

# Money Tree

## Bosley

That CD in your place  
That poster on your wall  
That label on your face  
But it don't bother you at all  
you sold out for that tree  
And I'm playing here for free  
I'm playing here for free  
Just a picture on my wall

(And it's coming down)  
I'm not loving you at all  
(And it's coming down)  
That movement in your feet, that swagger in your hips  
I've seen this shit before, it's when your music finally slips  
You sold out for that tree  
And I'm playing here for free  
I'm playing here for free

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