Run Your Pockets

No Cash

bread circulates through the paws of depraved
as the almighty dollar disables its slaves
when the products you bought just wont bio-degrate
an army of plastic will down our gate
when fuel cost an arm and supplies cost a leg
soon quadriplegics will lay by the peg
paying for air yes a dollar a breath
but keep your receipt, a tax deductible deathyou're caught! deaf, blind and dumb
consumption's like coke, yer addicted and numb
you know that i'd rather grin with teeth of gold
but we're just products on the food chain
if you're not eaten you'll be sold!!!run yer fuckin pockets and pay me (im the motherfuckin)
god of you sick zombies so lay me (with the motherfuckin)
strength of 1,000 sweatshops and counting (run yer motherfuckin)
pockets give me all you got start counting...6 billion sick children
all programmed, no feelings
poor wages, TRICKED FACES
all races ride slave ships

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