

## Lockpicks, Knives, Bricks and Bats

P.O.S.

I want to show them all that we can't be touched  
That we too out of hand and we move too much  
And we can take all that pressure  
Cause we don't want nothing at all  
Except for maybe some more of us  
Down here tucked tight  
Just as ready to pound as we are ready to fight  
And we don't want none of that  
We ain't even looking at y'all, nah

I'm looking through dirty lenses  
But so happy to be alive  
That death thinks I would ruin the vibe  
I'm not invited, I'm not crying  
Calling out crimes, acting in kind  
Not blindly, just looking for alignment  
We what's under the bed, the last threads  
Unrest in the flesh and restless  
Can't choose to stop us  
We some bad news maracas  
What's a law but a leash?  
Can't lock, got tools to pop those reckless  
And just out of your reach, happy underneath  
Mock fools and rock shows  
Checklist, treat them how they treat  
Goonish with a newer set of rules  
And a sharper set of teeth  
I'm a lion with the eyes on the meat  
Try defying any/all, highly motivated y'all  
You can hear it in the speech  
Aight! Motherfucker, see, I was born like this  
Pissed with a twist  
Raised in the Midwest where they hate with a grin  
Came of age thicker skinned, no contest  
Bigger smile on my fuck off  
Didn't get in to win cause I don't respect the game  
I got up with all my friends and picked a repellent name  
I constantly recommend a little bit of disdain  
A little bit of resistance, they can hang  
I was a newjack trying to decide where I fit  
I got busy, I destroy the walls how I live  
Yeah, and they ain't got the balls  
Or the ovaries to get a fucking grip  
So content to let it slip, hellbent, none held in  
Their story full of holes, some of y'all fell in  
How could I possibly offer up anything  
Except dissent? Get on the fucking bus

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I'm trying show them all that we can't be touched  
We too out of hand and we move too much  
And we can take all that pressure  
Cause we don't want nothing at all  
Except for maybe some more of us  
All here tucked tight  
Just as ready to pound as we are ready to fight  
And we don't want none of that  
And we ain't even looking at y'all  
There's a lot of fucking pressure

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Ain't no particular road, ain't no particular mission  
Only impossible goals, only defy definition  
They only temperatures cold  
Probably cause they only listen  
To everything that they told  
We critical kicking, thermometers hot  
We don't stay down, we keep watch  
We risk getting caught  
Better when running, ready or not  
It's all playground, it don't stop  
We risk getting caught  
Better at running, ready or not

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We trying to show them all that we can't be touched  
We too out of hand and we move too much  
And we can take all the pressure  
Cause we don't want nothing at all  
Except for maybe some more of us  
Yeah, so where you at?  
Mixed in lock-picks, knives, bricks and bats  
And we can take all the pressure  
And we ain't even looking at y'all