

Puscifer, Money Shot

Boulders to rocks, gravel to sand
Leaving you nothing but beaches
You used to move mountains
A wave of your hand
Now you just finger the peace, and now

Here it comes, here it
Here comes, here it here it
Here it come, here it
Here comes, hear it hear it comes
Here it comes, here it
Here comes, hear it

[Chorus:]
Grind away
Bang away
(Here come the money shot)
Finger
Bang away
(Here come the money shot)
Grind away
Bang away
(Here come the money shot)
Finger
Bang away

Money shot your load

Forest for trees, pounding timber to dust
Tipping your way to confusion
You used to be driven by mission and lust
Now it's just all compensation

[Chorus x2]