

## Oi Polloi "Hunt the Rich"

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You have no soul you have no heart  
You'd chase an animal to see it torn apart  
Blood junky you're full of shit  
You want a kicking? you'll fuckin' get it

Sick perverts dressed in red  
We won't rest until your "sport" is dead  
Sick bastards dressed in red  
We won't rest until your sort is dead

A child's face is smeared with blood  
A torn corpse is lying in the mud  
This your tradition is fuckin' sick  
We're gonna stop you, you fuckin' inbred prick

Sick perverts dressed in red  
We won't rest until your "sport" is dead  
Sick bastards dressed in red  
We won't rest until your sort is dead

Sab is ridden down by rich toff  
Masonic handshake soon gets him off  
We won't sit back and take this shit  
Into the field and put an end to it

"The saboteurs, in my opinion. They are a very good example of their name they are saboteurs - And I quite accept everybody's right to their opinion and to demonstrate - but to actually endanger and harass and throw stones and threaten and use abusive language - that has to be stopped."

So sab the hunt you know you should  
'Cos don'r forget! They'd hunt us if they could  
We'll take their thugs, put 'em in the ditch  
We'll save the fox and then we'll hunt the rich

**HUNT THE RICH!**

"We don't make demands of the rich. We just want to get rid of the bastards right?"

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