

Spongebob

Billy Woods

Mosh through the orchestra pit, the ripped CD-R skip
You hope the CDS don't stick, bent over dope-sick
Too scared to write the book, took it, put it in the hook
Of a song, no one listened to it, looks like I wasn't wrong
Hid it where they wouldn't look, lookin' like Zedong
Lookin' at Taiwan like, "Look, they shook, let's get it on"
Shots whizzed, his depression was all gone
Emotional liftin', please use the proper form
Bend at the knee, rolled up half of Guam
Lost no sleep over the fate of your white farm
What goes come back around
So when they came for me, I wasn't alarmed
Get fished out the hole like Saddam
Tough guys, won't go alive, get found unarmed
An object in motion stays in motion, I wait 'til the sea calm
Slaves like hammered bronze, ships was yea-long
It's too late for qualms with the hammer in the palm
You a slave to the hammer, you do what it wants
Take the good with the bad, fly trees in a cheap blunt
Niggas put up a good front, but you can see the zipper
Before he took a hit, I watched the nigga shiver
That that Bill Withers
Nigga had the nerve to say, "You can't take it with you"
Fuck would I want with any of this shit? Dummy

SpongeBob, the whole operation underwater
"It's only one God," what we said in Tora Bora
The bombs was on us, the bombs was on us
Came back to God like, "Muhfucka, you promised, you promised"
SpongeBob, the whole operation underwater
"It's only one God," what we yelled in Tora Bora
The bombs was on us, the bombs was on us
Came back to God like, "Mothafucka, you promised, you promised"

I get five dollar phone cards from the corner store
It's hot, gang-gang crowded in the door, slid past
Don't you bump nobody, the body control was godly
It's just a hobby picked up in the lobby, it's that nigga karate
Summer, dirt bikes and Kawasakis, numbers Fibonacci
Overseas connection choppy, she's gettin' worse
Your sister talked to the nurse, everybody at church
Everybody wants to know if you comin', but they won't say the words
Your days feel rehearsed, nights come back in short bursts
In the bodega, basehead lurks
Hoppin' foot to foot, young'uns slow with that work
Got my AFRICALL card, but Akhi did lotto first
I don't wanna see 'em put her in the dirt
I can't go there with nothin' but my shirt
Explosions outside, bombs burstin' in the sky
Streets, sidewalks, it's the third of July

SpongeBob, the whole operation underwater
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