platinum plus like thizatz
Dangerous on trizacks, leave your ass flizatz

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

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, looooo-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-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?

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 knooooow
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)

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-ay
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, yeaaaah
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-ooooob?"

Royals – Lorde

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' (yeaaaah-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, downwwwwn
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]

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-ooows
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 oooh ohhh) (Oh oh ohhh, ohh ohhh)
We're bigger than we ever dreamed
And I'm in love with being queen
(Oooh oooh 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