

P.O.S. "Hunger Pains Three"

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[First Verse]

I know they hungry
But, I don't think they want it inside
Well, I'm gonna keep force feeding them till comets
collide
They vomit they lies and act all astonished when I
Spit blood on a verse that is honestly mine
Right from the atery
A part of me courses through these blue veins
I'm starving in the lunch line
Eating up the food chain
Giving anorexia a new name
It's for the people who get full
After a few grains of loose change
So whose to blame
Fools who hang on what the people said
Or maybe it's they sidekicks
Who try to keep their ego fed
I got the needle and thread
Sewing up they windpipe
So maybe they can stop inhaling other people's insight
I'm midnight snacking on rapping
To feed my appetite
I see you jokers acting like those crumbs will keep you
satisfied
Yo, they must be on a passion strike
I see the picket signs shouting
Everybody who wants some props, just get in line
Serving number 37
All of y'all just wait
Good job, now pat yourself on the back
And attach your vertabrae
Slip a disk
Your three-inch floppies make me sick
Need to reboot quick
Cause now you're dealing with the zip
And a hard drive
The live fire-wire taking the scsi(scuzzi) out
They thinking about making a big noise but never shout
(Shh!)
Let's wake the baby with a baseball bat
At least the screaming has a meaning, cat

Consider that

[Chorus]

Consider it

Consider it a

Consider it a promise not a threat, that we wreck mics

Consider it

Consider it a

Consider it accomplished, keep your windpipe sealed
tight

Don't eat

Don't eat

Don't speak

Can't speak

Can't eat

Can't eat

Can't speak

Don't eat

Force feed (x6)

All of y'all anorexia

[Verse 2]

Dude, they might be hungry

It seems they would rather shrivel and die

Well, i'ma force feed 'em, treat 'em

Till they choke on their pride

They shielding their eyes, but no complaints

These fucking stow-aways catch a free ride

Like chim-chim in the trunk of the Mach 5

Backwards I'm bending and mending every broken
stitch

Steady, fending off bulemics

Rock the same shit

Well, I think it's all they got man, so won't you let it live

Nah, they can watch me kill this fucking beat

Cause I created it

Why is it that they never take a risk

When they laying bricks?

My weight alone will serve them

While they serving my favorite dish

Spanish rice burritos and a plate of fish

Damn, that sound good as hell man, I'm tasting it

Now is he making sense?

We eat, sleep, and pay the rent

To make a track

Wreck a show

And laugh at y'all that play events

Like, ha, HA! (x3)

Now, Yo, Let's rap man!

[Chorus]

Consider it a promise not a threat that we wreck mics
Consider it accomplished, keep that wind pipe sealed
tight

Consider it a promise not a threat that we wreck mics
Consider it accomplished, keep that wind pipe sealed
tight

Consider it (x8)

Consider this

Consider that

Consider this

Consider that

Consider this

Consider this

[Outro]

"I say fuck em"

Yo (x3)

"Turbo, ok....stop!"

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