

Fake Denim

Quinn XCII

All this doesn't make sense
Wasting money I spend
All you wanted was rent
A hundred dollars worth of fake Denim
Got no trust fund here
Million plays, no millionaire
But when you're drunk and in despair
You come find me to take out the venom

So call it what you want but be as it may
I tell ya', you're gold diggin'
I don't have a lot
So how could you take the little that I've given?

Empty my pockets
No change in my wallet
Yeah, it's time to call it
Won't waste another dollar on you
Learning my lesson
Your money obsession
That's not my profession
Won't waste another dollar on you
Won't waste another dollar on you

Oh, my head won't wrap around
How you drove me in the ground
Just my hollow bank account
And all your DVD's and Matt Damon's
All I'm left with now
Still, you call me somehow
Say you wanna come around
But now I'd rather chill with Matt Damon

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Won't waste another dollar on you
(Won't waste another dollar on you)

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