

Crass

"It's The Greatest Working Class Rip-Off"

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Ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi
Ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi
Ain't it just a rip off, 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.

Ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi
Ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi
Ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi
What a fucking rip off, oi, oi, oi

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 U.S.A. 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 its rule
Ain't got no class, I ain't a fool
Beat the system, beat its law
Ain't got no religion cos I know there's more
Beat the system, beat its 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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