

CANDYMAN

Sub Urban

I make more, momma told you
To hate the rich man when you're poor
I make more, 'cause one day finally
I realized there's no encore

I don't know if anybody
Is whole, that moment's gone
There's no paradise, just whimsical
Woes and charlatans

Chase that bag then dig your hole
Realize there's no miracles
Just luck and sex and made up goals
I make more but I'm a poor soul

You don't know what you know or
What you don't, guess that's the charm
Curiosity makes all the more dough
Just throw the dart (oh)

Chase that bag then dig your hole
Realize there's no miracles
Just luck and sex and made up goals
I make more but I'm a poor soul

Ooh, yeah, let's eat the rich
Let's eat the rich
Ooh, yeah, let's eat the rich
I heard they taste like chocolate
Ooh, let's eat the rich
Let's eat the rich
Ooh, yeah, let's eat the rich
I heard they taste like chocolate

Chase that bag then dig your hole
Realize there's no miracles
Just luck and sex and made up goals
I make more but I'm a poor soul

It is with the greatest pleasure
That the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their dearly
beloved son—Zapatero, ¿Qué opina usted del gobierno de Zapatero
?