

Powerman 5000 "Slumlord"

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(People are coming from everywhere to get a touch from the lord)

Aw, yeah, now here's the situation
You gotta give a number, you're late for renovation
The grant is growing high, the shed's startin' to peel

I can't pay it 'cause I make 150 a week
Drink up, think up, you're sinkin' from the ground up
Slumlord, he laughs, the rat, like a rape or a hold up,
fold up

The grass is always greener
But the money that he's makin'
That is makin' him-a scream-a

Let's get straight to the problem
Let's strike now, high brow
Whatcha gotta do to solve 'em

Somewhere your landlord, he's laughing
Pays every hundred for a room
On the street that's in fashion

Heat is obsolete, yeah, in the slumlord mind
But when you're payin' the rent
You better make it on time

You find your sad ass on the street
Makin' friends with the concrete

To the lord, to the lord, to your brain
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the lord
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(Yeah)

(Check it our now)

Abstract, intuitive, and calls very few it
In the style of rhyme, should I take it to the next line
From the grave comes a poison from the grapevine
From the poison of the mind and to the lifeline

Do it again from the mouth of a liar
Knowin' the things of pride to expire
Higher than this and low as a bottom

You're prayin' for life itself, but you got a
Weak start, weak hart, a raw deal
A thing you don't feel, but it's real

Livin' kinda low on the third floor
Mother fuckers beatin' down on the front door

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To the lord, to the lord, to your brain
To the lord, to the lord, to your brain, to the, to the
Hey, hey, hey, c'mom

Yeah
To my landlord
Yeah
Can't hit that hard
Yeah
Can't hit that hard
Yeah

(We've been given a new lease, a new warning from
the landlord)

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