

Meth-head Vs. McNugget

P.O.S.

Ladies and Gentleman

Alright, the crowd looks pissed
There might be a problem here
Who's the scrubby new jack
Loud mouth little fuck, up there?
Hi, (HI!)
My name is promise of stress, skill
I rep the midwest still
I run from the rest, like
King little(?), who that?
Who the fuck he think he is?
I don't know him
so I'll show him little more than nothing
Nope, I will not have that in a song, flat
This place will be about as stable as Iraq
Wide tracks, similar to your girl's hair
Rock socking these, but only got one pair
Just stop mocking me
Just trying to get this place stirred
Just trying to keep it live
Do it up in the Air Force One
Like George Bush
Get retarded
Like George Bush
Wether you're drinking, or bang cocaine
Like George Bush
You've got no room for face (uh-uh)
Who you think you are, George Bush?
Stay the fuck outta my great lakes
Wanna be known from the cities that quake
To the cities that never put on my breaks
Come on!
Rock Kuwati, playing the bombs
Raps and hand claps
They're so long, it kinda worries my Mom!
Till I'm gone, I'm rapping DoomTree
etcetera and so on, and so long
as I can still
Hold a pen in my hand, I will
And I'll write too
spit some shit to excite you

Peace to the Uh-West
DoomTree!
On this laser beat
No, We keep it Live, Live, Live
Don't stop the body rocking
And keep the head nods nodding all night
Live, Live, Live
When you sick of they shit
Put up a fist
Cause we the people who try to keep it
Live, Live, Live
Come on, who's world is it?
The world is their's
Too many of you think

"It's fine, It's fine, It's fine"

So, how many of you
Ladies and Dudes
Check the news
Say "It's fucked up"
But do nothing but say "It's fucked up"
I'm just like you, but to
Tell you the truth
I'm thinking about asking (oh no!)
What he thinks of my nuts
I'm like "tea-bag the government"
But that don't fix our predicament, does it?
Shit makes me sick to my stomach
General populace numb
and that's all folks
How many of you realize you're the butt of the 9-1-1 joke?
Blessed to death that you be better off for us
I'm gonna lift up on your head
So you can wake up
And smell that herb and be cleansed
And get get to get down
It's like get up, and get get to get down

Nah, I mean like really get really down
Get low, get the fuck under something (Sims!)
They throwing fucking fire-bombs at me
Alright, Now wake up, stretch!
I'm like fuck, FUCK!
It looks like a blue day outside
Yea,blue

P! to the O,S
DoomTree
On this laser beat
No, We keep it Live, Live, Live
Don't stop the body rocking
And keep the head nods nodding all night
Live, Live, Live
When you sick of the shit
Put up a fist
Cause we the people who try to keep it
Live, Live, Live
Who's world is it?
The world is their's
Too many of you think
"It's fine, It's fine, It's fine"

P.O.S. (Live!, Live!)
Wake up the kids and open eyes (Live!, Live!, Live!, Live!)
I hope to see ya
Too many blind (Right!)
And not too bright (The Time!)
To bring a fork and a knife to get their free meal, yea

Who's world is it?
The world is their's
Come on
(Whose world is it?)
The world is their's
Come on
The world is their's
Too many of you think

"It's fine, It's fine, It's fine, It's fine, It's fine"

DoomTree

On this laser beat

No, We keep it Live, Live, Live

Don't stop the body rocking

And keep the head nods nodding all night

Live, Live, Live

Peace to the Uh-West

DoomTree!

On this laser beat

No, We keep it Live, Live, Live

Who's world is it?

The world is their's

Too many of you think

"It's fine, It's fine, It's fine, It's fine, It's fine"

(Alright!)

It ain't, Fucker!

Laser Beak's a fucking genius, period