

The Billionaires Stay the Course



1	Cut And Run?	3:34
2	We're Spying On You	3:28
3	Don't Vote	2:52
4	Hurricane	2:34
5	CAFTA	3:02
6	Bring Joe-Mentum to the G.O.P.	2:24
7	Yellow Pill	3:28
8	Global Warming	4:22
9	Plastic Fantastic	2:26
10	Money Matrix Messaging Machine	5:12
11	K-Street Tango	4:36
12	Comin' Soon	3:18
13	Urge To Surge	2:11
14	Predators	2:13
15	Corporations Are People Too	2:54



Produced by Felonius Ax
(Clifford J. Tasner).
Recorded and Mixed by
Georgie O'Marauder
(Paul Berolzheimer),
except track #1,
recorded by Chris Esquire
(Charlie Campagna).
Graphic Art by Major Croney
(Roger Hanna).

Music & Lyrics, &
arrangements by
Felonius Ax
(aka Clifford J. Tasner)
except for "Don't Vote!"
and "Predators";
lyric by Felonius Ax
and 50 Billion (wil b.).

©2004, 2006 & 2008
by Tasner Tunes
(Clifford J. Tasner BMI),
except tracks #3 & #14
by Tasner Tunes
& LuChiFu Music (Wil b. BMI)
All Rights reserved.

www.TheBillionaires.org



vocal: J. Paul Geddy Lee
with Robert Weapons Plant (Jason Paige)
guitars: Enron Hubbard (Eric Potter),
J. Paul Geddy
bass: Chris Esquire (Charlie Campagna)
drums: Buddy I. M. Rich (Daniel Glass)

1). Cut and Run

Americans oppose the war in greater numbers than before.
It's something that we can't ignore if we would keep our grip.
The Democrats who dare to doubt could really turn the voters out.
We need a line that we can shout to make those numbers flip.

We're military contractors that congressmen obey.
And every day we stay and fight, more money comes our way.
Americans have got the right to pay and pay and pay!

So stay the course! Don't cut and run!
We're bringing peace and freedom with the barrel of a gun!
Don't cut and run! Let's stay the course!
We'll write new chapters on the use of force.
Let's build a bunch of bases so we always can attack.
Let's build a bunch of bases in Iraq!

And anyone who questions all the havoc that we wreak,
We will keep repeating that they're treacherous and weak.
We will keep implying that they cut and run away.
That's the way we'll win Election Day!
That's the way we'll win Election Day!

Americans are more and more inclined to show our guys the door.
That's why we need another war to turn this thing around.
We've got to get an enemy who's got a lot of energy.
We'll share the fruits of liberty: Their oil in the ground!

You pay a lot of taxes so the government can buy.
A lot of brand new weapons that they're gonna wanna try.
We're military contractors. We rule the earth and sky!

So stay the course! Don't cut and run!
We're bringing peace and freedom with the barrel of a gun!
Don't cut and run! Let's stay the course!
We'll write new chapters on the use of force.
Let's carpet bomb the country. It's a smart election plan.
Let's carpet bomb the country of Iran!

And anyone who questions all the havoc that we wreak,
We will keep repeating that they're treacherous and weak.
We will keep implying that they cut and run away.
There's no time for a course correction. We will never change direction.
That's the way we'll win Election Day!
That's the way we'll win Election Day!

2). We're Spying On You

The system we're designing
keeps track of you each night and day.
The data that we're mining
is part of our plan.

We hear each conversation.
The sweet little nothings you say.
We sell that information
Whenever we can!

Your phone calls and emails and library visits
all give us the keys to your mind.
We watch what you say, what you think, what you write, what you do!
You could be the terrorist, environmentalist, anti-war activist kind.
We're spying on you!
We're spying on you!
We're spying on you!

The government is buying.
We sell all the secrets we've found,
While they are there denying
on Capitol Hill!

We do a lot of prying.
We're sneaking and peeking around.
Our electronic spying,
it gives us a thrill!

Your medical records and credit card statements
Allow us to profile you well.
Each terrible ache and each purchase you make is a clue!
Now so many vendors and insurance companies
crave all the data we sell.
We're spying on you!
We're spying on you!
We're spying on you!
We're spying on you!
We're spying on you!



vocal: Nita Getmore (Angela Carole Brown)
alto sax: Money Stitt (Phil Feather)
tenor sax: Money Goodman (Jeff Driscoll)
trumpets: Louie "Mo-Scratch" Strongarm (Lee Thornburgh)
& K'ching Oliver (Javier Gonzalez)
trombones: Eubie Greenbacks (John Grab)
& Glen Millions (George Thatcher)
cimbasso: Cash Calloway (John Van Houten)
violins: Itzhak Oilman (Tom Voss),
Anne-Soft Money (Claire Bergen)
celli: Mo-Dough Ma (Matt Cooker)
bass: Warren Proffet (Ross Wright)
drums: Buddy I. M. Rich (Daniel Glass)

3). Don't Vote!

