

Let's Make A Deal

Stray from the Path

Everything has its price
But the price is wrong, bitch
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The future was written on a cash check
Like there's nothing to lose on an all-in bet
Fear and loathing, so fucking sadistic
Play the people like a game, they're a fucking statistic
Born to lose
Bound to fail
A dog running in circles never catches his tail
Rob the poor, feed the rich
And push that agenda, 'cause you're Donnie's bitch

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Slash the funds like a cutthroat, ear to ear
A blind person in a car and you let them steer?
So you know where we're going? What's the ETA?
Downhill with the breaks cut, lead the way
1600 Penn with a smile on your face
Rolling into the room like you own the place
Fake it 'til you make it
Don't earn it, just take it
A promise to our youth
We just watch you fucking break it

Money makes the world go 'round
Money makes the world burn down
The union of our wealth and state
Has the future looking fucking great
Climbing your way to the top
But the higher you climb, the harder you drop

Money makes the world go 'round
Money makes the world burn down
Money makes the world go 'round
Money makes the world burn down

Oh!
Come on!
Yes!
Everything has its price
But the price is wrong, bitch
Everything has its price
But the price is wrong, bitch