

Smartbomb "Hands On It"

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I got concrete shoes and pockets full of lead. Status
symbols drag me down.
And if ya don't pay your debt, you will wind up at the
bottom of the fucking Boston harbor.
The number one killer, cash, cabbage and dough.
Exploit the world and then count your coin.
Gasoline burns paper with ease. If I could just get my
hands on it.
Half a mind to say goodbye, the other half to curl up
and die.
How can I make it in this world without a reason to fight.
Showtime.
Make yourself up, then you die. If I could just get my
hands on it.

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