

Word Guitar Solo

Spouse

I'm all over the fretboard
Do it next door, flowing fluent since F4
Slamming whammy bars on amateurs, [?] Pamela's
Sub-par perimeters, pleasing cheesin for cameras
The summit ain't far, they're flummoxed how I done it
Eating hummus, Sammy Hagar, [?] spray bars
I complete each speech I start
I keep trucking like Dysart's, till I get my piece of the pie c
hart
I jest, bidest, ingest that I'm the best
Fingerpickin' on fiction it's picturesque
I hope you brought some film, Peter's hot as pottery
Just busted out the kiln from Wells town
Fell down but held down like barre chords
I need oxygen, they boxed me in the cardboard
Steadily cramped like refugee camps in Darfur
Blurred, spittin' word, flippin' parkour
Cold cuts, scissors in the blizzard with the art form
You bet your Cinnamon Toast Crunch
I saw you backstabbers, gentlemen, I don't front
I know I'm better than the veterans embedded in your settlement
s
The way I said it should've turned a Evan to a Evelyn
And when it comes to rhymes they'll find us
In the starting line up, I don't need a supper till the time's
up
Word guitar solos, duo or dolo
Judo or jiu jitsu, two pit bulls in a dojo
And we don't need no Clicquot to reload for each show
In beast mode, they'll stand there watchin', gawkin' like a fre
e throw
What you mad at me fo'? I can't help it
Making Celtics green, melted cheese, I'm just me