I keep flashing back on Y2K
When the Billionaires took your Voting Rights away.
Convicted felons got purged from the list,
A lot of innocent people's names were dismissed.
We set up some roadblocks on that November day
And cars full of Black people got turned away.
So many ballots were tossed out as bad
Because of a dimpled or a hanging chad.
Down in Florida we struck a mortal blow
Cause Georgie's brother Jeb was running the show.
And the Secretary of State who inflicted the pain
Was the chair of the Florida Bush campaign.
And the commentator who it called it for Georgie B.
Was his cousin who'd been working for Fox TV.
A new Election Day is coming again and we're gonna win it
If the Billionaires can keep you all from getting in it!

(Don't vote) If you got a better place to be.
(Don't vote) You could stay home watching a game on TV.
(Don't vote) You could be kicking it with your crew.
(Don't vote) Just let The Billionaires choose for you!

We found a better way of making it seem clean,
We built an electronic voting machine.
And then we sold these suckers nationwide,
But we're the only ones who know what's on the inside.
You push the buttons and our voting machine keeps track,
We made it so it's very easy to hack.
Call for a recount. It will probably fail.
Cause our machines don't leave no paper trail!

The Billionaires don't want you to vote this year.
We're sending you a message that's loud and clear
That the votes can't be counted in your community
Why even register? Don't waste your energy!
Don't go to the polls on election day
Cause we bought the election and it had better go our way!
And on election night, we'll sit back and gloat.
Hah, the Billionaires don't want you to vote!

(Don't vote) If you're satisfied with who's in charge!
(Don't vote) If you want to keep us livin' large.
(Don't vote) Do you really want to rock the boat?
(Don't vote) Hey, the Billionaires don't want you to vote!

When other countries go and have an election day,
People walk across mountains to have their say;
Wait in line for days until the vote begins;
They sit and watch the votes get counted to see who wins.
Here in America, we put obstacles in your way.
We're really hoping you stay home on Election Day.
But if ya'll voted, if each one of you just up and went.
There'd be a very different government!

(Don't vote) If you really want to fight in a war.
(Don't vote) If you like the way we're treating the poor.
(Don't vote) If you don't care about education.
(Don't vote) Keep The Billionaires controlling the nation.
(Don't vote) If you want to help the CEOs.
(Don't vote) If you like the way the money flows.
(Don't vote) Do you really want to rock the boat?
(Don't vote) Hey, the Billionaires don't want you to vote!



emcee: 50 Billion (Wil b.)
vocals: Ovasiturs Nowitzmine (Arlys Alford)
saxes: Big Time Dick (Mike Nelson)
trumpet: Arturo Handitover (Frankie Hernandez)
trombone: Eubie Greenbacks (John Grab)

4). Hurricane

Michael Brown only knew Arabian horses,
But he was very loyal to the Bush Regime.
That's why Georgie made him head of the forces
For the Federal Emergency Management team.
When the levees failed and the floods came through
And the people died, good ol' Brownie was there.
He emailed his assistant asking what to do,
Asking what kind of shirt and tie to wear!

All the folks that fled from the wind and rain,
Well, they can't come back, cause we got a plan.
Thanks to the power of the hurricane,
We'll make a red state out of Louisianne!

When the waters rose, people fled the city,
And they fled their neighborhood and fled their home.
But Texas welcomed them and showed them pity,
And made them get all comfy in the Astrodome.
When the President's mother came to visit one day,
She shared with a reporter this little gem:
"These folks were underprivileged anyway,
so this is really working very well for them!"

Now we're buying up the houses with eminent domain.
People can't come back, cause we got a plan.
Thanks to the power of the hurricane,
We'll make a red state out of Louisianne!

There's a tax break for the oil companies.
The Federal Gov'ment sent a bunch of loot.
But none of it is going to evacuees,
Cause most of it's for us at Kellogg, Brown & Root!
Yes we're turning now to a fresh, white page.
Down in N'Orleans, we bought ourselves a brand new day.
And we won't be paying no prevailing wage.
Let the money flow! Laissez bon temps roulez!

All those voters fled in the wind and rain.
We'll they can't come back, cause we got a plan.
Thanks to the power of the hurricane,
We'll make a red state out of Louisianne!

In the House and Senate, we are sure to gain,
If they don't come back, cause we got a plan.
Thanks to the power of the hurricane,
We'll make a red state out of Louisianne!



*vocal: Beau Q. L'argent (Doug Lacey)
with Queen Midas (Lisa Haley)
accordion: Pietro Dinero
fiddle & washboard: Queen Midas (Lisa Haley)
guitar: Djingle-Djangle Reinhard (Ken Rosser)
bass: Warren Proffet (Ross Wright)
drums: Buddy I. M. Rich (Daniel Glass)*

5). CAFTA

That giant sucking sound you hear,
That's when your jobs all disappear!
We will outsource all the work that you do
And never shed a single tear!

