

Forever Poor

Those Poor Bastards

I'm gonna be forever poor
I'm gonna have nothing at all
They keep us weak
They keep us dumb
We stay in line and we conform
Oh wealth is death and greed is endless
We poor folks gotta rise up and end this
I'm talking guns I'm talking knives
I'm talking unforgivable crimes
If we stay meek the end will come
Our ghosts will burn up
In the motherfucking sun
Oh wealth is death and greed is endless
We poor folks gotta rise up and end this
Illuminati, Reptilian
Illuminati, Reptilian
Well here we come
They've had their chance now its our turn
To cleanse the soil
It all must burn, burn, burn
Then we'll go back to how it was
When man and beast suffered as one
Oh wealth is death and greed is endless
We poor folks gotta rise up and end this
Illuminati, Reptilian
Illuminati, Reptilian
Well here we come
We're motherfucking coming