

Sub Urban, CANDYMAN

I make more
Mama told you to hate the rich man
When you're poor
I make more
'Cause one day finally I realized
There's no encore

I don't know if anybody is whole
That moment's gone
There's no paradise just whimsical woes
And charlatans

Chase that bag then dig your hole
Realize there's no miracles just
Luck and sex and made up goals
I make more but I'm a poor soul

You don't know what you know or what you don't
Guess that's the charm
Curiosity makes all the more dough
Just throw the dart oh

Chase that bag then dig your hole
Realize there's no miracles just
Luck and sex and made up goals
I make more but I'm a poor soul

Oooh yeah let's eat the rich
let's eat the rich ah
Oooh yeah let's eat the rich I
Heard they taste like chocolate ah
Oooh yeah let's eat the rich
let's eat the rich ah
Oooh yeah let's eat the rich
I heard they taste like chocolate

Chase that bag then dig your hole
Realize there's no miracles just
Luck and sex and made up goals
I make more but I'm a poor soul