

2002

Spose

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, Spose
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, Spose!" 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 "Spouse." We need him to work som
e hip-hop into Bangor