

The fucking stress that I'm living under. Jesus Christ.
The money still hasn't turned up for them. It's like dice.
Dealing with these fucking people; it's just so random.
They tell you it's ok, but the lies, they just stand out, man.

You can't bullshit a bullshitter: that's what they say.
I've been at it all my life, so I see it straight away.
You've been saying one thing, but your boss tells me another,
Your incompetence has made me borrow brass from my old mother.

How do you think that feels, with my dad on ward 14?
Picking up the phone to beg for payment, sight unseen?
I've never had to ask before, but I've no pride to lose,
I've got to pay my people, they depend on me for shoes.

And food. And life; and all the bills they've got to pay.
How can I walk in and show my face to them today?
I walked into your bank last week in my full day-glow suit,
I spent the fucking day there and walked out with all the proof.

I looked you in the eye, you flinched and folded up your arms.
Impossible, your boss said, but I knew I had the charms.
Making sure my people get their money. I'm on a mission.
You thought that I was nuts when I said, "Me, I'm a magician."

But here I am, you stamped the papers, said it's on its way,
It's three days late, I'm on the run, hiding in the Bouquet.

[Breakbeat + BASS!!!]

Chorus

[Sung] Your fucking lies....
Affecting my life...
Affecting my life.....

[Spoken / Sung] (People, people, people,
My fucking people, people, people, people....
/
Where's the brass,
Where's the brass,
Where's the brass,
Where's the brass....)