

P.O.S.

"Let it Rattle"

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[P.O.S.] Sorry I took so long, yeah There ain't nobody to be pretty for a fuck it, let it rattle Let the clatter kill 'em, let the cataclysm wash Who really listens? Precision with a verse draws a crowd I draw a line between an easy melody and piece of mind I keep the game tweaked, freak the same to its own thing, spit the plain pain Econolines for the dime class, it's a goddamn recession (C'mon) Show a little respect you Pfizer babies Look at how they hate, pilled out, bounce they liver off they top eight Who got a fix for the fix? Bush no more Nobody's like Dufrane, search party of four Tell me, who's eating? I mean well Who's beaten shell toes kick a hole in who's cheating hell? Need it while you can, serve, get swerved, get sleep Buy it up c'mon, uh huh They out for presidents to represent them You think a president could represent you? You really think a president would represent you? (right) They call me P.O.S., bold from the go to the goal to them ice cold bones, freezing in that Minnesota snow Heating up the winter with the flow They make it rain, rain, rain go away Come again brave, or when you bring a bit to help us grow (Meanwhile) We them pro parade-rainers Presented by the Doomtree, sponsored by the Rhymesayers No-brainer if you aim at the aimless The same small change big drain on my patience (It's) my act, my scene, my play, my stage My lines, my way, all day, all style plus guts (c'mon) Cap cut, no fresh, no clean, all press, yes mean Swoosh, removed, lose the cool, choose whatever behooves the dude Move through any mood with ease Ravage the rules, ravishing mood, Randy Savage the fools Handy with tools, cutting my own key Cattle to meat, sheep splitter, kennel killer Handmade handgunner, fanblade runner, huh? Promise of skill, better than blessed, promise of stress Living and breathing, motherfuck all the rest Now what do you do... exactly? N-not, not exactly like you don't do anything exactly But more like, what exactly do you do? [Chorus: 2X] They hide their eyes and can't describe what they been missing They fire-blind and can't describe what they been laying down They laying down {*Drum section*} [Chorus] [P.O.S.] I

can't tell if it's the bees or the sting The honey or the
wax on the wing But people just Wall-Mart what they
worth, roll back They don't get to pick what you deserve
What exactly do you do Sir? (we serve) What exactly do
you do Miss? (we take) Tell me who the hell are you?
You're out of your element Donny, shut up Double,
double eat up, ride, the Dude abides [Chorus]

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