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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