

## Crashdiet

### "The Greatest Working Class Rip Off"

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Chorus: Ain't it just a rip of, oi, oi, oi  
Ain't it just a rip of, oi, oi, oi  
Ain't it just a rip of, oi, oi, oi  
What a fucking rip off, oi, oi, oi  
Another threatening glance, another macho stance  
Another aggressive fist, another asshole pissed  
Another vicious threat, a stream of blood stained sweat  
Another bottle waved in the air, another battle with  
tension and fear  
Chorus  
Tell me, why do you glorify violence? Ain't there  
nothing better to give?  
Why fuck up the only chance to be yourself and really  
live?  
You tell me you're a working class loser, well what the  
fuck does that mean?  
Is the weekly fight at the boozier gonna be the only  
action you've seen?  
Are you gonna be one of the big boys, well, we've seen  
it all before  
Muscles all akimbo as they boot down another door  
Will you see yourself as the hero as you boot in another  
head  
When you're just a pathetic victim of the media you've  
been fed  
You're lost in your own self pity, you've bought the  
system's lie  
They box us up and sit pretty as we struggle with the  
knots they tie  
Okay, so you're right about one thing, no-one's got the  
right to shit on you  
But what's the point of shitting on yourself, what's that  
gonna do?  
Working class hero beats up middle class twit  
Media labels, system's shit  
When it looks like the people could score a win  
The system makes sure that the boot goes in  
Yeah it's the greatest working class rip off, oi, oi, oi  
Just another fucking rip off, a fucking media ploy  
It's the greatest working class rip off, oi, oi, oi  
Ain't it just a rip off, ain't it just a rip off, ain't it just a rip

off, oi  
Punk attacked the barriers of colour, class and creed  
But look at how it is right now, do you really think you're  
freed?  
Punk once stood for freedom, not violence, greed and  
hate  
Punk's got nothing to do with what you're trying to  
create  
Anarchy, violence, chaos? You mindless fucking jerks  
Can't you see you're talking about the way the system  
works  
Throughout our bloody history force has been the  
game  
The message that you offer is just the fucking same  
You're puppets to the system with your mindless violent  
stance  
That's right you fuckers, sneer at us cos we say "Give  
Peace A Chance"  
Punk is dead you wankers, cos you killed it through and  
through  
In your violent world of chaos, what you gonna do?  
Is Top Of The Pops the way in which you show how  
much you care?  
You take off now to the USA and spread your message  
there?  
Well mouth and trousers, sonny boy, never changed a  
thing  
The only thing that'll ever change will be the song you  
sing  
Cos when you've bought your Rolls Royce car and your  
luxury Penthouse Flat  
You'll be looking down your nose and saying "Punk,  
dear chap, what's that?"  
You'll be the working class hero with your middle class  
dream  
And the world will be the same as the world has always  
been  
Punk's the people's music so you can stuff your ideas  
of class  
That's just the way the system keep you sitting on your  
arse  
Class, class, class, that's all you fucking hear  
Middle class, working class, I don't fucking care  
It's the greatest working class rip off, oi, oi, oi  
What a fucking rip off, oi, oi, oi  
It's the greatest human sell off, oi, oi, oi  
Ain't it just a rip off, ain't it just a rip off, ain't it just a rip  
off, oi  
Punk's the peoples music and I don't care where they're  
from  
Black or white, punk or skin, there ain't no right or

wrong  
We're all just human beings, some of us rotten, some  
of us good  
You can stuff your false divisions cos together I know  
we could  
Beat the system, beat it's rule  
Ain't got no class, I ain't a fool  
Beat the system, beat it's law  
Ain't got no religion cos I know there's more  
Beat the system, beat it's game  
Ain't got no colour, we're all the same  
People, people, not colour, class or creed  
Don't destroy the people, destroy their power and their  
greed

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