

We Hate Money

Spouse

We hate money
Broke people stand up, if you lack cash put a hand up
We hate money
And all the people getting paid, throw all your money on stage
We hate money
Dollars, cash, cheese, unless you're gonna give some to me
We hate money
And everyone who has it, we would do things that you couldn't imagine

If I ever had money, I would do some crazy shit
I'd probably hire Lady Gaga to babysit
So give me money, and I'll be like "Fuck it"
I'll drop a hundred grand to make a vegan man eat turducken
You know I wouldn't hold off, I would spend my figures
Get a nose job, make it even bigger
Set my Nissan on fire on the lawn
Then I buy my own plane, step on and yell "Bomb!"
And as my ego and my pockets swell
I'd fly to the next town to go to Taco Bell
Then I'd pay all the haters to become believers
I'd pay Kanye West to punch Justin Bieber
And then I'd buy a bunch of heroin and get really arrogant
And pay all the foreigners to become Americans
The possibilities are endless
I would even go to the dentist, but

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We got trash on the porch, we never owned a Porsche
We only wear our neckties to weddings and to court
Our pay gets docked like it's coming into port
So we keep cigars split up like they're getting a divorce
Employees all annoyed, checks all void
Eminem's the only one still employed in Detroit
Bobzins and jobs from Nevada to Dakotas
And we're not Japanese but we're broke as Toyotas
Broseph, I know you know this fired and demoted
They're drinking tapwater 'cuz they can't afford sodas
Struggling, covering shifts just to buy Christmas gifts
Before Tiger had mistresses
We're at Wal-Mart, we hate Wall Street
As far as being in debt, we're balls deep
Collectors call me, fucking all week
But I send that shit straight to voicemail

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They told us "Go to college, expand our domes"
Now we're jobless, with sixty thousand dollars in loans
And the bank account's minus, surviving debt
While the CEOs fly by in private jets
So let me see your lighters, the funds couldn't be tighter
And you call orderes appetizers
If your whole predicament's vile, but you're still trying to smile
With the bills piled for miles
Problems, we've got ninety-eight plus one, no trust funds
If the cops come we must run
I do it for my belt buckle, black lung,
White knuckle, blue collar
Cold-hearted slaves to the dollar saying

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We hate money
Broke people stand up, if you lack cash keep your hands up
We hate money
And all the people getting paid, you can all go away
We hate money
(and) dollars (and) cash (and) cheese (and) unless you're gonna give some to
me
We hate money
And everyone who has it, we would do things that you couldn't imagine