

# Clawfinger, Money Power Glory

The money, the power, the glory

It's the survival of the fittest, the toughest, the meanest the slickest

When the shit hits the fan then we'll see who's leanest, the quickest

We'll witness the vultures when they begin the fighting & the feasting

there's a piece of a beast in us all that we're afraid of just releasing

there's no rhyme or reason when our instincts are awoken

the borders are broken, suddenly the truth is spoken

Survival of the fittest, the toughest, the meanest the slickest

We're all in it for

THE MONEY THE POWER, THE POWER THE GLORY,

THE GLORY THE FAME, IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY

Break all of the rules necessary to win the competition

Fake your place in the ratrace and then try to take the pole position

the mission is simply to make sure you that you get all your chances

So make no mistakes and make sure that nobody else advances

make your way to the top by any means necessary

and carry on until your enemies are dead & buried

the greed is what feeds us every time we plant the seed

it's the root of all the evil but we take what we need

Survival of the fittest, the toughest, the meanest the slickest

[Chorus]

We're all looking for the power, the money & the glory

and the story never stops we like to kill for territory

It's better safe than sorry, watch your back this is a war

A sneak attack, a payback, they've got a foot in the door

So be sure to be secure or be sure to draw blood

we're all down in the dirt dragging our names through the mud

what we won't do for love, we do for money and fame

in this game the main aim is to make yourself a name for.....

[Chorus]