

## P.O.S.

### "Half-Cocked Concepts"

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First of all, Fuck Bush  
That's all, that's the end of it  
Second, give it up to R.S.E. for hookin' up a kid  
I got the two best, the newest plus the truest;  
Doomtree, Rhymesayers Entertainment (You know the name!)  
Rip the quality control, from your burrows to your borders  
Droppin' hot emcee's off balconies like Tony Rocky Horror  
The, uh, the baby-danglin', words hanglin'  
Hottest masturbatin' off the back of the neck of my soldiers' rhyme and  
P.O., you know the dirty one disturbing categories  
The matador in black, killin' bullshit allegories  
Provide the hurt, these other beastly storing stories make em'

Get Up  
Get Down  
Get Up  
And Get Fucked Up

I spray terms like throw-ups,  
I'm 'bout to spit a feelin'  
Cuz me and Turbo Nemesis are soon to be arthritic villains  
Still instillin' hatred,  
Laced with manifesto modes  
And our back beat's to beat your heart beat off beat  
Let's go

Excuse me  
Just turn it on, and leave it runnin'  
Macin', nothin' of gunnin'  
Nothin' linin' our pockets  
We frontin' like Cool Runnings  
Somethin' so simple sparkin'  
We wait, but nothin's comin'  
Chrome in our fingertips, they eat shit, like faulty plumbin'

Just games for days, busy bees makin' our honey  
And skee ball tickets still on count, it's real money  
It's somethin' so ridiculous,  
Funny, so fuckin' sick of this,  
Consistent lack of vision from children claimin' they  
listenin'

Still I'm sittin' skits and laughin' while they all missin'  
this  
There's still songs about bitches, from 9/11 witnesses.  
(ha ha)  
So here I am in the Middle West  
The heart land ma' fucka  
Sippin' whole milk ma' fucka  
Our nights are colder right?  
Minnesota nights, but our frost-bitten fists  
For the smile stings twice so um,  
Fight or Flight  
Who gives a damn anyways?  
So make a fuckin' difference in these apathetic names  
(I tell 'em)

Lean back, just relax, we tell 'em  
Get Up  
Get Down  
Get Up  
And Get Fucked Up  
We don't dance, we just pull up our pants, and then we,  
Get Up  
Get Down  
Get Up  
And Get Fucked Up  
(What, you want something like a cake? Want a  
Guinness or somethin'?)  
Get Up  
Get Down  
Get Up  
And Get Fucked Up

Somethin' so ridiculous,  
Funny, so fuckin' sick of this,  
Consistent lack of vision from children claimin' they  
listenin'

You look sick, homie eat a gun (I tell you (haha))  
I'ma eat a gun  
I look tired  
It's probably the insomnia  
I sleep like Tyler Durden

STICKIN' FEATHERS IN YOUR ASS DOES NOT MAKE YOU

A CHICKEN!

Holla if you hit the bottom runnin'  
A fool among the scholars  
Bumpin' somethin' about clubs, bubs, and hubs  
I got a message in a bottle  
Written in gas and oil  
Signed with a rag and a match  
Here Catch!  
Slap to rebel yell  
The rebels fell, embedded in brick  
Ain't no fuckin' marble memorial  
For pissed-off kids waitin' for desperate shicks  
Like Bronson, ain't got enough to flip his face to  
vigilance again  
Once it has been, the fifth amends  
Barely our friends, who think about what's up with Jen &  
Ben  
Once it has been (I think we should put up in this-Fuck  
outta here!)  
Let's get out

Lean back and relax, we tell 'em  
Get Up  
Get Down  
Get Up  
And Get Fucked Up  
Put the ma' fuckin' Fresca down  
Get Up  
Get Down  
Get Up  
And Get Fucked Up  
(Damn it with the blood!)  
Get Up  
Get Down  
Get Up  
And Get Fucked Up

Somethin' so ridiculous,  
Funny, so fuckin' sick of this,  
Consistent lack of vision from children claimin' they  
listenin'

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