

3-11 Porter

"Locash"

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When my dad was 25,
He had a helpless 2.5.
And our city was still growing,
And they had no way of knowing
That this place would turn to shit
And they'd have to hand it to their kids.

Enter the 25 year old me
Whose eyes still have yet to see
What's to gain
From minimum wage

Productivity!
And I'm still learning to barely survive.
Getting used to scraping by.

So what's it like to not be broke?
Where'd the money go?
Don't ask me 'cause I don't know.

So where'd the money go?
Well don't ask me 'cause I don't know!
But the old regime is living well,
And I'm running out of things to sell out to!
Kid, I hate to have to fuck somebody hard,
Or you compromise your spirit,
Or you commercialize your art.

And if you only live for cash,
Well then you can kiss my ass,
Because you are the problem here!
Am I making myself clear?
Am I making myself clear?

So what's it like to not be broke?
Where'd the money go?
Don't ask me 'cause I don't know.

So what's it like to not be broke?
Where'd the money go?
Don't ask me 'cause I don't know.

Where'd the money go?
Don't ask me 'cause I don't know. [x2]

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