

Charity Case

MC Frontalot

oh man, I try to dodge fans but they keep swarming.
mc frontalot's heart's huge; let's have a housewarming.
I love you so damn much i'll sell ya CDs.
i'm greedy to get loved back like ally sheedy
in wargames. I got more sayings and turns of phrase
in my communist handbook than in my -- damn, what'd
I do with my ledger? I'll never get paid now!
that distributor promised me checks but didn't say how
he was gonna locate the Front.
it's the anonymity I'm a little bitty bit late to shun.
hate to run; can't be tardy to my rally:
"Art Must Be Free" is the decree. The finale
is my lecture on the evils of the R-I-double-A,
how they gonna sue you every single time you hit play.
they're lame! must revolt! what's that you say?
kids are pirating the frontalot? oh no, I got betrayed!

it's true
frontalot's destitute
I need you
to buy my CD so I could buy food

I been a charity case to my fan base for years:
in tears at my show, "somebody buy me ride home"
now I got something I can barter for services.
yo don't let the major labels get word of this.
I'm girderless, free falling towards riches;
gonna sell so many CDs that I can afford britches
and a shirt, AND a hat to go with it.
I get specific -- 'cause my fantasy is that vivid.
I'm gonna buy gadgets that don't do anything but beep
and blink, then I'll go out in public and buy drinks --
but it's contingent on your ponying up.
wait, you got my record on bittorrent? f**k!
might seem like there's no DRM but I'll explode
your computer like COBRA done to GI Joe
on the episode about computer viruses.
oh look, there's the ledger: overflowing with minuses.
my spinelessness in the face of the starvation
projected by my cashflow erodes the hesitation
I once harbored as regards the tune vending.
if only the nerd kids' aversion to spending
money on data got inverted somehow
I'd be making my way through all my dollars with a plow
but instead I'm down on ground on my knees
begging y'all to believe my CD isn't free.