

2002

Spouse

I heard an emcee this morning that made me wanna get in the booth  
And no offense to him or his crew but I know that I'm better than that dude  
So what I gotta do to get his spot in hip-hop and my video on MTV2  
I know it can't be the skills cause mine have been ill since 2002

Too many Facebook rappers to unlike  
This blank sheet of paper is the shit they've done right  
Whilst Peter been beating the beat up repeatedly leaving the body in Peabody  
seemingly nobody noticed  
I figured I'd take it and make it the focus  
I'm the lord grand chancellor  
Backwoods rambler  
Rap career canceler, bumping Fiona Apple  
I'm the weird beard grower  
A ghost, a feared flower  
A myth, a gift shower  
I been sipping on a Snapple in the cypher  
You can find me I'm the wildest geek  
My assignment has been rhyming been aligned to the beat  
My bud kind but I'm violent when I'm rhyming delete  
All pretenders who enter cause my potential's elite  
He's always stressing excellent when blessing a show  
My investments are destined to double bubble and grow  
So, yes, in the flesh, the man, the mess, Spouse  
Who can still flow fresher than dressers of clean clothes  
Oh, you getting to know the name I came to spell  
I'm underground yeah I came from Wells  
So watch me play the bass line on a belt your favorite rapper just used so h  
e could hang himself  
"But it's all good, Spouse!" No it ain't so swell  
Cause I'm back down to Earth like some angels fell  
Cause I popped up on the chart with some stained lapels  
And then I disappeared faster than Dave Chappelle  
Poof

I been struggling rhyming like weed made of iron that's how hard Ive been gr  
inding  
Been neglecting assignments, dreaming of islands  
But not recouping, beat looping with the droopiest eye lids  
My ups and downs have both been critical  
My free time is infinitesimal  
Inside my ride, driving to the gig, whipping it, kicking it, ducking the pig  
lets, fine rhymes kid  
There must be a connect I can't find him yet  
Don't want a private jet just rhyming checks  
Hey you'll never find Ryan crying with the blues like sirens  
Bro this is no sob story  
Even though they're hating in their verses, I don't want sympathy this is a  
statement of purpose:  
I will out work every motherfucker alive and those who don't fuck their moms  
, too  
Yo, I got callouses that will amount to palaces  
Analysis is cats is on my phallace, put em up  
I sip McCallan talented vow to you no medallions, challenge it till paralysi  
s, dude: put em up  
If you're playing Call of Duty chilling watching television and you wonder w  
hy you're going under, shut the fuck up

But, if you never relent like you only loan things out once, then guess what  
: your day gon come

Some people are saying that this guy might be the next big rap star, and he's a white dude from Maine.

His real name is Ryan Peters but he goes by "Spose." We need him to work some hip-hop into Bangor