

I love everything about money
You can be a millionaire and never pay taxes
Rust, I got to bust to my destination
I woke up late time from other transportations
Trains and busses - public adorations so better turn
But where I'm going to is a place where it really burns
And burns my brain, my job, my occupation
Another motherfucking source of frustration
4, 25\$ an hour, leaves my mouth sour
Minimum wages like I'm caged in the prison tower
Tell you to take out another person flips
They can't cope so they create their own economics
With an Uzi some ammunition and a flat jacket
Stick up kids, wanna be fat like Buddy Hacket
And get props, ranks, thanks, power position
A piece of paper with a picture of a dead politician
So many times I've seen people play stupid for money
And at the funeral it isn't funny
But nevertheless the world turns, it doesn't burn
Cause money make the world go round is what I always heard
That's when I got that sadly look on my face
No matter how fast I run, I always wind up in last place
So I just like to would pick myself up an automatic
So I can end my fate check without a denim static
Got nothing to lose except my head
Yo I'm in it to win it and imma spray the town blood red
Autroprenorial skills coming all fly
And economically it doesn't matter if somebody die
It's all about getting the dollars and jewel specs
So give it up before I put your life in fast checks
Yeah I got money coming out my ass
Yeah I got money coming out my ass