

# I.R.S

## Angie Fisher

2000 bucks would save my life,

200 bucks would ease the pain,

The I.R.S. is on my case,

But I refuse to let them make me go insane.2000 bucks would pay the rent,

200 bucks and fourteen cents.

Right about now would be enough some complement

So that I don't have to sell my instrumentI'm aware, I'm aware, I'm aware,

That pressure makes diamonds, diamonds, diamonds

My mamma told me, my mamma told me

That a girl's mouth doesn't get paid2000 bucks would save my life,

200 bucks would ease the pain,

But I refuse, I refuse, I refuse, I refuse

To let them make me, to let them make me go insane.I'm talking 'bout the I.R.S. (the I.R.S.)

There's only three letters

That can come and cut up this stress

The I.R.S. (the I.R.S.)

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