

Fuck Your Stuff

P.O.S.

Yeah, LazerBeak
And DTR, Doomtree
Rhymesayers Entertainment
Marijuana Deathsquads, oh

My whole crew's on some shit
Scuffing up your Nikes, spitting on your whip
Kicking out your DJ, rock it then we dip

Looking out the window like Malcolm
Just when I thought this culture was open they go and doubt him
f*ck, dumbing it down, spit ice, skip jewelry
Molotov cocktails on me like accessories
Uhm, they can teach you how to front
I am really raw, I ain't seen a mirror in a month
But I stay fly, spinning man
Flipping out with the breeze, I'm a ceiling fan
I'mma get 'em, I can show you how to bump
Something heavy in the back, marshall stacks in the trunk
Got the windows down, I got the heat turned up
On blast wagging on 'em on the West Bank
Handling the style, or catch me on a mission
Pissing in some convertible tryna create some tension
Or in a book discussing Christopher Hitchens
Or how to make bombs with shit you find in your kitchen, listen

My whole crew's on some shit
Scuffing up your Nikes, spitting on your whip
Kicking out your DJ, rock it then we dip
We don't watch the replay, we play

I never cared about your bucks
So if I run up with a mask on
Probably got a gas can too
And I'm not here to fill her up, no
We came here to riot, here to incite
We don't want any of your stuff
Keep sticking to the script, mane, we never seen that shit
We knew the secret before they went ahead and Wiki leaked it
Made a dump, bang it out the speakers
Hoping to smash capital quotes on the word "leaders"
They in the past, so we dancing on they ashes
Onward, upward, laughing at the masses
Thinking while they sit I just go off on they ass
Wearing last year's trash ladies still be batting lashes
And tryne smash us, the passion to go
The lack of a muzzle and a style that's f*cking irrational

f*ck your stuff
I mean for real
We genuinely believe that all your shit is fake

I ain't kidding, I got this brick in my hand