

Greed.

Clever

What the hell is this?

Mark my words 'til I die
I stack it up to the sky
You hate me, I know why
'Cause every time I go by
Smells like greed, looks like gold
Just know I make the earth roll
I make this, I spend that
I don't know where my friends are

I can make a lot of money
And I can make a lot of enemies
I can go back being broke, yeah
And I could have my friends
So tell 'em I don't need no fucking closure
I just wanna spend it 'til it's gone
And make enough to fuck 'em all over
If I ever live this life alone

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I would say money over sex
I could fuck up mothafuckin' checks, yeah
If I have to buy my respect, I'ma die with my respect
Put some money to your neck, yeah
And tell that bitch, "Do not come any closer"
I just wanna spend it 'til it gone
And have enough to fuck 'em all over
If I ever live this life alone

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I make this, I spend that
I don't know where my friends are, ah
I don't know where my friends are

I, I, I, I, yeah
Mmm
Yeah
I don't know
I don't know, I don't know
CL, CL