Lockpicks, Knives, Bricks and Bats

P.O.S.

All of 'em... Most of 'em.
Freezing...(Chorus 1)
I wanna show 'em all that we can't be touched,
That we too outta 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 lookin at ya'll.(Verse 1)
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 a line to read what's under the bed,
The last threads unrest, and the flesh in restless,
can't choose to stop us, we some bad news maracas,
what's the law but a leash,
can't lock,
got tools to pop those wreckless,
and just out of your reach,
happy underneath,
mock fools and rock shows,checklist,
treat 'em how they treat,
goon-ish with a new-ish set of rules
and a sharper set of teeth,
I'm a lion with the eyes on the meat,
trying to find it in any of ya'll,
highly motivated, ya'll,
you can hear it in his speech.alright,
mother fuckers, see i was born like this,
pissed with a twist, raised in the midwest,
where they hate with a grin,
came of age, thicker skin,
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 what little bit of disdain,
a little bit of resistance, they can hang.
I was a new jack, tryin' to decide where i fit,
i got busy, I destroy the walls how i live,
and they ain't got the balls or the ovaries to get a fucking grip,
so content to let it slip, hell bent, none held in,
they story full of holes some of ya'll fell in,
how could i possibly offer up anything except dissent,
get on the fucking bus.(Chorus 2)
I'm tryin' to show 'em all that we can't be touched,
We too outta 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 lookin at ya'll.
It's alot of fucking pressure.(Bridge)
feel it? feel that?Ain't no particular road, ain't no particular mission,
only impossible goals, only defy definition.
They only temperatures cold, probaby 'cause they only listen
to everything that they told, we critical,
keepin' thermometers hot,
we don't stay down, we keep watch,
we risk gettin' caught,
better when runnin', ready or not,
it's all playground,
it dont stop, we risk getting caught,
better when runnin', ready or not,(Chorus 2)
I'm tryin' to show 'em all that we can't be touched,
That we too outta 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 aint even lookin' at ya'll.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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