Fake Money

Arkells

Oh you're just a boy, a little banker boy
Everything's a game, and everyone's your toy
While everyone was sleeping, dreaming dumb-ass dreams
You're praying to gods who are meaningless to me
You're preying on the weak, and those who don't believeOh it's just a game, a silly little game
Everyone's a fool so you don't take any blame
With entitled narcissism, you speak courageously
You're praying to gods who are meaningless to me
You're preying on the weak and those who don't believe
Oh, it's nothing but fake money. Yeah, it's nothing but fake moneyWe're just a bunch of fools, stupid little fools
In a condensing voice you explain us the rules
So share with us your wisdom, about how it's going to be
You're praying to gods who are meaningless to me
You're preying on the weak, and those who don't believeOh you're just a boy, a brazen little boy
When everything's a battle, there's tactics to deploy
Standing while you're sleeping, you're always on your feet
Winning's in your religion, the alters where you preach
You're praying to gods who are meaningless to me
You're preying on the weak, and those who don't believeRemember it's nothing but fake money
Yah, it's nothing but fake money
And you're some cowboy at High Noon
You're playing a board game up in a board room
Remember it's nothing but fake money
Yah, it's nothing but fake money
And you're some cowboy at High Noon
You're playing a board game up in a board room
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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