

Easy Money

Wrekonize

Lemme get my grind on I been moving like a cyclone
Through the years Keeping rhyme strong
All to eat and keep the mother fucking lights on
What your problem is shit we got jobs will saying that they just high profile
Speaking to eat and keeping the street under your feet whenever kids are trying
To beef cause they got no style
I see you touring the show making the thickest of women get low
Must be the shit so mother fucking legit to get a grip from the hip exit get the
Dough
Shit I got boo coo fees to relieve I ain't free still gotta pay taxes
Still
Gotta meet Uncle Sam's demand
And God damn still hide a couple stacks under the mattress
What you think this is you really think I got balls in the lotto
You think I got a money tree full of leaves and I bleed out green got a cellar full of bottles
This is life ain't it money come money go cause it quite tainted all nuttin but a
Thing cause it ain't really

No such thing as easy money
I don't care what they say
No such thing as easy money
I don't care what they say
No such thing as easy money
Still I spend it away
Let em hate
Easy money
I don't care what they say
There's no such thing as easy

Money will come and go quicker than the air that's gets up into your lungs
Breathing heavier than normal and it's steady for months
My lady just wanna
See me more than a second for once
It's a fucked up game full of pain huh we all working through the process
My conditioning's conditioned cause I'm steady on a mission for the better life
And getting all these
Objects obsessed
What a life we all paying a price to be bathed in the light I been wanting to
Know if you feeling alien tonight cause I never really seem to feel that safe in
The sights
Wall Street fucks with they suit and the tie
Getting bread but to get it they be losing they pride
Always kept cool even when they ruin my tide
I've always envied those who just came out to shoot at the sky
I been hustling since I was old enough to get a buck and live up to the meaning of a dollar
Got a job pushing shopping carts and taking bullshit from a jacked up douche in a collar
Huh I was 15 acting like the money would be better for the status of my

Karma

But nothing's easy and I keep telling my momma

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See everybody wanna be the man

With the master plan that's on the top

They want the cars

Want the clothes

Want the broads

And the bottles to pop

But when ya sittin out on the throne

Laid back chillin being the king

With the watch and the chain

And the pinky ring

You better watch your back for all the hate it bring

See everybody goon love yo ass when you broke as a joke

And you not a threat

But soon as you get that bread and you start turning heads

Watch how jealous they get

When your status is elevated

You kind of made it and you get some change

If they don't get what they think they suppose to get

Then motherfuckers start acting strange

Pointing fingers talking down

Acting funny when you come around

Next thing you know you the talk of the town

Use to have a smile now you got a frown

You ain't know that's the price of fame

And that's what it cost to be in this game

You better be built for it or stay in your lane men

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