It's gonna boost our companies
To build a string of factories
And staff them all with an underpaid crew
Where there's a Caribbean breeze!

(Central America Free Trade Agreement) Howdy neighbor, we need sweatshop labor!
(Central America Free Trade Agreement) Way south of the border, it's made to order!
(Central America Free Trade Agreement) If they organize, they get a big surprise!
(Central America Free Trade Agreement; Yes it's CAFTA! CAFTA!)

If they should tell us "Don't pollute!"
We'll have our lawyers file suit.
We'll say they're messing with our Freedom of Trade.
No we are not just being cute!

All those generic drugs they use,
Well, they no longer get to choose.
They've got to buy from Pharmaceuticals now
And we'll make sure they don't refuse!

(CAFTA for the US and Costa Rica) Good for Motorola, good for Caterpillar!
(CAFTA for the Dominican Republic) For Proctor & Gamble, and good for Pfizer!
(CAFTA for Honduras and Guatemala) For Intel, for Technet, for Microsoft!
(It's great for corporations, but not the public!) It's gonna be even better than NAFTA! It's CAFTA! CAFTA!

We're gonna make 'em realize
That they have got to privatize.
And then we buy up every government function
And we watch our profits rise!

(Central America Free Trade Agreement) It's our corporations running their nations!
(Central America Free Trade Agreement) Even though they're poor, they'll have to pay us more!
(Central America Free Trade Agreement) We get to bribe and cheat to a hot Salsa beat!
(Central America Free Trade Agreement) Yes it's CAFTA! CAFTA!

*vocal – Loot-ya Reyes (Crissy Hernandez)
with Robert Weapons Plant (Jason Paige)
alto sax: Money Stitt (Phil Feather)
tenor sax: Money Goodman (Jeff Driscoll)
trumpets:
Louie "Mo-Scratch" Strongarm (Lee Thornburgh)
& K'ching Oliver (Javier Gonzalez)
trombones:: Eubie Greenbacks (John Grab)
& Glen Millions (George Thatcher)
cimbasso: Cash Calloway (John Van Houten)
piano: Thief Jarret (Alan Steinberger)
bass: Warren Proffet (Ross Wright)
drums and percussion:
Buddy I. M. Rich (Daniel Glass)*



6). Bring Joe-Mentum to the G.O.P.

Senator Joe Lieberman is what this nation needs.
He's practically Republican in thoughts and words and deeds.
The balance in the Senate's just as tight as it can be.
So Joe should bring "Joe-mentum" to the G.O.P.

His primary election loss made things look really grim
But Karl Rove got conservatives to write big checks to him.
Republicans elected him. It's not so hard to see
How Joe can bring "Joe-mentum" to the G.O.P.

Maybe when the Dems refuse more tax cuts for the rich,
Lieberman can shout that it is time for him to switch.
Or the day they vote to bring the troops home from Iraq,
Lieberman will tell the press that "He ain't goin' back!"
He'll join the other caucus to 'preserve Democracy,'
And we can all pretend this was a thing we didn't foresee
And Joe can bring "Joe-mentum" to the G.O.P.!

Lobbyists and C.E.O.'s and Billionaires'll smile,
And John McCain will kvell the day Joe walks across the aisle!
Finally we'll see the man that he was meant to be
When Joe can bring "Joe-mentum" to the G.O. (*Go Joe!*)
Bring "Joe-mentum" to the G.O.P.!

*vocal: Grasping Greed III (Steve Komen)
with Gimme Moore (Cindy O'Connor)
guitar, bass: Djingle-Djangle Reinhardt (Ken Rosser)
drums: Georgie O'Marauder (Paul Berolzheimer)*



7). Yellow Pill

You don't have to feel so ill. He can prescribe you our yellow pill.
No, no you won't have to waste away, if you will take it three times a day!

You're riddled with cancer and you're feeling a little weak,
Or you've got AIDS and your prognosis is very bleak.
You're wasting away 'cause you don't feel like you want to eat,
And you've got nausea and your suffering is complete!
You're miserable you want to jump off a cliff,
But you'd feel better if you could roll up a big fat spliff!
You'd take a puff and then your symptoms would go away,
But it's illegal - that's how it's gonna stay!
Just pop our yellow pill and you'll soon be feeling fine.
At sixteen bucks a pop it's good for our bottom line!
It may not work well. For many, it's gonna fail.
But when you're high on it you won't have to go to jail!

At Big Pharma, we care for you, 'cause you're the source of our revenue.
You know it gives us a tiny thrill, each time you're buying our yellow pill!

If you could grow your own, we think you prob'ly will.
There'd go our profits on our wonderful yellow pill!
We make synthetics so we have to be very sure
That we prohibit any natural competitor.
We own the patent on the active ingredient.
We must insure that all our money is well-spent!
You can't have ganja, if we've got the monopoly
On pharmaceuticals containing THC.
Friends at the FDA make sure you'll never see
Research on ganja that can prove that it's therapy.
All your sick relatives are gonna get put away
If they smoke something not approved by the FDA!

