

JUDGEMENT DAY

**Rooting in the trash can
Stabbed by needles
And cut by glass
People in denial
They think we got no class**

**Wait till they find their
New York subway under water
Then maybe they'll realise
There were things
They should 'a thought o'
Cause their homes they'll lose
Like us they won't get no
Chance to choose**

**New York's just a sliver of sand
A timebomb ticking away
Speck o' dust between major land
Coney Island a bar of sand
House lights all aglow
People there will also find
That they've got nowhere to go
Maybe when New York
And LA have gone
People will begin to see
That money shouldn't always begin
With me**