

Things Money Can Buy

Angel Haze

Don't fuck with me
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It's like an art exhibit with the thoughts presented article my been documented
Stuck on they tongues now I'm in the mouth of critics
Niggers sell their souls to stay afloat I'm trying to cop them clearance
Cause I need more life they trying to take it from me
Saying that I'm going nowhere fast like in place running
It's kinda hard to be talking about dreams
If they're my reality like I'm walking around sleep

I'm just hallucinating
My life is too adjacent
Good things come to those who wait
And I'm too impatient
No, I'm too courageous
Finger fucking penetrating
X-ing out my failures with the process of elimination
That's one by one until there is nothing left
But more success followed by more success
Creating outlines like two year old traces
To these other bitches I'm a human eraser

I'm here now
Baby your time's up
But to gain the world
Would I give my mind up
Or would I lose my soul
Shine instead of glow
Could I lose my fucking way
Trying to make it along
Things money can buy
Not my sense of self worth or none of my pride
You never make it until you fail and you take it in stride
I'm just about to live until death takes me alive

Listen with your minds
The ears of your thoughts
Feel it in your souls
Give me the tears of your heart

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Paintbrush to my thoughts
Stroking the canvas with my genius
Waiting to break through like a full grown fetus
Laughing at these bitches while I'm reviewing their grievances
Got a sack full of dicks that I've been brewing to feed em
I've got lovers whose feelings I pretend to be conscious of
And I am until I remember lonely hearts need lots of love
I give it to them real whatever the case be

Now I don't tie them down because they could never escape free
How I'm feeling it's kinda hard to describe
It's like standing in a field and being part of the signs
Like love them with your body, your heart, your soul and your mind
And when the feelings subside, watching part of you die

Damn I guess feeling alive
I did it on my own
So I guess the feeling is mine
Still no real friends
Still don't trust shit
A long list of fuck shit that I don't fuck with
My best friend betrayed me
Believe me I overtripped
Until I learned to build a fucking bridge and get over it
Now I believe the power of my own mind, of my moonlight, of my soulshine

Things money can buy
Not any of the shit that I value inside
You never make it until you make it and you fail and you take it in stride
So I'm just about to live until death takes me alive

See life is a mystery
Same thing with history, same thing with misery... it all ends eventually
We all live in symmetry, yet still react to the same things differently
People are people, we live for our own
Live how you think, not by what you've been told
Break out the mold, embrace a new form
Create a new life, then make it through scorned...
There are hearts on the inside with strengths unparalleled
There is life and it's cyclic, and it comes like a carousel...
You've just got to enjoy the ride...
You've just got to enjoy the ride...

There are too many things that money can buy
There are too many dreams that money can sell
But, not enough real... just not enough real