

P.O.S. f/ Greg Attonito**"De La Souls"**

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[Verse 1]

I am P.O.S.

I be the new generation of slaves

Here to make papes off this land corporations rape

From that life I'm tryin' to separate

But I guess I'm livin' dreams cos my rent's always a month late

Product of an East German Black

Who kissed the neck, of a pretty woman named Grace

But he left my life just a little too soon

Didn't see me catch the Doomtree fame

As we go a little somethin' like this

look mom, no protection, now I got a baby boy by the name of Jake

And I been tryin' to play the cowboy to rustle in the dough

When I think I'm getting' better every passin' day

I'm not an early bird, plus the feathers' all black

So by the time I catch an apple, usually it's rind

But it's a must to decipher one's girl

From the round, sweet apples that are rotten on the inside

I cherish my free time

But I maximize so my soul needs to unwind

I wanna see the stars be the moon to my sun

(But I'm always on the run, run, run)

I fake to all these hard-case kids

I raise a black fist but won't say *nigga* in the things I write

De La Souls lyrics on and I don't say *faggot* cos I don't think it's right

I know my boy struggle with that for over half his life

I guess we got our own lives to live

But I'm stretched too thin, tryin' to build a kingdom to rule

And I think to the past sometimes

And dag man, it's bad, see I kinda acted like a fool

But I've apologized to the lives that I've touched

Wrong pride, to the back, move ahead strong

But I can safely say I've never played a woman without karma catchin' up later on

I try to walk the right side of the tracks
But I've hopped a couple trains, mom would cry if she
knew the haps
But I can stand who I am and face the day straight
Knowin' not a thing can change what our beat singin'

[Hook: Greg Attonito and P.O.S.]

No one will ever be, like me
No one will ever be, like me
I know I'm not a bad guy, but when I try to do what's
right
Everyone who comes to me don't understand or see
my plight
Everything I've ever done, and all the plans I've had
inside
I was Mr. Gone Wrong in way, so I gave up and said

(Alright)
So now I do what I can, I'm
(Alright)
Stand up like Mama raised me
(Alright)
I was dealt from the bottom
And pulled a flush
I've been livin with my chips all in
And I'm still in see

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

I am P.O.S.
I be the new generation of slaves
Here to make papes off this land corporations rape
From that life I'm tryin' to separate
But I guess I'm livin' dreams cuz my rent's always a
month late
And lookin' back it seems I've always been a step
behind
Little off-track and feelin' no one shared a frame of
mind
Listenin' to records in my room to escape
Found some things I could relate with, I wore out the
tape
We said
[Greg Attonito]
When I lose, every time I win, cos
No one will ever be
Messin' up stuff or doin' things wrong
Quite like me

[Hook] {X2}

No one will ever be, like me
No one will ever be, like me
No one will ever be, like me
No one will ever be, like me

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