Make Money Money

John Reuben

Make money, money, make money, money Save money, money, save money, money

Left high school at sixteen, pick an identity Entrepreneurial dreams, find yourself a strategy Next Saturday the class of '97 is graduating In a couple of years, I'Il grab a G.E.D

As for now we'll just make ends meet
Put our art in the place where it's forced to succeed
The place where your hobbies and the real world meet
Forty minute walks to work to bus tables full time

With a pair of headphones on to block out traffic going by
Forty back to make music all night
With a pair of headphones on to block out my life
Open mic nights, let the spit fly

A hundred hands reaching for the chance to try

And maybe I grew up a bit too quick

It can't be all about the music, admit it

So if you make money, money, make money, money, money
(Make money, money, make money, money, money)
You better save money, money, save money, money
(Save money, money, save money, money, money)

It goes fast (Goes fast) No cash (No cash)

We used to shop discount racks for brand name specials

Mix and match designer scraps to look presentable

Hated on those who appeared more successful

Sloppy and broke became the look because it was affordable

Before it was fashionable Now kids pay good money to look poor And get charged for the extra work

Of perfectly placed character Isn't that some irony? Expensively indie

Make money, money, make money, money, money (Make money, money, make money, money, money) You better save money, money, save money, money, money (Save money, money, save money, money, money)

> It goes fast (Goes fast) No cash

I was told security with a cushion, just in case
How can I plan for the future if I can't afford today?
Rap's a game that mostly amateurs play
And there are very few professionals that are getting paid

Go on there indie rappers and find your shtick
Throw it up against the wall and pray that it sticks
We used to say no gimmicks but everybody's got one
No gimmicks, mine is that I've got none

Lost the truth, marketing honesty
The rap game is a sport of psychology
Underdogs go where they find opportunity
While spoiled children romanticize poverty

So if you make money, money, make money, money, money (Make money, money, make money, money, money) You better save money, money, save money, money, money (Save money, money, save money, money, money)

> It goes fast (Goes fast) No cash (No cash)

Better make it last (Better make it last) Better make it last (Better make it last)

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com written by ZAPPIN, JOHN REUBEN / BURNETTE, GARY L. Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/