

Half-Cocked Concepts

P.O.S.

(I'm auditioning for Charles Bronson's part in Death Wish Six
You know what I'm saying? I'm taking it over.
We gotta give him a big rest in peace though, right?
Matter of fact, this one's dedicated to him
This shit right here? Alright)

First of all, FUCK BUSH
That's all, that's the end of it
Second, give it up to R.S.E. for hookin' up a kid
I got the two best, the newest plus the truest;
Doomtree/Rhymesayers Entertainment (you know the name!)
Red from quality control, from your burrows to your borders
Dropping hack emcee's off balconies like Tony Rocky Horror
The (ooh) baby-dangling, words hanging
Heart exasterbated off the back of the neck of my (?)
P.O., you know the dirty one disturbing categories
The matador in black, killing bullshit allegories
Provide the hurky jerky beats, these storied stories make em

Get up, get out, get up and get something done!

I spray terms like throw-ups,
I'm 'bout to spit a feeling
Cause me and Turbo Nemesis are soon to be arthritic villains
Still instilling hatred laced with manifesto modes
And our back beats to beat your heart beat off beat
Let's go!

Excuse me
Just turn it on, and leave it running
Nation under the gun and
Nothing lining our pockets
We frontin' like 'Who want it?'
Something so simple spoken
We wait, but nothing's coming
Chrome in our fingertips, eating shit, like faulty plumbing
Just games for days, busy bees making our honey
And skee ball tickets still don't count as real money
It's something so ridiculous,
Funny, so f**king sick of this,
Consistent lack of vision from children claiming they listening

Still I'm sitting in stitches laughing while they omission this
There's still songs about bitches from 9/11 witnesses
So here I am in the Middle West
The heart land motherf**ker
Sipping whole milk motherf**ker
Our nights are colder right?
Minnesota nights, but our frost-bitten fists
For the smile stings twice so um,
Fight or flight
Who gives a damn anyways?
Does it make a f**king difference in these apathetic days?

They tell em 'Lean back, just relax'
We tell 'em 'Get Up, Get Out, Get Up And Get Somethin' Done!'
We don't dance, we just pull up our pants, and then we,

'Get Up, Get Out, Get Up And Get Somethin' Done!'
(What, you want something like a cake? Want a Guinness or something?)
'Get Up, Get Out, Get Up And Get Somethin' Done!'

Something so ridiculous,
Funny, so f**king sick of this,
Consistent lack of vision from children claiming they listening

You look sick, homie eat a gun (that's terrible...)
I'ma eat a gun - I look tired
It's probably the insomnia
I sleep like Tyler Durden
(Sticking feathers in your ass does not make you a chicken)

Holla if you hit the bottom running
A fool among the scholars
Bumping something about clubs, bubs, and hubs
I got a message in a bottle written in gas and oil
Signed with a rag and a match - here catch!

Slap to rebel yell
The rebels fell, embedded in brick
Ain't no f**king marble memorial
For pissed-off kids waiting for death wish six
Like Bronson ain't got enough to flip his face to vigilance again
We sit and spin, the fifth amends
Barely our friends, who think about what's up with Jen & Ben
We sit and spin...
(I think we've been up in this club a little too long - get the f**k outta here!)

They tell em 'Lean back and relax'
We tell 'em 'Get Up, Get Out, Get Up And Get Somethin' Done!'
Put the muhf**kin Fresca down
'Get Up, Get Out, Get Up And Get Somethin' Done!'
(God damnit, what the f**k?!)
'Get Up, Get Out, Get Up And Get Somethin' Done!'

Something so ridiculous,
Funny, so f**king sick of this,
Consistent lack of vision from children claiming they listening

(God damn, Joe
You like Fresca? You're fired
Him? You're not getting paid - you're fired too)