Hey doctor man, don't drop the ball! Get those patients on Marinol!
Hey doctor man, you've got to sell, 'cause pharmaceuticals pay well!
Hey doctor man, don't drop the ball! Get those patients on Marinol!
Hey doctor man, you've got to sell, 'cause pharmaceuticals pay well!

We got the medicine whenever you start to ache.
Big Pharma wants you to be taking the drugs we make!
We got the medicine whenever you start to ache.
Big Pharma wants you to be taking the drugs we make!



vocals: Ovasiturs Nowitzmine (Arlys Alford)

rapper: 50 Billion (wil b.)

tenor Sax: Money Goodman (Jeff Driscoll)

trumpets: Louie "Mo-Scratch" Strongarm (Lee Thornburgh)

trombone: Eubie Greenbacks (John Grab)

organ: Thief Jarret (Alan Steinberger)

guitar: Djingle-Djangle Reinhardt (Ken Rosser)

bass: Warren Proffet (Ross Wright)

drums: Buddy I. M. Rich (Daniel Glass)

8). Global Warming

Fossil fuels will always be the cleanest source of energy.
CO2 is not a sin. We breathe it out. Plants breathe it in.
Greenhouse gases are no threat, 'cause science cannot prove it yet.
Global Warming's just a scare, so let us clear the air:

We mustn't be rash. No we really should wait
'cause we cannot be certain. There's still a debate
between qualified scientists of good repute
and our guys working at the Petroleum Institute.
So sit tight till we're sure a consensus is forming
On Global Warming. Global Warming.

Okay, so it's clear and it's easy to see,
And all serious scientists seem to agree.
But they've still got some dots that they've yet to connect;
Maybe human activity has no effect!
If it isn't our fault, why should we be reforming
For Global Warming? Global Warming.

It's natural that Greenland should melt.
Continue to do as we please.
Let's wait till the cards are all dealt.
On a really big dog, we're the tiniest fleas!

It's normal that temperatures change.
Rest easy. Let go of your fears.
Don't worry. It's not really strange
That the hottest it's been in the last thousand years
Is now!

Fossil fuels will always be the base of our economy.
Why should we convert to some unproven new technology?
Americans should all feel free to buy another SUV.
Don't let Science spoil your day. Just fill 'er up and drive away!

So maybe the coal and the oil we burn
Is the factor that's causing our climate to turn.
We could change what we do and the world won't defrost,
But our industries can't bear to shoulder the cost.
So you'll have to get used to the melting and thawing and flooding and storming
From Global Warming. Global Warming. Global Warming.
Ah!



vocals: Gimme Moore (Cindy O'Connor)
flutes: Herbie Businessmann (Bobby Shulgold)
violins: Itzhak Oilman (Tom Voss)
viole: Anne-Soft (Claire Bergen)
celli: Mo-Dough Ma (Matt Cooker)
bassi – Charles Blingus (Norman Ludwin)

9). Plastic Fantastic

We know that your life is hard.
So please let down your guard.
We'll send you a gift to give you a lift:
A shiny new credit card!
Don't fret that your funds are low.
You can use it wherever you go.
Whenever you do, your debts will accrue,
And give us a happy glow.

It's so fantastic, when you pay with plastic! With plastic!

Wait for our bill to come.
Just pay the minimum.
The interest will grow on the money you owe
And make us a tidy sum.
If you should somehow sneeze,
We're going to hike our fees.
And if you pay late, we're raising your rate
And slapping on penalties.

It's so fantastic, when you pay with plastic! With plastic!

We're keeping the Congress's keys.
They're like our employees.
We're stacking the decks by writing big checks
So we can do as we please.
The bill on bankruptcy
Benefits our industry.
It keeps you on track for paying us back
As your top priority.

It's so fantastic, when you pay with plastic! With plastic!

If you are keeping score,
We're watching our profits soar.
We're making you sweat, collecting your debt
And charging you more and more.
How did it get this way?
Congress is in our pay.
And so they reject that they should protect
The public every day.

It's so fantastic, when you pay with plastic! With plastic!
Fantastic! Fantastic! Huzzah!



vocals: Ovasiturs Nowitzmine (Arlys Alford), Lionel Lott, Kitten Kaboodle (Maureen Costa)
baritone sax: Big Time Dick (Mike Nelson)
guitar: Enron Hubbard (Eric Potter)

10). Money Matrix

There was a time once when America’s affairs
Were funded by high taxes on the nation’s lonely Billionaires.
From our clubs and boardrooms we’d watch helplessly
Cause there were far to few of us to vote to change this policy.
Poor folks can’t be Billionaires, it’s true.
If we could change their hearts and minds, they’d do
What we needed them to do!
We could tell them what to do!

We had to focus on communications; funding think tanks and foundations.
Crafting clever messaging and planting lots of seeds.
Look what 30 years have done. Look how smoothly things are run
Now we have a government that answers all our needs.
It’s all about consistency; emphasis on clarity
For every single battle that we wage.
Every minute, every day, every word our people say,
You can bet they read from the exact same page!

