

P.O.S.

"De La Souls"

Visit "[De La Souls](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I am P.O.S.
I be the new generation of slaves
Here to make papes off this land corporation's rape
From that life I'm tryin' to separate
But I guess I'm livin' dreams cuz my rent's always a
month late
Product of an East German Black
Who kissed the neck, of a pretty woman named Grace
But he lkeft my life just a little too soon
Didn't see me catch the Doomtree fame

As we go a little somethin' like this
Look mom, no protection, no I got a baby boy by the
name of Jake
And I been tryin' to play the cowboy to rustle in the
dough
When I think I'm getting' better every passin' day
I'm not an early bird, plus the feathers' all black
So by the time I catch an apple, usually it's rind
But it's a must to decipher one's girl
From the round, sweet apples that are rotten on the
inside
I cherish my free time
But I maximize so my soul needs to unwind
I wanna see the stars be the moon to my sun
(But I'm always on the run, run, run)
I fake to all these hard-case kids
I raise a black fist
But won't say (nigga) in the things I write

And I don't say (faggot)
Cuz I don't think it's right
I know my boy struggle with that for over half his life
I guess we got our own lives to live
But I'm stretched too thin, tryin' to build a kingdom to
rule
And I think to the past sometimes
And dag man, it's bad, see I kinda acted like a fool
But I've apologized to the lives that I've touched
Wrong pride, to the back, move ahead strong
But I can safely say

I've never played a woman without karma catchin' up
later on
I try to walk the right side of the tracks
But I've hopped a couple trains
Mom would cry if she knew the haps
But I can stand who I am
And face the day straight
Knowin' not a thing can change what our beat singin'

[Chorus:]

No one will ever be, like me
No one will ever be, like me

And I know I'm not (?) but when I try to do what's right
Everyone who comes to me don't understand or see
my plight
Everything I've ever done, and all the plans I've had
inside
I was Mr. Gone Wrong in way, so I gave up and said

(Alright)

So now I do what I can, I'm

(Alright)

Stand up like Mama raised me

(Alright)

I was dope from the bottom

And pulled a flush

I've been livin' with my chips all in

And I'm still in see

[Chorus]

I am P.O.S.

I be the new generation of slaves

Here to make papes off this land corporation's rape

From that life I'm tryin' to separate

But I guess I'm livin' dreams cuz my rent's always a
month late

And lookin' back it seems I've always been a step
behind

Little off-track and feelin' no one shared a frame but
mine

Listenin' to records in my room to escape

Found some things I could relate with, I wore out the
tape

We said

When I lose, every time I win, cuz

No one will ever be,

Messin' up stuff or doin' things wrong

Quite like me

[Chorus: x2]

Visit [P.O.S.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.