Prong, Pointless

Hitman's got no doubt about
Position in the work place
A matter of investment
Ridding human excess
Dealing stocks and bonds of blood
Shotgun dividends
But you hold a gun that's smoking

So pointless keep pushing
Keep shooting so pointless

Head full 'o bullets
A soul that's been spent
That be the pension
In bizness dealt with lead
Kickbacks and cutbacks
They all stab you in the back
The bloody palms
Primed for greasing