

# Music for Shoplifting

P.O.S.

I write ryhmes then rhyme, right?  
Yea, that about sums it up  
But while some of them get crunk, I gets  
Stories and truths  
I share views  
See I, See why  
Crews choose the Fox News  
I see in CNBC  
CNBC and other shows  
It's crystal clear without a PCS phone  
P.O.S. is known for heart  
Spit from my whole  
Put it to music, (heartbeats)  
And let you download the ringtone  
And from a broken home, stories are hard times passed  
And in a broken home  
That ain't a breeze it's a draft  
Because the window is cracked  
It's where the heart is  
Broken or not, I won't turn my back  
Word to Grey Storks(?)  
Thanks for the room and support  
let's see that smile  
You ain't gotta worry no more  
We ain't gotta worry  
We're tough  
and we can deal with whatever comes up  
This is for those who can't pay the rent

Run out of toilet paper  
Find the sunday paper  
Wipe your ass with the President  
This is for them thugs  
Who done crack, but stopped  
Cause they saw first hand, what crack does  
This is for all the artists  
who know their work is just a drop in the ocean  
but do it anyway, hoping  
This is for everybody who carrys the world's weight  
But stands up straight  
Put a hand up, Try to relate

Now  
Is it the money or past dues  
The switchblades and stab wounds  
Why's it always gotta be bad news, huh?  
Why's it always gotta be bad  
You choose  
Want some new shit  
or fix what you have?  
See, Growing up, I shook the bobber on the poverty line  
But wait, I got away with the bait  
To this minute  
I'm dealing with nightcrawlers who rule my mass  
So what you think?  
New shit, or fix what I have?  
A Finger hooks

Right lines in sync with the times  
Get fished in, caught by the decline  
I fought only to find  
I'm not right in the mind  
I'm left, I mean I'm fine  
Just not so f\*\*king blind  
Rather be forgotten  
Than remembered for giving in  
Refuse to lose my name like Sanjay (he's a hero!)  
Away with spirits, I am fear personified  
No place to hide if you're locked in your mind right?  
You ever feel like you've got a closet to clean?  
You can't find the key, you look but you lost the damn thing  
You ever feel you know exactly where the f\*\*k it is, But don't want to see?  
Yea, me too  
I don't care where, just far right?  
I'm escape personified  
Drop the P from pride and hop in my car  
Just drive far  
I'm escape personified  
Drop the P from pride and hop in my car  
So

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That's a little rhyme, get that rhyme?  
I put that rhyme in  
because quite often dropouts come in to catch the show  
Them dumbass dropouts like them rhymes