

Bitches (Pop Will Eat This Mix)

KMFDM

All these years, all this time
We have been messin' with your mind
You thought us noble rad and true
You just don't have a fuckin' clueAll the humor pun and wit
A heaping steamin' pile of shit
With a smile and a wink
We make believe our poop don't stinkRip the system, revolution
Adding fuel to your confusion
Gobble up the crap we feed you
We don't really love and need youWe just want your cold hard cash
Get our hands into your stash
Now shut up listen and behold
Finally the truth be toldWe're only in it for the money
To dip our fingers in your honey
We pretend to no end
We are bitches for your richesBlindsided by audacity
Of a handsome crook from Germany
A million sheets of patient paper
Chronicle his every caperYou never had us figured out
Lent stature relevance and clout
Even called us pioneers
When really we were privateersYou reveled in our plagiarism
Joined into the onanism
Your pompousness and indecorum
Spewed on every online forumHow you dribbled, how you drooled
Priceless how we had you fooled
We hijacked your bedazzled soul
For ransom to be paid in goldWe're only in it for the money
To dip our fingers in your honey
We pretend to no end
We are bitches for your richesWe're only in it for the game
Sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll fame
We parade the charade
We are jamming for your mammonWe're only in it for the encore
We want it all and then some more
Men of deeds for proceeds
Prime booty is our dutyWe just want your cold hard cash
Get our hands into your stash
Now shut up listen and behold

Finally the truth be told We're only in it for returns
A greased palm never burns
Can't get enough to stuff
The orifice of avarice We're only in it for the money
To dip our fingers in your honey
We pretend to no end
We are bitches for your riches
We are bitches for your riches

Songwriters

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