

# Kaja Czulewicz, Omen

You can watch me stack mine all the way to the ceiling/  
I don't always get it legally, but I don't ever get it stealing/  
That's for the government and the corporate criminal/  
They see ya getting paper and try and keep it minimal/  
Right in the middle of the have and have not/  
They'll let ya have some, but none from what they've got/  
And that's ok cos you know I'm gonna keep mine too/  
I shared enough when the tax came due/  
Why would I grab you and say here you go/  
I did all the work, please spend my dough/  
Dreams into dollars I get paid for passion/  
So what if I splurge on a bit of high fashion/

If you're looking for an omen, nothings better than a dollar sign/  
If you wanna picture me rollin, I'll be in this old car of mine/  
You're never gonna catch me looking all flashy/  
You can take that privilege and move right past me/

You've been told that all that glitters not gold/  
And most new money never gets old/  
Balling and bankruptcy go hand in hand/  
Why would you stay plain when you could grandstand/  
Show off be all about status/  
Make sure everybody knows you're the baddest/  
Living in fear of an envious nemesis/  
Sounds worse than modest and generous/  
Time and money donations and food drives/  
Everybody's equal and everybody thrives/  
That's fantasy land that's pipe dream/  
Money talks but not everybody gets cream/