

P.O.S.

"Gimme Gimme Gunshots"

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[sample]

Well, some of you might be sayin' like they tryin' not
to like us

But we want you to know we good

I am a gun

[Verse 1]

Okay frustration takes a fat cat

And slows 'em down like a bullet forced through layers
of disgusting Biggie Smalls fat

Still gets the job done

But only now it takes like ten gun claps to stab the fat of
just one

The effort of a bullet through a hero sees kick armor

Doesn't make him less a hero, more a metaphor for life

My effort works in full clips

Only hero's a farmer

Cause he helps me fatten up and that's my bullet into
strife, you know?

I knew this guy, hell bent on getting over

I said help me paint this viz shit

"Oh my god it's fun!"

But it wasn't...I called him Huckleberry Fuckup

Cause he pulled that crap like every day and nothing
ever got done

The frustrated, crumble under the way to their own
bungling hate of their own brain

Effort's like a gunshot - a split second of manmade
perfection

Dial up speed and direction

So..

[Chorus 1]

Let me give a little cause to the flickering sun

Stop, drop, then gimme props, gimme gunshots

Gimme all that work, gimme age spots

Gimme all that hurt, gimme snapshots

Lemme get a photograph and laugh under your bad
news

Kill the wet words, give me effort
Let me give a little cause to the bickering
Then stop stop the short short for flickering
Gimme work, gimme hurt, gimme effort
Kill the weak plots, gimme gimme gunshots
Kill the weak plots, gimme gimme gunshots
Kill the weak plots, gimme gimme gunshots

[Bridge]

I won't deny it, I'm a straight rider
You don't wanna fuck with DoomTree

[Verse 2]

I've got ambitions of a rider
Like another famed victim of effort
Less effort though
Well...I guess he took it and smiled
Five shots couldn't stop the knowledge dropper
Turned posh in his Tiff jar and clone donor
But fifteen could
Maybe it was fortunate
Give me the strength to pierce flesh
The highest caliber of focus that'll give me death
The hammer pin, powder push
A simple try'll do, I won't lie to you
I'm simply trying to let that blood goosh
I'm simply trying to slip past medocrity's lips
Just wanna kill that bitch from the inside, you know what
I'm sayin
The thorny Doom branch on the side of every blank
loaded
Armchair thinker, and backseat liver
You perish my people like Anne Rice
You parody passion
My bullet will will not think twice before before bashing
(I won't)
Thank God I put effort into everything (seriously)
Doom

So..

[Chorus 2]

Let me give a little cause to the flickering sun
Stop, drop, then gimme props, gimme gunshots
Gimme all that work, gimme age spots
Gimme all that hurt, gimme snapshots
Lemme get a photograph and laugh under your bad
news
Kill the wet words, give me effort
Let me give a little cause to the bickering
Then stop stop the short short for flickering

Gimme work, gimme hurt, gimme effort
Kill the weak plots, gimme gimme gunshots
Kill the weak plots, gimme gimme gunshots

[Chorus 3]

Let me give a little cause to the flickering sun
Stop, drop, then gimme props, gimme gunshots
Gimme all that work, gimme age spots
Gimme all that hurt, gimme snapshots
Lemme get a photograph and laugh under your bad
news
Kill the wet words, give me effort
Let me give a little cause to the bickering
Then stop stop the short short for flickering
Gimme work, gimme hurt, gimme effort
Kill the weak plots, gimme gimme gunshots
Kill the weak plots, gimme gimme g-gimme g-gimme
gimme
gimme gimme guns

Bang
Pow

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