

Gluecifer, Rip-Off Strasse

Big plate tell me where's my meat
You ride a car from the passenger seat
Big words about a little plan
A little boy with a card that says man

And everybody's goin nowhere
Ripped off on a rip off street
Talkin' bout a thing that's not happenin' here
Ripped off to a ripoff beat

Big glass but it's filled up with ice
You order grand then you eat a slice
They got the sign but they aint got the goods
Like a seven inch record at an LP price

I know you you got your house down on rip-off street
I know you you got them dancin to the rip-off beat
I know you you walk around on your rip-off feet
I'm tellin you baby I'm gonna give you some - heat