

(Friday flips)

Goddamn, Goddamn, Goddamn, Goddamn

(Goddamn this song)

Oh man, oh man, oh man, oh man

(Let's give it a shot)

I got bills

I got bills, bills, bills

Work, work

Bills, bills

Goddamn, Goddamn

Work, work

Bills

Oh man. oh man

I got

Yeah, yeah

Money in the trunk

Pockets so deep I ain't dug in them for months

Nah, Wednesday's still a hump

Hungry as fuck, tummy like a krump

Yeah I been eating rappers for lunch

Still eating rappers for lunch

But these lightweights don't seem to get my calories up

And I don't share drinks

Yeah boom, no punch

I got bills I gotta pay

So I'm gon' work work work everyday

(everyday everyday)

I got mouths I gotta feed

So I'm gon' make sure everybody eats

I got bills

Look man, I can school bookworms

Every rapper I welcomed to burns

Drop punted, jumped into this foot-first

Truth hurts, I'm as Melbourne as hook turns

Can't care less what the government says

Demented, push back every time Telstra presses

Had a paid plan, guess I messed it up

Charlie, no XCX

It's been three months of phone calls, SMS's

Mailbox full, can't they get the message

Yeah no matter how fuckin' read the text is

I'm still not shook on collection letters

Like dear Mr. Police, thanks for the fine

Top of the garbage, back of the mind

Take me to court, happily oblige

See you in six months, actually psych

That was my way through a lot

Now they pull me over, I'm payin' on the spot

I give a fuck what the neighbourhood wants

Want this bass down? Take it up with the cops

What's the point if we can't get a life

Since when did sick cunts get marginalised?

Man is magic, hit targets in life

Just a part of the price and I got

Bills I gotta pay
So I'm gon' work work work everyday
(everyday everyday)
I got mouths I gotta feed
So I'm gon' make sure everybody eats
I got bills

Yo, special shoutout to Nic Martin for making this beat something crazy
And all you rappers talking like you don't got bills

You ain't here to talk shop, get the hell out
Everyone so quick to say sellout
With the back catalogues full of sweet shit
And a whole lotta pimpin' themselves in the mailout
Still, the talkin' harder than club bounces
Dummies throw steel bras through the glass houses
Till they tire their Mums out, let your guard down
Then we barge round and go Rick James all over your white couch
Kill shit, and then we spa from the past vouchers
And I'm hardly for narcissists
The same way these arseholes are hardly for artists
Stay out, and we denied, stay out tomatoes
It's as if a decade ain't passed us
It's as if my rhymes aren't so fat
That you don't hear the net weight then gasp
Mate you asked
Gone off-topic, half-cocked it
You scissor bitch, I rock it
This isn't for giggles and shits
It's honest work, boy gotta pocket

Cause I got bills
I got bills, bills, bills
Work, work
Bills, bills
Goddamn, Goddamn
Work, work
Bills
Oh man, oh man
Look I got bills
Mama got bills
(Everybody got fuckin' bills)
Your Daddy got bills
Your sister got bills
(I'm just bein' honest about it)
Your aunty got bills
Mama got bills
(Friday flips)
Everybody got bills
(Lunchbox, LunchMoney Lewis, whatever the cunt's fuckin' name is)
Everybody got bills
Everybody got bills
(Shit why do I keep calling him Lunchbox?)