

## P.O.S. "Savion Glover"

Visit ["Savion Glover"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, so when they can't stop, won't stop, who keeps the  
tank topped?  
Who reaps the good sleep, keeps the receipts?  
I see 'em sucking up the last drops, drop-top H2  
Stretch H3, where the party at, democrat?  
Sitting on a muggy summer bench, sipping muddy  
water  
Peeping Newsweek and see what's up with Sergeant  
Slaughter  
Hotter days on the way, turn your A.C. Slater up  
Burn Aloe Vera green, apple now and later? yup  
Pass that sweet, Mike Mictlan, where the mask at?  
Hand over what? Hand over yours, run that  
Man overboard with the same cracked frown  
Dehumanize communities like Black Hawk Down  
They realise immunities, then rape them towns  
So we speak our mind so fluently with raw rap sounds  
Alright tykes, a Klondike bar's on the line  
We need a blind eye turned, keep it simple, refined  
For the black gold Texas tea, ha, you're kidding  
Ain't been good oil in Texas for a minute  
That's why we knocked over our thrones and watch it  
combust  
End up in free speech zones, that shock and awe was  
on us  
Watch me expat Brazilian  
If eighty-five per cent in Guantanamo is civilian  
Blood pumps vermilion, beats dump all over the chump  
populace  
Keeping they focus on Paris Hilton  
Prada dead, guilty as any Internet threads  
Big check, probably got a lot of bad head  
All night vision, all night missions, all right  
Christ risen? Tight, nope, call the prisons, yikes  
Middle picking the simple drivell  
The riddle's a head ripper, suburbanites gonna get the  
kibble  
Yeah, the double speak is legit  
They on some "Stand up for yourself, you worthless  
piece of shit"  
Bet it all, lose it all, forget it

And saying "Fuck Bush" gave that douche a splash too  
much credit  
But smoking on kush make cats who apathetic  
Can't beat 'em with a bat, so we join 'em and spit the  
ethic  
Or, beat 'em with a bat, P.O.S. steadily wreck it  
For anybody who raps or naps on facts  
Fill the inline six to End Hits  
The oval office and the lobby probably listen to Fugazi  
singing  
"This one's ours, let's take another"  
"This one's ours, let's take another"  
"This one's ours, let's take another"  
And then they dance away clean like Savion Glover

Visit [P.O.S.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.