

# Ren, Money Game Part 3

Let me tell you a story about a boy named Jimmy  
1 years old and his first words were mine mine gimmie  
2 years old he was walking 3 years old walking quickly  
4 years old he was running round the pavements of the city  
5 years old and his daddy told him listen here son  
You Gota learn to be a man a man he works for what he wants  
6 years old and he's reading, writing top of the bunch  
And when he's 7 his progression made him student number 1  
8 years old and he's praised for unusual grades  
9 his parents pay for private school to nurture the flame  
10 11 12 13 he ascends and ascends  
His daddy tells him son  
Money is the means to all ends 14 solving complex mathematic equations  
15 I. Q one hundred and fifty still elevating  
16 he develops complex software code  
That detects weaknesses in cyber security protocols  
17 and he sells vision keeping a share  
Not yet an adult but he's practically a millionaire  
18 and his daddy tells him now your a man  
This world don't give a damn about you so take all that you can  
19 he turns a profit stocks and shares invest in product 20 double down deposits  
21 his income rockets 22 he learns that truth is just an obstacle to wealth  
If you manipulate the data then a lie will sell itself  
23 a life of luxury crystal and cocaine  
24 he made the Forbes list they're applauding his name  
25 and his daddy tells him listen here son  
While ur sitting in ur Palace it that don't mean that you won  
26 a business shift he switches business to arms  
27 dealing nuclear and shells in Iran  
28 inside the sennet money bought him a seat  
29 a role of council in the president sweet  
Now he's 30 and his daddy says your loosing the race  
Your just a servant to the king not even in second place  
31 A big manoeuvre for his daddy's approval  
Moving imports over borders from the exports out of Cuba  
32 moving grams growing kilos to tonnes  
33 filling warehouses with powder and guns  
34 Turf war with nobody to stop it  
Blind eye from the Po-Po inside of his pocket  
35, and he gets a call, I'm sorry son  
But its your father, had a heart attack I'm sorry he's gone  
36, getting pissed and abusing his product  
37, eyes glazed, disposition demonic  
38, with a prostitute a moment of passion  
Heating up a silver spoon and then chasing the dragon  
39, Getting reckless and hungry for power  
Daddy's words still driving him to kill and devour  
Makes a move against the cartel but the strategies flawed  
They retaliate and leave him in a hospital ward  
A bullet buried in the vertebra and one in the leg  
The doctor sighs and says I don't think you'll be walking again

Let me tell you a story about a boy named jimmy  
He was 40 and he cursed the words mine mine gimme  
41 he wasn't walking 42, not walking quickly  
43 never running round the pavement of his city  
44 inside his palace with a mountain of gold  
But the riches turn to rubble when perspective evolves  
Weighing heavy on his conscience is the value of gold  
A Lamborghini for a life, trading money for souls  
But jimmy followed the code inside the land of the free  
Put your hand inside the cookie jar take more than you need  
And his is example is exaggerated versions of me  
And its a version of him and its a version of she

And its a version you there's no escaping the blame  
The way we live is parasitic fuck the money and fame  
Cut the music

This ain't entertainment, this is real life  
The way we live is lunacy, community it declines  
Hyperpolarised - always fighting then we divide  
Truth is less important than the money that we designed?

Moneys an invention, politics from our invention  
They all come from peoples ideas  
Did I mention  
Borders our invention  
Law and order fuel the tension  
That leads to people killing each other? My solution

Everything is subject to change  
We can builds utopias if individuals are taught to use there's brains  
But if we teach kids in school to always be sheep  
And put ourselves before the heard if there's more money for me

Then there's no future I see, where the humans survive  
Were parasites in side a petridish  
With cannibal minds  
Mould grows upon a surface it consumes till it dies  
And our fate could be the same, so here's a story for the wise

45 Jimmy comes home out of the rain  
Soaking wet upon a wheel chair, drinking again  
Everything he wants he has fortune and fame  
He's a fortunate fool with an unfortunate fate

With a 45 calibre aimed at his brain  
45 a fitting number cause his age is same  
Hears the words of his father; 'such a damn shame'  
Then he presses on the trigger of a Money Game