

The GC5 "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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