Love Of Money

Chamillionaire

Love of money is the root of all evil Love of money is the root of all evil Love of money is the work of the devil Love of money

She began running for the border and her life
Like the wind, straight into the terror of the night
And she survived, bargaining her body for their gold
In the end all she had to sell them was her soul, that's the way it goes

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We began reaching for the future like a dream
In a land where everything was free
Worldly men turned their profits into war
No one knows who we're really fighting for
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