It’s the Money Matrix Messaging Machine;
An ideological go-between
To teach the people how to lean.
The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!
(The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!)
The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!
(The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!)

It has been our personal mission to obtain legal permission
To release mercury emissions when we burn a batch of coal.
So the leader of our nation asked for our participation
To write this new legislation to achieve our noble goal.
It’s a kind of prostitution called the campaign contribution
That allows us our pollution and lets mercury levels rise.
But we needed to call it something that sounded reassuring
So we turned to our foundation for “Clear Skies!”
And we wanted to do some logging on the public lands we’re hogging
And we wanted to do that logging on some old-growth stands.
We correctly concluded that the public must be deluded
If we’d ever see denuded all those pristine public lands.
We would have to make a mention this was for forest fire prevention,
So we’d sound like we’re good-intentioned when we set our saws on ‘buzz.’
So we turned to our foundation and we asked for a designation
For this logging legislation. “Healthy Forests” it was!

First the think tank thinks it,
And the president puts it through.
And then Rush repeats it,
And the Fox News crew.
When the papers print it
People come to think it’s true!

(Give us Healthy Forests and Clear Skies!)
We use semantics to disguise
Polluting patrons lurid lies.
(Give us Healthy Forests and Clear Skies!)

It’s the Money Matrix Messaging Machine;
An ideological go-between
To teach the people how to lean.
The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!
(The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!)
The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!
(The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!)

There’s a veritable ocean of oil underneath Iraqi soil
We’d been dreaming about that oil and we knew what we had to do.
We awaited the right occasion to unleash a major invasion
Since we planned that major invasion back in 1992.
But the Nine-Eleven trauma and the never-ending drama
Of our failure to find Osama, and America’s tragic pain
Gave us a brand new plan of action. We created us a distraction
To demand our satisfaction from our friend Saddam Hussein.
But in changing our direction, we were risking the world’s rejection
If we failed to make a connection that would come across with ease.
Opportunity came knocking and it didn’t seem so shocking
When we said Saddam was stocking up on W. M. D’s.
But he didn’t have those weapons. But he used to have some weapons
Cause we sold him a bunch of weapons when we were buddies long before.
So Weapons of Mass Destruction was the lie to tell the nation
To provoke the right reaction so they’d want us to go to war!

First the think tank thinks it,
And the president puts it through.
And then Rush repeats it,
And the Fox News crew.
When the papers print it
People come to think it’s true!

(Iraq has W. M. D’s
We’re asking on our bended knees
To go to war. Protect us please
From Iraqi W. M. D’s!)

It’s the Money Matrix Messaging Machine;
An ideological go-between
To teach the people how to lean.
The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!
(The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!)
The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!
(The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!)

So corporate views get heard and seen.
To keep us rolling in the green,
The Money Matrix Messaging Machine!

vocal: Nita Getmore (Angela Carole Brown) with Ovasiturs Nowitzmine (Arlys Alford) & Anita Moore Diamonds
rapper – Felonius Ax
voices: Denis Martel, Arlys Alford
alto sax: Money Stitt (Phil Feather)
tenor sax: Money Goodman (Jeff Driscoll)
trumpets: Louie “Mo-Scratch” Strongarm (Lee Thornburgh) & K’ching Oliver (Javier Gonzalez)
trombones: : Eubie Greenbacks (John Grab) & Glen Millions (George Thatcher)
cimbasso: Cash Calloway (John Van Houten)
violins: Itzhak Oilman(Tom Voss), Anne-Soft (Claire Bergen)
celli: Mo-Dough Ma (Matt Cooker)
piano: Thief Jarret (Alan Steinberger)
bass: Warren Proffet (Ross Wright)
drums: Buddy I. M. Rich (Daniel Glass)

11). The K-Street Tango

I'm gonna tell a fella's tale of woe;
A man we called "Casino Jack."
Inside the Beltway, Jack passed out the dough.
Now all the pols who loved him so
Don't dare to call him back.

The King of K Street's how we knew him then,
Before this ugly legal mess.
Two hundred twenty of our congressmen
Who will not look Jack's way again
Would count on his largesse.
Jack's cash was part of their electoral success!

The scheme....
Involved a band of Choctaw Indians
who hired Jack to represent casinos that they ran.
It seems....
Another tribe was threatening to build rival casinos,
But our Jack, he had a plan.
His dream....
Came true when he and Tom DeLay began a shell organization
That would funnel Choctaw millions to Republicans in office
Who could serve their interests well.
The theme....
Of the big ad campaign he used to squash the other tribe
Which wanted to compete with Jackie's clients
Was that gambling is evil and it tears apart the family.
Like crime and like pornography, it paves the road to hell!

That's how Casino Jack would run this town,
Until the prosecutors shut him down!

Jack was a beacon in our firmament
And he shined brighter than the moon.
Millions of client dollars Jack had spent
On making sure the government
Was dancing to his tune.

