

## **Ill Bill**

### **"Economics '91"**

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I love everything about money  
You can be a millionaire and never pay taxes  
Rust, I got to bust to my destination  
I woke up late time from other transportations  
Trains and busses public adorations so better turn  
But where I'm going to is a place where it really burns  
And burns my brain, my job, my occupation  
Another motherfucking source of frustration  
4, 25\$ an hour, leaves my mouth sour  
Minimum wages like I'm caged in the prison tower  
Tell you to take out another person flips  
They can't cope so they create their own economics  
With an Uzi some ammunition and a flat jacket  
Stick up kids, wanna be fat like Buddy Hacket  
And get props, ranks, thanks, power position  
A piece of paper with a picture of a dead politician  
So many times I've seen people play stupid for money  
And at the funeral it isn't funny  
But nevertheless the world turns, it doesn't burn  
Cause money make the world go round is what I always  
heard  
That's when I got that sadly look on my face  
No matter how fast I run, I always wind up in last place  
So I just like to would pick myself up an automatic  
So I can end my fate check without a denim static  
Got nothing to lose except my head  
Yo I'm in it to win it and imma spray the town blood red  
Autroprenorial skills coming all fly  
And economically it doesn't matter if somebody die  
It's all about getting the dollars and jewel specs  
So give it up before I put your life in fast checks  
Yeah I got money coming out my ass  
Yeah I got money coming out my ass

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