

Subb, Money

Speakin' about your millions
You don't give a shit of what you're talking about
And by the time you're finished sayin' your stupid shit,
You'll make people sick of hearing too much of it.
You'll think about the good times
The days you were at back of that damn fuckin' line
Some really hate the feeling
But you like to make them suffer when you're running things
I've got no money
So what's the fuckin' deal?
Completely jaded
It's my turn
I've got no money
So what's the fuckin' deal?
Completely jaded...
You'd sit 'em down...and walk all over them
The reason's come to you way too much naturally
Someday we'll be forgotten
But I don't think someday, we'll be forgiving you
A profit never will be
Cuz you're too focused on what you can never see
A fighter never looks good
The battle horse has burned there ain't nothing left...
I've got no money...I'm... BROKE!