There was no time for more evasion.
And so Jack copped a guilty plea.
He did admit that on occasion,
He committed tax evasion,
Mail fraud and conspiracy,
Which got Casino Jack three counts of Felony!

And though Bob Ney and Tom DeLay were in Jack's pay,
Like Conrad Burns, each of them turns and looks away!
But the cruelest cut of all is that George Bush does not recall
This man he used to hold so dear.
Jack was a proud Bush Pioneer!
But since poor Jack's ignoble fall,
He claims he don't know Jack at all!

Look what we lobbyists have done for you:
Fly you around in corporate planes.
Golf games in Scotland for a chosen few,
Fine dining and nice hookers too,
And cash for your campaigns.
Look how we're always taking such enormous pains.

And our hope is when we stick a wad of money in your pants,
You will let us take the lead when it is time for us to dance.

But the slightest hint of danger, you get scared and turn your back.
And we're suddenly a stranger, just like poor Casino Jack!



vocal: Debbie Taunt (Christina Linhardt)
accordion: Pietro Dinero
violin: Itzhak Oilman (Tom Voss)
cello: Mo-Dough Ma (Matt Cooker)

12). Comin' Soon

It seems that when we come to town,
Well, all the local stores shut down,
Which causes the economy to bleed.
But what-cha gonna miss 'em for,
When there's a Wal-Mart Superstore
That caters to your every single need?

We're spreadin' like the kudzu the Kentucky farmer fears.
We're multiplyin' exponentially!
We'll have 3,000 Superstores in just a few more years!
We're comin' soon to your community!

Our healthcare plan, we can't deny
To those few folks who qualify,
The day their big deductible gets paid.
And all the rest should not despair.
We'll show 'em just how much we care.
We'll help 'em to enroll in Medicaid!

We're spreading like the forest fires outside Santa Fe.
We're multiplyin' exponentially!
The day when we are everywhere is not so far away!
We're comin' soon to your community!

Why make things in the USA?
The Chinese get a lot less pay!
Just three bucks every day is what they earn.
It's sweatshop labor, don't-cha know?
It's how we keep our prices low.
And that should be your number one concern!

We're spreadin' like the kudzu the Kentucky farmer fears.
We're multiplyin' exponentially!
We'll have 10,000 Superstores in twelve or thirteen years!
How can you stop this thing we're doin'?
We're bringin' economic ruin!
We're comin' soon to your community!



*vocal: Johnny Credit (Noel Orput)
with Beau Q. L'argent (Doug Lacey)
guitars: Djingle-Djangle Reinhardt (Ken Rosser)
bass: Warren Proffet (Ross Wright)
drums: Buddy I. M. Rich (Daniel Glass)*

13). Urge To Surge

I got an urge to surge.
And you know this ain't no false alarm.
We'll stage a major purge
Of the insurgents who would do us harm.
We just need more bodies
In our coalition.
We'll crush the Jihadis
Down into submission.
We'll make them dead and gone.
It's time to bring it on!

I got an urge to surge.
We need more troops to set these people free.
They're clearly on the verge
Of a glorious democracy.
We'll be like their Moses.
We'll fix all the plumbing.
They'll throw lots of roses
To thank us for coming.
We're so close to our goal.
Send in more troops. Let's roll!

Send more fresh bodies, 'cause we're layin' down the law.
Everything goes better with a little shock and awe.
War is just the perfect way to bring about our ends.
Yeah, we support our troops by sending twenty-thousand friends!

I got an urge to surge.
Just as soon as we recruit some more,
Then we can move to merge
On the country that is just next door.
When the mullahs get nailed
For some nasty behavior,
We're gonna get hailed
As their national savior.
Call up a bigger crew.
We got a job to do!

vocal: Kitten Kaboodle (Maureen Costa)

alto sax: Money Stitt (Phil Feather)

tenor sax: Big Time Dick (Mike Nelson)

trumpet – Larry Williams + Steve Crum

trombones: : Eubie Greenbacks (John Grab)

cimbasso: Cash Calloway (John Van Houten)

violins: Itzhak Oilman (Tom Voss), Anne-Soft Money (Claire Bergen)

celli: Mo-Dough Ma (Matt Cooker)

bass: Warren Proffet (Ross Wright)

drums: Buddy I. M. Rich (Daniel Glass)

recorded at the Stagg Street Studio



14). Predators

If you can't maintain a certain amount
No bank is gonna let you have a checking account.
So when you gotta cash a check cause your kids need to eat,
There's a check cashing place about a block up the street.
When the money's tight, you don't have to wait,
There's a 500 percent interest rate
that you keep rolling over on that payday loan.
And if you can't afford a freezer, you can rent to own.
You gotta make those payments. Bro, you can't miss one.
You can buy it three times over by the time you're done.
If you do miss a payment, we will repossess.
And when your ice cream melts it's gonna make a big mess.

