

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 gimme
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