

At the age of eleven, I was clever enough
To know what I wanted to be
I lived like a joy-rider between two fires
I plant my own money tree
I got a fifty-fifty split with a guy from the upstairs
Oh yeah, I can see the things no-one can see
I can read from your lips you don't like me

I cheat the common people to give their all money
I teach them by the book I haven't read
I used to do it little, but a little was too little
They're fucked by the finger of fate
I got a fifty-fifty split with a guy from the downstairs
Oh yeah, I can see the things no-one can see
I can read from your lips you don't like me...

I do what I want, but you do what you have to do
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'cause you ain't too good to challenge my Superstar IQ

I can see it in your wallet, you're not able to afford my pleasure
'cause little is too little and little more ain't enough
I bite the helping hand and I take as much as I can carry on...

I do what I want, but you do what you have to do

I can see it in your wallet, you're not able to afford my pleasure
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