Cause we're predators! Predators!
We keep devouring more and more!
We're predators! Predators!
We're gettin' richer by preyin' on the poor!

If your credit is good, you know you still can't win
cause our bank might judge you by the color of skin.
You're a credit risk in our point of view.
We got a subprime rate that's just for you.
You get the higher interest and the larger fees.
And don't forget the prepayment penalties.
Or an adjustable rate that's low for a time,
but when you turn your back, that rate starts to climb.
If your cheese is gone and your well runs dry,
You can refinance your home in the blink of an eye.
But if you fall behind, and you just can't pay,
Our bank is gonna take your home away!

Cause we're predators! Predators!
We keep devouring more and more!
We're predators! Predators!
We're gettin' richer by preyin' on the poor!

We're bankin' on your trouble, bankin' on your need.
Cause we got a double dose of serious greed.
We got a mortgage crisis that's long overdue,
Thanks to all the ways that we been playin' you!
And when we foreclose, you can scream and shout,
While you watch how the government bails US out!

We're predators! Predators!
We keep devouring more and more!
We're predators! Predators!
We're gettin' richer by preyin' on the poor!
Gettin' richer by preyin' on the poor!
Gettin' richer by preyin' on the poor!



emcee: 50 Billion (Wil b.)
tenor sax: Big Time Dick (Mike Nelson)
guitar: Enron Hubbard (Eric Potter)
dumbek: Stephan Junca

15) Corporations are People Too

Back in 1886, in the Santa Clara case,
Corporations were perceived to join the human race.
A humble little clerk made a tiny little note
That stated they were 'persons,' and it's what we love to quote!
We're Scalia, Alito, Roberts and Thomas. We all share a point of view.
And we strive to do the job that they appointed us to do.
When we render our decisions on some complex legal fights,
We decide for corporations and protect their human rights!

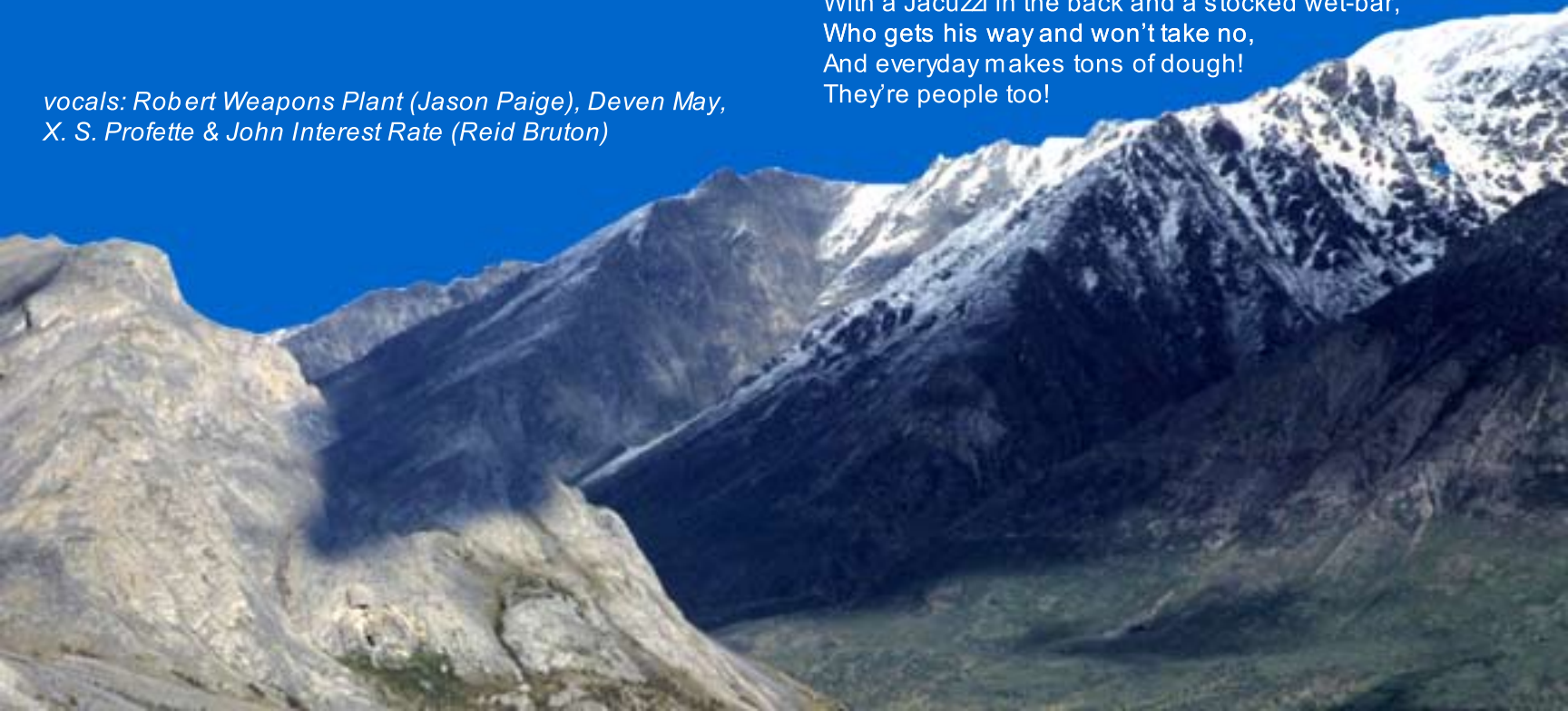
A corporation's like any person you know,
'Cause it likes to strive and it needs to grow.
Like a human being, it only wants to succeed.
And when it takes a hit, it can truly bleed.
If there's a major jolt to the economy,
It can fail, and that is proof of its humanity!

