

Anna Kendrick

Spose

Hello? We must not stop here
However sweet these laid up stores
However convenient this dwelling, we cannot remain here
However sheltered this port
However calm these waters, we must not anchor here
However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us
We are permitted to receive it, but [?]
So long

If I talk about having money it's cause I was broke
And I want you to know that there's hope
You see, if Spose did it you could do it
Froze, but maneuvered through the cold
Dude who grew up to the bro looking superhuman
Selling hoodies or tees, like David
Got me so good at math, you'd think I was Asian
Sustained from Maine, get paid for entertainment
Haters all jelly like the middle of a danish
I'm getting money out of Maine like Anna Kendrick
But I don't do this for the money, I do this for attention
Cause I'm still underrated, not debated, never mentioned
Even though I'm getting capital like starting of a sentence
Thirty-one year old white suburban rap dad
I was the nicest before ISIS had a black flag
I put four lines together before a hashtag
If you don't like me, you don't like you
You're lying, it's outright perjury
Maine celebrity and every housewives heard of me
Short but don't doubt that I'm bout mine vertically
Blaow, walking out, pockets stout like Germany
I've never had the preferred physique to work the beats
With perfect teeth to blurt the speech
Here's a list of rappers I prefer to me

The amusement shall be greater
We will sail pathless in wild seas
We will go where winds blow, waves dash
And the Yankee clipper speeds by on a [?]

"What's the position you hold?"

"Can you really feed a family of six out in the sticks with only a single going gold?"

"If P. Dank should fold, and you're left out in the cold
Is it back to flipping burgers, waiting tables in the cove?"

Fuck no, I'm back to son you like your uncle's brother
Work under the moon until my tomb inside a pyramid
Someone asked me how it feels to be a one-hit-wonder
I said, "Good, but how does it feel to have zero hits?"
I never quit till I fit like a glass slipper
The world's crazy, every meal could be our last supper
Lines coming out my face with no cat whiskers
Taking risks could break my pockets like pass rushers
Spose, not the greatest ever? That's offensive
Looking at this goat, I see the resemblance
I'll smack Donald Trump back to the Apprentice
Before death grays my anatomy like Patrick Dempsey
Bro, these billionaires don't give a fuck about us

Would they show up at our funeral tomorrow? I doubt it
Even when the sky clouded I can still feel sun
Because my kids were born healthy, I got shelter plus lunch
I'm trying to eat, so I can feed a portion of folks
Who never had a silver spoon at the fork in the road
Take a look around, find something to like
Cause I can't save us all, so good luck with your life