

GC5, The "Currency"

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Pound for pound we carry out threats better than
anyone around

Mean what we say even when we lie

The heavyweights of the insolent class

No counterweight to our whip and our cash

Our needs must never be denied

Always raising the stakes

Always aiming low

We've got no conscience and we're gonna explode

They're putting up a strip mall where the factory used
to be

We deal in violence while it is the currency

We're gonna blow!

Brick by brick we put up walls that are never sufficiently
thick

To block off the consequences

Still we save face by alluding to a mythical time and
place

Yearning for the days of wine and picket fences

The world is tuned in

A globalist episode

Our morals are paper thin and we're gonna explode

Don't look at me baby cause you know my hands are

tied

I know you left me here and I'm rotting on the vine

Lying well enough to make a strong man fear the meek

Check your pocketbooks cause I know you got off
cheap

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