

Private Line, White-Collar Crime

He who dies with the most toys, wins
Who despises the poverty, can live forever
Goodbye, the poor and feeble-minded
Defy the sense of right or wrong together

I want the whole world money to spend
I'm independent, you are what you eat, my friend
Give 'em all you've got or throw it away
Let's jump off the roofs, today is the day

Lips are movin' without a sound
Money makes the world go 'round
Handshake, but not for a shitty dime
Prime time for white-collar crime, yeah

He who thinks mind over matter, stinks
If you can't buy her love, you should pay her drinks

I want the whole world money to spend
I'm independent, you are what you eat, my friend
Give 'em all you've got or throw it away
Let's jump off the roofs, today's the day

Lips are movin' without a sound
Money makes the world go 'round
Handshake, but not for a shitty dime
I'd rather commit a crime

Lips are movin' without a sound
Money makes the world go 'round
Handshake, but not for a shitty dime
Prime time for white-collar crime, yeah

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