Undead, We Don't Want The Poor In New York C

(Steele)

We don't want the poor in New York City
No! That's not the way it's supposed to be
We don't want the poor in New York City
In America! The land of the free
You got nothing to say
Shut your mouth
Get in line
You got nothing to say
Here's your check
Here's your food stamps
'Til next time
We don't want the poor in New York City
No! That's not the way it's supposed to be
We don't want the poor in New York City
In America! The land of the free
Move you down to the Lower East Side
Raise the rent
Speculation, gentrification
Move up to Harlem, the South Bronx
Then who knows where?
We don't care
We don't want the poor in New York City
No! That's not the way it's supposed to be
We don't want the poor in New York City
In America! The land of the free
They got me in a rut
I don't know where I'm going
Crammed into a few small blocks of the Ghetto
Break out!
We don't want the rich in New York City
I don't care about them, they don't care about me
We don't need the rich in New York City
Just wait and see
We don't want the rich in New York City
They cram us into Ghettos
Soon, they'll be building walls
We don't want the rich in New York City
It's like Germany, back in '43