

He's a product of greed, stinginess crazy fusion
Born with a silver spoon never victim of destitution
Four digit number he dissipates every two month and
Four digit number is still the residue some
Seed was planted unknowingly but the greed was showing
Keeping him captive controlling him the seed was growing
Sprouting up, getting humongous taller, tough and broader
Insatiable redundant hunger was the wonder water
His dad was a man of integrity poised with the ploys
Little did he know his progeny won't be loyal to the soil
The seed that he planted would be ruined by his seed
A bad apple on the family tree
Sudden growth he expects, greed is a pesticide
Ironic how pest is supposed to keep the pest aside
The tree of rapacity in his heart, budding rapidly getting large
A threat to dad's fruits of labour he's damaging his garden
Now he's trying to climb to the top trying to chase the buck
Jump off the ground, grab a branch and embrace the trunk
Eyes on the pinnacle
Climb is what he going to do
Up and up until the horizon is visible
Occupied by the power unworthy senseless needs
Didn't pay attention when the first flower permanently went to sleep
Continue with the escalate
A fool who got ends to make
22 on a quest for wealth, though he got it all
The leaves are falling, the flowers are dropping

The branches are breaking, maybe the calendar's faulty
Is it the winter already? No!
Wind probably? No!
What could it possibly be?
There's a storm coming, whoa!
He's reaching the tip of the tree
Swimming in sea of the green
One last leap at the peak
It'll be too late to see what it means
He's sitting peeping the scene
Thinking his dreams are achieved
But the tree has turned to a nightmare
Through which innocence seeps
If he wishes to go back couple of branches for a neat escape
But he's going to have to take multiple leaps of faith
He conquered the money tree, but was it really worth it?
Relishing his success while the real treasure was on the surface