

Lucre

Billy Woods

They say God remakes the world every day
But the amount of good and evil
He never change
It's said that you pay for what you do
But to see bad men buried with honor is nothing new
I often hear hard work is it's own reward
And that the world is promised to the meek and the poor
I take that like a kiss from a whore
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High concepts written in a cold sweat
Fever high like the price of gold get
Or high capacity clips from the grandfathered Tec
What you expect with a black president-elect?
Warned em
Fire Next Time but they fucking slept
Yet
I still felt bad when your mothers wept
Existentialist questions
Like Blood or Crip?
Seats catcher's mitt soft in the gutta whip
Petit bourgeoisie hold power
Butter grip
Clandestine meeting
Foreign government
Money up front
Signed over the publishing
Whisky neat
Cigars blunt
We talked circles
Oak paneled study
Discussin' how and when to murk you

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He's a vet with no stripes who changed sides twice to save his life
Still got spotted, pulled out the crowd and shot twice
Women avert their sight
Stray dogs lingered as the body lay in the street till night
Illustrating the might of snapping the right finger
Change in pitch
Expression on face
A brief gesture
That holds weight like a snitch at the bottom of a cold lake
Anwar Sadat
Death parade
Warm coke sipped in the shade
He dreams of the day
Women guard him like Quaddafi

Bedouin tents Amazons in epaulettes
Tunisian property
Mom used to say "if you're going to do it, do it properly"
Everything must go is how the sign translate
Approximately
300 K in the suitcase
Give or take
The price of Monopoly
Utilities and railroads in Baltic States
We made a mockery
Of all you held dear
From Good Hope to Cape Fear
Manilla envelopes
Anglo-American De Beers
For he's a jolly good fellow
Three cheers

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