

# 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