Corporations are people too!
They have a culture and a point of view.
They have needs and they demand their due.
Yes, corporations are people too!

*vocals: Robert Weapons Plant (Jason Paige), Deven May,
X. S. Profette & John Interest Rate (Reid Bruton)*

A corporation's hungry for the latest trends.
And like a human being, it just wants to make friends.
And befriending politicians is a worthy aim.
It can't vote, but it can buy them, which is almost the same.
If a corporation's bloated and it can't deny it,
It can downsize its workers, which is just like a diet!

Corporations are people too,
Doing everything they need to do,
And keeping up a tally of the folks they screw.
Yes, corporations are
Like any movie star
Who rides around in a fancy car
With a Jacuzzi in the back and a stocked wet-bar,
Who gets his way and won't take no,
And everyday makes tons of dough!
They're people too!



We are the Brothers of Bullion, the Sisters of Stock Options, the Compañeros of Cash. We are the wealthiest 0.001% of the population, but although we are a tiny minority, we have a way of making our influence felt.

For the last 8 years, we have been the Billionaires for Bush, but we are so much more than that: The Billionaires for Greater Global Greed, the Billionaires for More Media Mergers, the Billionaires for Private Prison Profits – anywhere there is an opportunity to funnel more money upward into our bursting coffers, we are there, ready to Capitalize! And our most profitable investment has been the many elected officials who rely on our largesse to buy airtime to run ads to get elected so they can do our bidding.

This is a time of great opportunity for us in America, but also one of tremendous challenge: Public support is flagging for our Iraqi war, our Pharmaceutical firms, our Credit Industry, our Lobbyists, our Trade Pacts, even our beloved Republican Party.



Pressure is being brought to bear on all those politicians who've been working so hard for us. Americans could balk at the idea of expanding our never-ending-war for more oil into Iran. Their selfish desire for Universal Healthcare could put a crimp in our Health Insurance profits. Ratings for Fox News have diminished! The next government might be inclined to change some of the policies that have inordinately benefited us. We must resist at all costs!

Stay The Course!

Felonius Ax

Felonius Ax
Minister of Musical Manipulation
TheBillionaires.org

But really now...

When the original Billionaires arrived in Los Angeles in August of 2000 for the Democratic Convention protests, we were waiting for them with a marching band and choir, performing song parodies that everyone in the crowd could join in on. After the election, our Los Angeles Billionaires continued to be fixtures at rallies, teach-ins, protests and conferences. Our motto was "Political Protest with Production Values!"

In 2004 as we planned our Billionaires for Bushcampaign, I thought it would be nice to have our own original, signature songs, instead of the parodies that had been our mainstay. We recorded and produced our second CD, The Billionaires Are In The House in spring of that year. That October, Wil b. (50 Billion) and I toured the state of Florida for a Billionaire HipHop political satire tour.

With Stay The Course, we're hoping to make the creative transition to a post-Bush reality by exploring many of the problems that will continue to plague us after Georgie has left the building: Global Warming, Militarism, Domestic Spying by Telecommunication Companies, while also giving a nod to some of the more egregious scandals of this current administration.

I have had the honor and company on this eight-year journey of some of L.A.'s best studio musicians and singers (and one extraordinary rapper), as well as my friend and partner in corporate crime, Paul Berolzheimer (Billionaire name: Georgie O'Marauder), a phenomenal engineer who makes everything we create sound that much better. Like me, these fine people have been donating their talents to our project.

What we are striving to be is Artist/Activists. Our music is what we have to bring to the Movement. We hope that what we create here will not only broaden our base by getting people who haven't been engaged to start thinking about issues from a different angle, but also to provide succor in the form of joy and laughter to those stalwart, hardcore activists at our base who have been fighting the good fight relentlessly.

We mark the passing of the George Bush era as human beings with hope that the next president of the United States will dare to repudiate his wretched policies; and as satirists with a twinge of regret that we're losing the main butt of our humor. But no matter the result of November's election, the real Billionaires will continue to exert a disproportionate degree of power in dictating policy, and as much as we wish our humor would be rendered obsolete, we're confident that it won't be.

Stay The Course!



A handwritten signature in blue ink, which appears to read "Clifford J. Tasner".

Clifford J. Tasner