

# Powerman 5000, Slumlord

(People are coming from everywhere to get a touch from the lord)

Aw, yeah, now here's the situation  
You gotta give a number, you're late for renovation  
The grant is growing high, the shed's startin' to peel

I can't pay it 'cause I make 150 a week  
Drink up, think up, you're sinkin' from the ground up  
Slumlord, he laughs, the rat, like a rape or a hold up, fold up

The grass is always greener  
But the money that he's makin'  
That is makin' him-a scream-a

Let's get straight to the problem  
Let's strike now, high brow  
Whatcha gotta do to solve 'em

Somewhere your landlord, he's laughing  
Pays every hundred for a room  
On the street that's in fashion

Heat is obsolete, yeah, in the slumlord mind  
But when you're payin' the rent  
You better make it on time

You find your sad ass on the street  
Makin' friends with the concrete

To the lord, to the lord, to your brain  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the lord  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the lord

To the lord, to the lord, to your brain  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the lord  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the lord

(Yeah)  
(Check it our now)

Abstract, intuitive, and calls very few it  
In the style of rhyme, should I take it to the next line  
From the grave comes a poison from the grapevine  
From the poison of the mind and to the lifeline

Do it again from the mouth of a liar  
Knowin' the things of pride to expire  
Higher than this and low as a bottom

You're prayin' for life itself, but you got a  
Weak start, weak hart, a raw deal  
A thing you don't feel, but it's real

Livin' kinda low on the third floor  
Mother fuckers beatin' down on the front door

To the lord, to the lord, to your brain  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the lord  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the lord

To the lord, to the lord, to your brain

To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the lord  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain  
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the, to the  
Hey, hey, hey, c'mom

Yeah  
To my landlord  
Yeah  
Can't hit that hard  
Yeah  
Can't hit that hard  
Yeah

(We've been given a new lease, a new warning from the landlord)