

# No Cash, Run Your Pockets

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 death

you'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 f\*\*kin pockets and pay me (im the motherf\*\*kin)  
god of you sick zombies so lay me (with the motherf\*\*kin)  
strength of 1,000 sweatshops and counting (run yer motherf\*\*kin)  
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