

# Payday

Dan Bull

Newspapers strewn  
Warm bodies sprawling  
Appalling  
It'll be in the papers tomorrow morning  
Along with mourning  
The names of the fallen  
Embodied in bold print for you to take as a warning  
Never intervene with the American dream  
We do whatever for the green  
Fill you with lead up in the streets  
For that liquid cash  
Hot red liquid splash marks  
Spattered on your dash then dash  
Brash  
We bring the hustle  
Back to sinew and muscle  
Cracked bone  
Cracked glass  
Cracked windows in the tussle  
Flash ringing from the muzzle  
'Til you're cinders in the rubble  
I don't value pigs unless they're sniffing for the Truffles  
I'm singing for the struggle  
What you bringing to the scuffle?  
I'm about to come and stick a pin into your bubble  
Here's a cop killer for your trouble  
Blood spattered on the asphalt  
But it doesn't matter  
Rat a tat tat  
Fuck a black mask  
When death is entertainment then I'd better act daft  
Like the Beatles on the rooftop  
The police'll never let it be or get me to stop  
You or me are going to soon drop  
Down a staircase flight or fire escape  
To a violent fate  
Fight or flight kick in right away  
Rotate  
But there's no turning back  
You're going to roast  
Flames are going to burn your back  
Murder rap  
I'm sure you've heard of that  
This is the real deal  
No limit to who we'll do in and what we'll steal  
And if you feel ill  
Then you can go away  
This is the USA  
If you can't take it you'll be thrown away  
But if you don't back down you'll be blown away  
Your wife'll tell your kids "Daddy isn't coming home today"  
Mayday!  
Mayday!  
The situation's getting cray cray  
I'm Jesse James in his heyday  
I'll face your grenades, melee weapons, AKs  
Arrange the date of your funeral

And the wake is my payday  
They'll say that you were brave, pray  
For the angels to change  
The state's got to save face  
I say grace  
Cos tonight you dine in paradise  
While I take a plane  
Hijack a flight to Paraguay  
I can't taste the prepackaged airline meal  
And I can't say what the Hell I feel  
You made a dogs dinner  
On a dog day afternoon  
I must be off, sorry  
But I'm going have to shoot  
Said You made a dogs dinner  
On a dog day afternoon  
I must be off, sorry  
But I'm going have to shoot!  
In God We Trust...