

# 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  
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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  
?