

Money Rant

Benjamin Zephaniah

Money make a rich man feel like a big man
It make a poor man feel like a hooligan
A one parent family feels like a ruffian
An those who have it won't give you anything
Money makes your friend become your enemy
You start to see things very superficially
Your life is lived very artificially
Unlike those who live in poverty
Money affects your ego
But money brings you down
Money causes problems anywhere money is found
Food is what we need
Food is necessary
Let me grow my food
An dem can eat dem money
Money can save us
But yet we feel doomed
Plenty money burns in a nuclear mushroom
Money can make you happy
Money can help you when you die
An those who have it continually live a lie
Children are dying
Spies are spying
Refugees are fleeing
Politicians are lying
An deals are done
An webs are spun
An no one keeps the third world on the run
An the brother feels better than the brothers next door
Cause his brothers got money an his brothers got more
The brother thinks a brother's not a brother cause he's poor
When a brother kills another that is economic war
Economic war we call it economic war
It may not be the east and west anymore
But the north and south third world far lord
Coffee an isle
That's what it's about
Economic war
Economic war
Shots fired from the stock market floor
So we work for a livin'
An we try an we try

With so little time for chillin'
Like we're livin a lie
Money makes a dream become reality
Money makes real life like a fantasy
Money has a habit of going to the head
I have some for the rainy day underneath me bed
Money problems make it hard to relax
Money makes it difficult to get down to the facts
Money makes you worship vanity and lies
Money is a drug with legal highs
The parents of poor kids
Some are not coping
Some are just managing
Books that need balancin'
Property is theft
No money means death
You pay for your rent
An then nothing left
Some will pick your pocket
Some will pay to stop it
Those who will pay to stop it
They happy cause they got it
Some go out an fight for it
Some claim they got the right to it
An people like my grandparents
Live long but never side it
Money made me go out an rob
Then it made me go looking for a job
Money made the nurse
And the doctor emigrate
Money buys friends you love to hate
Money made slavery seem alright
Money brought the Bible
An the Bible shone the light
Victory to the penniless
The gospel shows us
We come to mash those market forces
The paper giant called market forces
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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