

Root of All Evil

The Underachievers

Okay man, first you make the music

Then you get the money

Then you get the power I made a million and a half off the book, fuck the tax

And your spines green, I'm seein' only green backs

And I mean stacks of cash, no need to relax

Bought my bitch some tits, a couple G for the rack A G for her lips, a G for her ass

Movin' on up, all the way to upper class

Up another man, I pass cash like Tony Soprano

King of New York taking over Chicago Ain't no Ronald McDonald, your dreams, I'm livin in em'

Got models with bottles of Dom Perrignon in em'

In a yacht by the dock with a helicopter

You can't refuse and can't get a better offer I'm the author of the American dream

And yeah, my pen's made of green, I'm just an arrogant fiend

And when the ink dries my name is capitalized

The capitalist still not happy for shit

I made a million, I made a million Why am I suffering inside?

When everybody loves me, I feel everybody's lyin'

Why, oh why, am I suffering inside?

My mind is on my money but my money's got me cryin' Mister Lamborghini, Mister Thong Bikini

Now, you see me, now, you don't, call me Don Houdini

Eeny meeny miney moe, help me catch a ho

Money makin', dummy breakin' professional I got a bank in the Caymans, never stay with the laymen

Pay the Gods off on Sunday, Amen, there's 80 Hammers mansion

Charlie Manson with the Helter Skelter

I'm playin' Vice City, downstairs in my bomb shelter I never felt a bit of satisfaction

For the automatic, automated cash reaction

Which you get and you got if you're makin' the ends

When you got a lot of bills but ain't got no sense

(Cents) Why am I suffering inside?

When everybody loves me, I feel everybody's lyin'

Why, oh why, am I suffering inside?

My mind is on my money but my money's got me cryin' Are you a mess?

Well, money can buy you respect and success

Are you depressed?

Well, money can buy you happiness so invest It's all about winning

Coming up and knocking down, is your head spinning?

Money makes the world go round and around

Dollar, dollar bill, ya'll love the sound Don't eat the rich they're the same as us

I'm not sayin' money's bad, it's just dangerous

Like Angel Dust it's addictive
Know what you want and what the risk isWhy am I suffering inside?
When everybody loves me I feel everybody's lyin'
Why are we so concerned with our money?
If it's the root of evil, why are we still planting seeds?Why are we still planting seeds?
Why are we still planting seeds?

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