

# Let It Rattle

P.O.S.

Sorry I took so long, yeah

There ain't nobody to be pretty for a f\*\*k it, let it rattle  
Let the clatter kill 'em, let the cataclysm wash  
Who really listens? Precision with a verse draws a crowd  
I draw a line between an easy melody and piece of mind  
I keep the game tweaked, freak the same  
To it's own thing, spit the plain pain  
Econolines for the dime class, it's a goddamn recession  
(C'mon) Show a little respect you Pfizer babies  
Look at how they hate, pillled out, bounce they liver off they top eight  
Who got a fix for the fix? Bush no more  
Nobody's like Dufrane, search party of four  
Tell me, who's eating? I mean well  
Who's beaten shell toes kick a hole in who's cheating hell?  
Need it while you can, serve, get swerved, get sleep  
Buy it up c'mon, uh huh  
They out for presidents to represent them  
You think a president could represent you?  
You really think a president would represent you? (right)  
They call me P.O.S., bold from the go to the goal  
To them ice cold bones, freezing in that Minnesota snow  
Heating up the winter with the flow  
They make it rain, rain, rain go away  
Come again brave, or when you bring a bit to help us grow  
(Meanwhile) We them pro parade-rainers  
Presented by the Doomtree, sponsored by the Rhymesayers  
No-brainer if you aim at the aimless  
The same small change big drain on my patience  
(It's) my act, my scene, my play, my stage  
My lines, my way, all day, all style plus guts (c'mon)  
Cap cut, no fresh, no clean, all press, yes mean  
Swoosh, removed, lose the cool, choose whatever behooves the dude  
Move through any mood with ease  
Ravage the rules, ravishing mood, Randy Savage the fools  
Handy with tools, cutting my own key  
Cattle to meat, sheep splitter, kennel killer  
Handmade handgunner, fanblade runner, huh?  
Promise of skill, better than blessed, promise of stress  
Living and breathing, motherf\*\*k all the rest  
Now what do you do... exactly?

N-not, not exactly like you don't do anything exactly  
But more like, what exactly do you do?

They hide their eyes and can't describe what they been missing  
They fire-blind and can't describe what they been laying down  
They laying down

I can't tell if it's the bees or the sting  
The honey or the wax on the wing  
But people just Wall-Mart what they worth, roll back  
They don't get to pick what you deserve  
What exactly do you do Sir? (we serve)  
What exactly do you do Miss? (we take)  
Tell me who the hell are you? You're out of your element Donny, shut up  
Double, double eat up, ride, the Dude abides

[Chorus]