

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, 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

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, money...

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
What a shame that money goes to waste
Money, money, money, money...