Get Down (feat. Mike Mictlan)

P.O.S

P.O.S. :(Uh, uh, uh uh
Yeah! I mean no.
I'm, like, sweating details at this point...
It's good though...)Lungs like smokestacks
Young black terror-attack
Hair on their neck raised
Scaring them back
Keeping my Kerouac first rate
They in the first grade
Begging like babies
"Gimme-gimme-waaaah"
We too dirty, man
Shimmy-shimmy-ya
Skinny bars? Nah,
All sense, no penny jar
Slumber-starved
Celebrity fed
No meals worth mentioning
All unsettling
Nihlist, anarchist
Mind-set reddening
Need what?
Fuck meds!
All-dead everything
These cats on that
"ALL HAIL PETTY-THINGS"
Ready with the cheap
I'ma beat 'em in their sleepAs soon as the door open
They hittin' the floor hopin'
To get to the front row
Our shows is so lightningWherever we go
the team steadily grows
Who know man,
They figure we do it right, but...No one gives a fuck about shit
So fuck your shit
We fuck shit up
Cause shit's fucked anyway...
Shit is running to the ground
(I know right)

I don't wanna think about it
I just wanna GET DOWN(CHORUS)(G-g-g-g-g-get down, get down)
Until we come up
I don't wanna think about it
I just wanna GET DOWN(G-g-g-g-g-get down, get down)
Cause shit's fucked...
I ain't trying to hear that
I'm just trying to GET DOWNUntil we come upMIKE MICTLAN:It ain't nothing but a Doomtree-goon thang
Get your faced peeled-off homeboy
Uday Hussein
Bare-hand rippin' 'em
Beware citizen
Terror's got a new face
Class-war hooliganGimme what 'chu got
Show me what 'chu want
Let me fish your market
CRASH YOUR STOCK
Bad credit, no credit
Shit I'll never pay back
Banks selling guns
Farmers hunting gray-slacks
Maybachs chopped off
mounted with the gattling
Beverly Trill-billies
Treasure-trunk rattling
We setting up Fight Clubs
You hang at night clubs
We passing out cocktails...
...the kind that light up!Everybody in the back
Get whiskey
Burn the bar down
if you're spending more than $50
And if we ugly up the scene... (yeah right)
I don't wanna think about it
I just wanna GET DOWN(CHORUS REPEAT)(MIKE: Uh huh, until we come up
Jyeaah, I don't wanna think about it, jyeeah)(P.O.S: It's all bad...)(MIKE: Hurrrd we out here in tha clerrrb with my shurrrt off, with P.O.S.... and Doomtree, you heard me? Yeah, he had the whole clerrb on his back dude, and I came in the back dude... and I couldn't get in the front door... And, I was in the clurrb the other day with my shirt off, and it's like. No shirt, no shoes, no slurrvice, I'm snerious.)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/