

Broke Pocket Philosophy

Thundamentals

Ja

Incredible effort needed every second when
You're workin' nine-to-five, stressin' 24/7, forever
Spendin' that credit while we're gettin' indebted, this
The cost of life's rocket science chemistry lesson we're livin'
Hope through hardship while folks are starvin'
Welcome to your career open casket
No wonder so many be stoned or plastered
No wonder so many be brokenhearted, what? (Yeah, yah, ha)

Drownin' my sorrows in the bottles of your best cheap piss
Instead of flippin' dollars at my debt's deep pits
Neck deep in the slump, never in front
When the income still isn't comin' in, son
Bill or two in the letterbox
And a hole in every set of socks, stuff the upper echelon
Mind on the money, money on the mind
Tummy kinda hungry, got the hunger to survive

Yo, we step with precaution to an economic crisis
Of epic proportions, son, this debt is enormous
And the cost of my rent means I'm bereft of a fortune
While a businessman's rockin' some leather in his boardroom
Down to score food by divin' in dumpsters (Ha)
Survive in the gutter but I'm risin' above it (Yeah)
So like it or either tighten your budget or
Get knocked quicker than the stock price plummet

What goes up like a thrivin' economy
Must come down like the price of your property
Spread it around like poverty, when there's no
Profit where you wanna be, broke pocket philosophies
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Find me up in your local department store
I used to wear CK boxer shorts, now it's Target drawers
Went from brand-name clothes to that fake apparel
'Cause if you wanna save dough you gotta scrape the barrel
Snakes and ladders, there's less ups and downs
Whether you're dealin' in drugs, bucks, yens, or pounds
And all I rep's a frown 'cause there ain't nothin' funny
Been waitin' in line for my K. Rudd money

Hey, sup, honey? I hope you're not a gold digger
All I'm really good for is makin' your soul richer
Oh, it's, uh, gonna be a cold winter
For those who don't know how to take in the whole picture
And it ain't hard to tell why people act shitty, mate
Trapped in the city, not a penny for their piggy bank
For pity's sake, it never needed to be like this
Just tryna find out what the meaning of my life is

Greedily self-righteous positioned in its outreach
Questin' for the power like the residents of Helm's Deep

cash rules everything around me
So stand to the man who's meddlin' with our cream
On par with a stock markets
long lastin' effects depressively on target
I wholeheartedly hope we see a bit of cheddar
A reason to endeavour from the evil of September

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"I wanna make money so I gotta pay dues"
"Politics affect you and I!"
"I wanna make money so I gotta pay dues"
"Politics affect you and I!"
"And that's just the half of my warpath"