

# Money

Andi

Got a jet black soul with a jet black card  
Say you love the planet 'cause you drive a Tesla  
Oh you, don't have a clue  
Your friends talk trash the second you turn your back  
Word on the street is that you bought a fake bag  
Boohoo, I feel so bad for you

Wrong, it feels so fucking wrong  
Caring about materials  
I've fallen victim now, I'm ill

You're so mean until you see all the green  
Daddy's little girl until he takes away your money  
You're so fake just like that belt on your waist  
The least that you could do is have a little bit of taste  
What a shame that money goes to waste  
Money, money, money...

Wanna be a star, find someone to pay  
Two write your songs and give you your name  
So cruel, what money can do

Wrong, but it's not your fault  
That you were born into this world  
Ran by a little rectangular papers

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The irony the people sleeping on the streets of Beverly  
In Hollywood, the slimy eat and keep secrets in their bellies  
Drive around your new Audi so the less fortunate can see  
Everybody wants a piece of me but they can keep their money

Daddy's little girl until he takes away your money  
You're so fake just like that belt on your waist  
The least that you could do is have a little bit of taste  
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