Sold my soul by the minute
Hardly keeping track of where my time went
How come all of my paychecks
Never seem to get me through the weekend?
Yeah, I think I'm made for the easy life
I tried to buy into it, but my credit declined
I want this dream that they advertise

So start stacking it up
I just wanna make easy money
Easy money, my love
A couple commas, that would sure be fun
Yeah, start raking it in
I just wanna make easy money
Easy money, my friend
Come fill my bank account with happiness alright

I'd be down with a short cut
Somebody has got to win the lottery
I'd buy all the hot stocks
Nobody would ever see it coming
Then I would lay in my bed all day
And only answer calls about the mulah I made
Oh, I'd put a bid on the Milky Way

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So how come I got too much month
At the end of my money? (At the end of my money)
The best things in my life come tough
Why shouldn't they come easy? (Why shouldn't they come easy?)
Shouldn't they come easy, easy money

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