

## money machine

100 geecs

Hey, you lil' piss baby  
You think you're so fucking cool? Huh?  
You think you're so fucking tough?  
You talk a lotta big game for someone with such a small truck  
Aw, look at those arms  
Your arms look so fucking cute  
They look like lil' cigarettes  
I bet I could smoke you  
I could roast you  
And then you'd love it and you'd text me "I love you"  
And then I'd fucking ghost you

With the big boys coming with the big stuff  
I feel so clean like a money machine, oh yeah  
Big boys coming with the big trucks  
Feel so clean like a money machine, oh yeah  
Big boys coming with the big trucks  
Feel so clean like a money machine, oh yeah  
Big boys coming with the picture  
Feel so clean like a money machine, oh yeah (oh yeah)

Feel so clean like a money machine  
Feel so clean like a money machine  
Feel so clean like a money machine  
Feel so clean like a money machine

Tell me what's the deal, I've been tryin' to go to bed  
I've been up for days, I've been tryna get ahead  
Said it all before, and I'll say it once again  
I'm better off alone  
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