

Monopoly (Clean)

Tantric

Oh, you want to talk around them, talk about me
Talk about what this that and everything, every way
I been *** you but you don't have a clue How well you sit there pointin' fingers at, imagine that
I'm the real vision of the person that you want to be
It's never been you it's always been me, oh Isn't it funny? Well, not funny money's
What you're trippin' over, leaving a paper trail, oh When matter of fact I don't regret the things that I have done
And if I do I never dwell upon a fallin' sun
When matter of fact I have respect, I feel for everyone
So let me be and you will see I'm not a fallen son Even though I accepted my answer
You time after time wanted to work it through
Saving myself so I won't be joining you
Sadly enough I'm letting go of you You want to hate me 'cause you quit on me
You didn't believe I would never give up or never give into negativity
But you never believed in me, oh Isn't it funny? Well, not funny money's
What you're trippin' over, leaving a paper trail, oh When matter of fact I don't regret the things that I have done
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Songwriters

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