

P.O.S. "Get Smokes"

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[P.O.S.] Get smokes... we ain't got bodegas, we got gas stations
Choke, steady rock, ready for whatever pops
Split the surface like machete chops Better lost
anyway... okay Slash fast getaway, crash whatever path
and stop whether it's caskets or gas hits, last drops I'll
stash whatever math I've added in a basket and bury it
You let 'em pull the wool, I pull the chariot faster, lungs
like California raisins Singing some type of blues
version of "Search and Destroy" I'm talking Stooges,
weathered tissue and bruises Iggy "Raw", respect or
step back, cute is what we aim at Haha, aww... haha...
I'm on some Ichabod Crane raps Scared of the
headless gaps in any audience Maps exactly where
I'ma bucket a whole frame Knuckles up, the ruler's
coming to measure The rudiments of your struggle by
the inches, quit bitching Keep building, sheep sleep
still Shepherds don't peep dreams, reach till it's real
Thoughts breach seams on a 59/50 clipped bill Keep
the uniform wrecked, trends kill Necks bend still when I
step, bend steel when I flex Head kneel to the next,
near never No kings ever, nope, sever all that... [P.O.S.]
Just a hair too abrasive for a nation on soft Dirty when
the style ain't Bringing that bomb squad density when
irate Digging in the crates full of sodium nitrate Like
this I'll... burn up my fingertips, roof's on fire Fine, just
let me get in and find a good place to sit It's fucking
freezing out, who got a cigarette? Who's got an 'Ove'
Glove and a hard hat for me? All I got is, dirt on the
jeans, ash in the cuffs Scuffs on the skate highs, keep
'em laughing at us Trust that I keep [knives] that will
land in your guts If your touch is not welcome, pacified
pacifist seldom Someone took the nook, keep yelling
on 'em No telling what'll happen if you pass the fifth
And keep your flash pasteurized, mines like fresh outa
the tit Ick, Schick sharp, shards for darts, promise of
skill Arms up, guard your heart, f'real High crime, low
art, protect your neck Face sparks to the... no time to
waste Take down, clowns in the fake crowns Sound the
loud siren, get off my island Doomtree consume the
loose silence Fill it to the top with the "digguh-digguh-
digguh-digguh" live shit

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