

## **P.O.S. "Optimist"**

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I pick a lot of locks  
rock a lot of shows  
build with the moms  
hang with the broken crew  
been hurtin the same heart since i was like two  
i use sarcasm freely  
bark at the greedy  
write what feeds  
shy from the seedy  
im bold in approach  
so rely on the hope  
that the average emcees  
can't fuck with a sound like me  
i never been down wit the king  
it's never something i wanted to be  
never better than the work  
then the toil and the reep  
have to work for the want  
not to suffer for the needs  
nothin's tougher than the  
dreams and good sleep  
tryin to teach my son how to reach  
damn right  
cuz it gets a little darker every night  
and if the rent goes up  
they gonna cut out the

dead ends to chase  
feelings to fake  
new hearts to break  
amends to make  
they all so  
afraid of safe  
and need their space  
but huggin that crowd when we shake with the quake  
an uh  
times like this are uh

break their stride  
cuz we break or miss  
they huggin that pride like its all there is  
we make our own and if we dont feel it

then we are not for them  
and thats cool  
I made this beat for Alegra Oxboro  
she showed me how to do the thing with the cups  
I wrote the verse on a triple double Tuesday  
writing in the van in the back lot  
I never made it in  
never really can tell friend these days  
telephone dont sleep some days  
someday ima be peaceful again  
til then keep the speech to a min  
shed a little skin  
ima bet it all and win  
ima set it off and run  
ima kill it til its dead  
ima do it til it..aint fun  
and the words don't come  
then i'm gonna find another hobby  
probably find love  
probably find trust  
eighty-one young with a little bit of rust  
queen interior  
minnesota plates  
money in the bank  
with a lot you to thank  
relate to the

dead ends to chase  
feelings to fake  
new hearts to break  
amends to make  
they all so  
afraid of safe  
and need their space but  
huggin that crowd when we shake wit the quake and uh

up for whatever  
how are you

we break their stride cuz we break or miss  
they huggin that pride like its all there is  
we make our own and if we dont feel it  
then we are not for them we call a riot

dead ends to chase  
feelings to fake  
new hearts to break  
amends to make  
they all so  
afraid of safe  
and need their space but

huggin that crowd when we shake and the quake and  
uh

dead ends to chase  
feelings to fake  
new hearts to break  
amends to make  
they all so  
afraid of safe  
and need their space but  
huggin that crowd when shake  
that's it

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