

Purexed

P.O.S.

Im trying not to slip/ been trying not to lose footing/
Loose land keeps the pressure on my kicks/
and when I fall I tend to land like a ton of bricks/
stand like a man made of concrete and sediment like/ f
uck your skin nobody needs it theres/ Bones and muscles and blood/
Whats realer than fat and tendons?/
Its raw no soft tissue to draw your eyes to it so far flesh aint the truest
at all lets rip into it/
Were all sick of them missed shots/
passed over like the last man picked no team so pissed off/
and/ thats not honesty/
thats just soft curves got your world flipped/
got you makin mixtapes for girls/
and thats the skin again/
lets blame the skin again/ stretching itself so fluidly over these awkward/
ligaments/
and I didnt shave today/
I prolly wont tomorrow and its safe to say Im never gonna shed this extra (y
eah)/

So fuck it back to the wall/
crush it/ laugh at em all/
hush/ let em try to find the beauty in your face/
something more than a song/
they hatin? Aw come on/
dust/ let em try to find the beauty in the bassline/
aw but then them words dont change/
we wont sing with what will fade away/
yeah we do our own damn thing/
we dont blink at what tomorrow might bring (at all)/

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Of how tomorrow might sting/ at all/
in us we trust/ no rush for bucks/
no sweat just enough/ them words from love/ no hits/
I let the track stand/ like how it was written is how it hit me/
or road cycle kids with the grip to skid a fixies/
a rouge wild kid with a stroll that let it roll/ like whatever/
they kick that gingivitis/ them rappers got the itis/
catch me bumpin Isis in a crisis/
instead of watchin yall count and lead sheep at the same time/
whats the science of that?/
I know the () is sweet/ but where the movement at?
We in that coma capital/ spotless home team/
with hands steadily purelled/ germ-exed/
but never quite clean/ bloody as hell rarely will I ever care (for that)/

(2x):

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