

# Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang!

## Sonic Boom Six

Maybe it's a sign of the times  
when the Woolworths sign's coming down and the doors all closed.  
They say the higher that the monkey climb  
well the more that the arse exposed.  
I don't know, whether I won't go and lend some of that dough,  
cash machine shown all my cash blown  
and the man that I meet on the high  
street giving me the slip for the bank loan.  
Money mad! Gone money mad!  
People on the television gone money mad!  
All very well they say love what you have,  
but Marks and Sparks got a sale and a half,  
want it so bad but it's so sad  
that we gotta borrow money that we never had.  
Well that plastic feel fantastic  
but if you following the dominoes  
a toppling this thing getting drastic.  
All their smiles are sarcastic,  
course they gonna be enthusiastic.  
Gullible muggins a dream come true.  
Debit and the credit are crunching you.  
They got you for life and they charge for it too.  
Bang bang bang, what the fuck can you do?  
When the shit that you bought now to pay for it later  
is up on the shelves in a Cash Generator.

What do you get when you borrow their money?  
You receive a wad of cash as easy as can be.  
They pass the debt to another company,  
Add the charges till infinity.  
Bang bang bang bang!  
They're knocking at your door,  
More than you bargained for can't ignore any more.  
Bang bang bang bang!  
Make sure you know the score,  
They can't enter by force but they trying to change the law.

It's the big bad wolf banging at your door  
coming up into your realm to settle the score.  
Pound of flesh nothing less, undertones of violence.  
If you care for your neck don't gamble it.  
Playing card games with a loaded deck,  
you're gonna find yourself up to your neck in a sea of sharks.  
Reality is stark when it's raining stones seven days a week  
and you're finding it hard to make ends meet.  
The bait's within the junk mail at your feet,  
such a cinch to release the pinch and breathe a sigh of relief.  
Bang bang bang, now you've been got,  
should've cut your coat to suit your cloth.  
Now you're dealing with a man like Tansey,  
don't fuck around or make him angry!  
You duck down behind the sofa, don't be an idiot,  
he's seen you through the window.  
He's gonna be the ruler of this place,  
no hard feelings it's just business.

It's like this, neither borrower or lender

be for loan oft lose itself and friend.  
And one red letter after one red letter,  
it's gonna make me see red in the end.  
Here's the moral, remember to be clever with the credit,  
better don't get it, these debtors in fetters  
now can't you see they're after your soul not just your money.  
If they're feeding on you like they're feeding on me  
then come help me bust one two shot three  
at the self-serving cynical greedy Gangsta original bad company.  
They prey on the poor when they can't pay back money  
that they really couldn't afford to knock back,  
held back with a debt any chance that they get  
it's a crime that the government aid and abet.  
Mercers knocking down my front door for their charges,  
who know what they charge for?  
Added to my last one, they pulled a fast one,  
now he's pushed past me, got his foot in the door.  
Oh fuck! Banging for my buck.  
Looks like I finally ran out of luck,  
now he's piling my sound system in a truck  
while I pay for the privilege, man this suck!