

## **P.O.S. f/ Slug**

### **"Bush-League Psych-Out Stuff"**

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[Intro: Slug]

Audition?

Yeah I got this...

Yeah I was at your show

Yeah... No I mean no I didn't like it

No I'm just saying I was there

And a... Doomtree!

You suck ha ha ha...

Alright... Cecil Otter, P.O.S., Sims

Dessa, whatever the fuck she calls herself

Paper Tiger, Swedish name for a Japanese punk band

Joe Mavin, you look like Alanis Morissette

[Verse 1: Slug]

Sometimes I feel like a bastard surrounded by fathers

Fashioning themselves to resemble action figures

Passing opinions across the pasture like we asked you

Like we have to have your last pieces gathered, like it  
even matters

Like we're trying to climb this ladder a little bit faster

Like I'd rather let the captain lead us into disaster  
(crash)

Like the bladder never adapted to laughter

Like I won't be the first rapper that's sent to your plaster  
casters

And after the new dawn is gone

My name is Sean, out on a lawn(?)

Put my songs in these coupons

I lost my soul and watched it drip down her futon

I lost my gardens(?) out of a bush that sprouts snook  
bombs

Now I'm looking for a word that don't exist

To help disrout this selfish pride that I hide inside this  
fist

We've arrived to loosen up this noose that keeps us  
lifted

And rip these stitches while I introduce this piece of...

[Verse 2: P.O.S.]

Yeah stand back (stand back)

Let me be the target, let your bullet hit, I'll handle that

Let me see you flex aggressive ignorance, see half  
these cats  
Stagger like the simple common sense to put one foot  
before the other  
Hop, trip, slip  
Slid into home base base like you planned rehearse  
Some kind of celebration dance, you got tagged at first  
And kept running  
Jumping the gun for what you got coming  
Homie no handout's til' the pitcher hits you  
Your acting like your stitches rippin'  
I got nothing but what my crew and open folks are  
bumpin'  
Trustin' their trust and feeling bastard for trusting their  
trust  
So fuck it, everything else gets tugged under rugs  
Til' I get something like a crowd of cats mumbling my  
words  
Show me some heart, let me tug  
(Slug: Give me a pound or a hug)  
Hear the sound like a drug homie  
Just free-based beats, life's cheap  
If you live it right, right?  
If the words are tight, might  
Bright the head in the dark, kill the night ride(?)

[verse 3: Slug]

Stand back, no piggy backing with the mad mats  
A mini apple road warrior give me that hand clap  
From the hash back to amtrack to aircraft  
Ransacked every city that the kids be at, the furgomack  
Jumping hurdles that you carried in your back pack  
The love curdles at the match books last act  
Licking the stamps back just for physical flashbacks  
The times of writing rhymes to get my cats and my  
plants back  
They tell me I deserve to be happy, now doesn't seem  
valid  
'Til we get rid of half of  
How many are doing nothing but sucking on flavours?  
I'm try'na edit the credits while their critiquing the  
trailers  
So I'mma rant like theres something to say  
Making up my own dance I'mma do it this way (watch  
me)  
And I'mma try and take it all around the world  
(While I'm out on tour keep your hand off my girl!)

[Verse 4: P.O.S.]

Sometimes I feel like the bastard son  
Oh where the fucks my father

Like a shattered shoulder  
Like the chick got smashed off my class  
at the door with my shoes and my coat  
So now I'm here again, I brought the clown, we came to  
rock the boat  
I hold you down, you set them up  
I'll set the bar and drive around  
We'll let your style do the knocking, here's a pen go to  
town  
Paint it with big broad strokes, I'll study your path  
And hope your pride can take a joke when I say its dope  
with earcoats and laugh  
Man I'm pleased to shit the ass  
How can I add you up, devide your crew and still be  
horrible at math?  
Now answer that and stay fasionable (just try it)  
Go bash the bricks and stomp them ? kid the princess  
still ain't at this castle  
Mr Of Course, the youngster hoarse from screaming on  
him  
But shit, I toss the lozange quick and drop my  
fullbacks(?) on him  
Turning teens into fiends from the beats to the bear  
hugs  
I got the stuff to get some buying up the ear plugs

[Outro: Slug]

(Close up your ears... Close up your whole face...  
This will melt your brain... Oozing  
Oooo no... I wouldn't go outside looking like that... Ohhh  
dear...)

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