

Lockpicks, Knives, Bricks and Bats

P.O.S.

I want to show them all that we can't be touched
That we too out of hand and we move too much
And we can take all that pressure
Cause we don't want nothing at all
Except for maybe some more of us
Down here tucked tight
Just as ready to pound as we are ready to fight
And we don't want none of that
We ain't even looking at y'all, nah

I'm looking through dirty lenses
But so happy to be alive
That death thinks I would ruin the vibe
I'm not invited, I'm not crying
Calling out crimes, acting in kind
Not blindly, just looking for alignment
We what's under the bed, the last threads
Unrest in the flesh and restless
Can't choose to stop us
We some bad news maracas
What's a law but a leash?
Can't lock, got tools to pop those reckless
And just out of your reach, happy underneath
Mock fools and rock shows
Checklist, treat them how they treat
Goonish with a newer set of rules
And a sharper set of teeth
I'm a lion with the eyes on the meat
Try defying any/all, highly motivated y'all
You can hear it in the speech
Aight! Motherfucker, see, I was born like this
Pissed with a twist
Raised in the Midwest where they hate with a grin
Came of age thicker skinned, no contest
Bigger smile on my fuck off
Didn't get in to win cause I don't respect the game
I got up with all my friends and picked a repellent name
I constantly recommend a little bit of disdain
A little bit of resistance, they can hang
I was a newjack trying to decide where I fit
I got busy, I destroy the walls how I live
Yeah, and they ain't got the balls
Or the ovaries to get a fucking grip
So content to let it slip, hellbent, none held in
Their story full of holes, some of y'all fell in
How could I possibly offer up anything
Except dissent? Get on the fucking bus

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I'm trying show them all that we can't be touched
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Just as ready to pound as we are ready to fight
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And we ain't even looking at y'all
There's a lot of fucking pressure

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Ain't no particular road, ain't no particular mission
Only impossible goals, only defy definition
They only temperatures cold
Probably cause they only listen
To everything that they told
We critical kicking, thermometers hot
We don't stay down, we keep watch
We risk getting caught
Better when running, ready or not
It's all playground, it don't stop
We risk getting caught
Better at running, ready or not

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We trying to show them all that we can't be touched
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And we can take all the pressure
Cause we don't want nothing at all
Except for maybe some more of us
Yeah, so where you at?
Mixed in lock-picks, knives, bricks and bats
And we can take all the pressure
And we ain't even looking at y'all