

# Money

CB Milton

This money I made up when I was ten  
Now I'm singing it once more again  
It's something pure and innocent  
I wanna go back in time  
When all that mattered was  
The music I made

And if you want to survive  
In this jungle that we're in  
You better tell the truth  
At least to yourself  
Whatever it is that you do  
It will come right back to you  
So don't you dare to put your  
Conscience on the shelf

Now it's all about money  
All about cash and getting paid

I don't wanna go on this way  
Now it's all about money  
All about sex, and getting laid  
It doesn't matter what you say

There's so many people out there  
Thinkin' only of cash  
Makin' music they really despise  
And I can never say  
I haven't done it myself  
But it's time to get away  
From those lies

And if you want to survive  
In this jungle that we're in  
Whatever it is that you do  
It will come right back to you