

Bush League Psyche-Out Stuff

P.O.S.

Audition?
Yeah I got this...
Yeah I was at your show
Yeah... No I mean no I didn't like it
No I'm just saying I was there
And a... Doomtree!
You suck ha ha ha...
Alright... Cecil Otter, P.O.S., Sims
Dessa, whatever the f**k she calls herself
Paper Tiger, Swedish name for a Japanese punk band
Joe Mavin, you look like Alanis Morissette

Sometimes I feel like a bastard surrounded by fathers
Fashioning themselves to resemble action figures
Passing opinions across the pasture like we asked you
Like we have to have your last pieces gathered, like it even matters
Like we're trying to climb this ladder a little bit faster
Like I'd rather let the captain lead us into disaster (crash)
Like the bladder never adapted to laughter
Like I won't be the first rapper thats sent to your plaster casters
And after the new dawn is gone
My name is Sean, out on a lawn(?)
Put my songs in these coupons
I lost my soul and watched it drip down her futon
I lost my gardens(?) out of a bush that sprouts snook bombs
Now I'm looking for a word that don't exist
To help disrout this selfish pride that I hide inside this fist
We've arrived to loosen up this noose that keeps us lifted
And rip these stictches while I introduce this piece of...

Yeah stand back (stand back)
Let me be the target, let your bullet hit, I'll handle that
Let me see you flex aggressive ignorance, see half these cats
Stagger like the simple common sense to put one foot before the other
Hop, trip, slip
Slid into home base base like you planned rehearse
Some kind of celebration dance, you got tagged at first
And kept running
Jumping the gun for what you got coming
Homie no handout's til' the pitcher hits you
Your acting like your stitches rippin'
I got nothing but what my crew and open folks are bumpin'
Trustin' their trust and feeling bastard for trusting their trust
So f**k it, everything else gets tugged under rugs
Til' I get something like a crowd of cats mumbling my words
Show me some heart, let me tug
(Slug: Give me a pound or a hug)
Hear the sound like a drug homie
Just free-based beats, life's cheap
If you live it right, right?
If the words are tight, might
Bright the head in the dark, kill the night ride(?)

Stand back, no piggy backing with the mad mats
A mini apple road warrior give me that hand clap
From the hash back to amtrack to aircraft
Ransacked every city that the kids be at, the furgomack

Jumping hurdles that you carried in your back pack
The love curdles at the match books last act
Licking the stamps back just for physical flashbacks
The times of writing rhymes to get my cats and my plants back
They tell me I deserve to be happy, now doesn't seem valid
'Til we get rid of half of
How many are doing nothing but sucking on flavours?
I'm try'na edit the credits while their critiquing the trailers
So I'mma rant like theres something to say
Making up my own dance I'mma do it this way (watch me)
And I'mma try and take it all around the world
(While I'm out on tour keep your hand off my girl!)

Sometimes I feel like the bastard son
Oh where the f**ks my father
Like a shattered shoulder
Like the chick got smashed off my class
at the door with my shoes and my coat
So now I'm here again, I brought the clown, we came to rock the boat
I hold you down, you set them up
I'll set the bar and drive around
We'll let your style do the knocking, here's a pen go to town
Paint it with big broad strokes, I'll study your path
And hope your pride can take a joke when I say its dope with earcoats and la
ugh
Man I'm pleased to shit the ass
How can I add you up, devide your crew and still be horrible at math?
Now answer that and stay fasionable (just try it)
Go bash the bricks and stomp them ? kid the princess still ain't at this cas
tle
Mr Of Course, the youngster hoarse from screaming on him
But shit, I toss the lozange quick and drop my fullbacks(?) on him
Turning teens into fiends from the beats to the bear hugs
I got the stuff to get some buying up the ear plugs

(Close up your ears... Close up your whole face...
This will melt your brain... Oozing
Oooo no... I wouldn't go outside looking like that... Ohhh dear...)