

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 Doomtreet 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

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

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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