

Music for Shoplifting

P.O.S.

I write ryhmes then rhyme, right?
Yea, that about sums it up
But while some of them get crunk, I gets
Stories and truths
I share views
See I, See why
Crews choose the Fox News
I see in CNBC
CNBC and other shows
It's crystal clear without a PCS phone
P.O.S. is known for heart
Spit from my whole
Put it to music, (heartbeats)
And let you download the ringtone
And from a broken home, stories are hard times passed
And in a broken home
That ain't a breeze it's a draft
Because the window is cracked
It's where the heart is
Broken or not, I won't turn my back
Word to Grey Storks(?)
Thanks for the room and support
let's see that smile
You ain't gotta worry no more
We ain't gotta worry
We're tough
and we can deal with whatever comes up
This is for those who can't pay the rent

Run out of toilet paper
Find the sunday paper
Wipe your ass with the President
This is for them thugs
Who done crack, but stopped
Cause they saw first hand, what crack does
This is for all the artists
who know their work is just a drop in the ocean
but do it anyway, hoping
This is for everybody who carrys the world's weight
But stands up straight
Put a hand up, Try to relate

Now
Is it the money or past dues
The switchblades and stab wounds
Why's it always gotta be bad news, huh?
Why's it always gotta be bad
You choose
Want some new shit
or fix what you have?
See, Growing up, I shook the bobber on the poverty line
But wait, I got away with the bait
To this minute
I'm dealing with nightcrawlers who rule my mass
So what you think?
New shit, or fix what I have?
A Finger hooks

Right lines in sync with the times
Get fished in, caught by the decline
I fought only to find
I'm not right in the mind
I'm left, I mean I'm fine
Just not so f**king blind
Rather be forgotten
Than remembered for giving in
Refuse to lose my name like Sanjay (he's a hero!)
Away with spirits, I am fear personified
No place to hide if you're locked in your mind right?
You ever feel like you've got a closet to clean?
You can't find the key, you look but you lost the damn thing
You ever feel you know exactly where the f**k it is, But don't want to see?
Yea, me too
I don't care where, just far right?
I'm escape personified
Drop the P from pride and hop in my car
Just drive far
I'm escape personified
Drop the P from pride and hop in my car
So

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That's a little rhyme, get that rhyme?
I put that rhyme in
because quite often dropouts come in to catch the show
Them dumbass dropouts like them rhymes