

# De La Souls

P.O.S.

I am P.O.S.

I be the new generation of slaves  
Here to make papes off this land corporation's rape  
From that life I'm tryin' to separate  
But I guess I'm livin' dreams cuz 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 lkeft 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, no 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  
And I don't say (faggot)  
Cuz 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'

[Chorus:]

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

And 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 dope from the bottom  
And pulled a flush  
I've been livin with my chips all in  
And I'm still in see

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And lookin' back it seems I've always been a step behind  
Little off-track and feelin' no one shared a frame but mine  
Listenin' to records in my room to escape  
Found some things I could relate with, I wore out the tape  
We said

When I lose, every time I win, cuz  
No one will ever be,  
Messin' up stuff or doin' things wrong  
Quite like me