

Get Money!

EAST

Oh, oh oh, oh oh
Oh, oh oh, oh oh
Oh, oh oh, oh oh
Oh, oh oh, oh oh

If I end up on the streets, oh, at least I'm making beats
If I got no home, got a microphone and got pedals at my feet
I don't care what people say, they can't tell me how to play
If I'm off the rails, I am making trails and I'm doing shit my way

I don't wanna live by simple floor plan
I just wanna get high, as high as I can
All the best shit in life has gotta be free
They can't put a price on you and me

We're not made for money
We're not made for that
We're not made for money
They can take it back

Oh, oh oh, oh oh
Oh, oh oh, oh oh

If my hands are getting cold, I will have a hand to hold
If I got the love, I have got enough and I never will need gold
I don't care what I've been taught, all their lessons won't be bought
If I'm off the rails, I am making trails and I'm doing what I want, hey

Yeah, I'm doing what I want

I don't wanna live by simple floor plan
I just wanna get high, as high as I can
All the best shit in life has gotta be free
They can't put a price on you and me

We're not made for money
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You look while I walk like a fam on a porch
You want people to look so you sit in a Porsche and
You think you're the shit when you're put on the list
To some overpriced club that I don't give a fuck about
You talk a lot when you don't know enough about it
Put up a front but you know I don't fuck about it
And now you play it real sweet, chocolate factory
Throw it back a few weeks, had your back to me

Oh, oh oh, oh oh
(And now you play it real sweet, chocolate factory)
Oh, oh oh, oh oh
Oh, oh oh, oh oh

Oh, oh oh, oh oh