

## Spose "We Hate Money"

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We hate money  
Broke people stand up, if you lack cash put a hand up  
We hate money  
And all the people getting paid, throw all your money  
on stage  
We hate money  
Dollars, cash, cheese, unless you're gonna give some  
to me  
We hate money  
And everyone who has it, we would do things that you  
couldn't imagine

If I ever had money, I would do some crazy shit  
I'd probably hire Lady Gaga to babysit  
So give me money, and I'll be like "Fuck it"  
I'll drop a hundred grand to make a vegan man eat  
turducken  
You know I wouldn't hold off, I would spend my figures  
Get a nose job, make it even bigger  
Set my Nissan on fire on the lawn  
Then I buy my own plane, step on and yell "Bomb!"  
And as my ego and my pockets swell  
I'd fly to the next town to go to Taco Bell  
Then I'd pay all the haters to become believers  
I'd pay Kanye West to punch Justin Bieber  
And then I'd buy a bunch of heroin and get really  
arrogant  
And pay all the foreigners to become Americans  
The possibilities are endless  
I would even go to the dentist, but

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We got trash on the porch, we never owned a Porsche  
We only wear our neckties to weddings and to court  
Our pay gets docked like it's coming into port  
So we keep cigars split up like they're getting a divorce  
Employees all annoyed, checks all void  
Eminem's the only one still employed in Detroit  
Bobzins and jobs from Nevada to Dakotas  
And we're not Japanese but we're broke as Toyotas  
Broseph, I know you know this fired and demoted  
They're drinking tapwater 'cuz they can't afford sodas  
Struggling, covering shifts just to buy Christmas gifts  
Before Tiger had mistresses  
We're at Wal-Mart, we hate Wall Street  
As far as being in debt, we're balls deep  
Collectors call me, fucking all week  
But I send that shit straight to voicemail

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They told us "Go to college, expand our domes"  
Now we're jobless, with sixty thousand dollars in loans  
And the bank account's minus, surviving debt  
While the CEOs fly by in private jets  
So let me see your lighters, the funds couldn't be  
tighter  
And you call orderves appetizers  
If your whole predicament's vile, but you're still trying  
to smile  
With the bills piled for miles  
Problems, we've got ninety-eight plus one, no trust  
funds  
If the cops come we must run  
I do it for my belt buckle, black lung,  
White knuckle, blue collar  
Cold-hearted slaves to the dollar saying

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We hate money  
Broke people stand up, if you lack cash keep your  
hands up  
We hate money  
And all the people getting paid, you can all go away  
We hate money  
(and) dollars (and) cash (and) cheese (and) unless  
you're gonna give some to me  
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