

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]