

Back In The Bag

Spose

[.Jxck:]

The funny thing about me, is I don't do that much
I just make beats and smoke weed as a crutch
Y'all wanna see me flop, but I swear, it's all love
I mean, I'll protect mine, but I ain't whilin' or nothin'
Ayy, I'm comin' for the whole loaf, I'm tired of the crumbs
But I know it starts as passion and slowly becomes funds
But you gotta had a skill, that's why I'm on top of it, son
Ain't no need for animosity, just fill up your lungs
And breathe deep, in and out, oxygen in my blood
I'm calculated in my movements like a TI-81
A machine on the keys, workin' way after the sun
In that city by the sea, it's always love going on

[Spose:]

I spit it off the top like a suicide jump, I'm takin' flight
But in the studio, off two of these blunts, I'd rather write
If you jeopardize the food for my young, I'm known to bite down
Fight rounds, right now, might sound crazy but
My time is money, hit my PayPal
Came a long way from pretendin' I'm in 8 Mile
From Boston up to Portland on the Greyhound
I started 2000, look, I got a new album
Every day, game day thinkin'
I'm drinkin' D'USSE because Ben bought some and Jay-Z drinks it
Got me feelin' like I'm sixteen at Foodstamp's spot
Him playin' instrumentals while I'm spittin' upon
Besides four kids I own now, nothin' much changed
The pulp nonfiction, homestyle, no runnin' away
This tightrope, Simone Biles jugglin' plates
Rappin' dad in action, packin' wrapped in plastic
Back in black, Smashing Pumpkins shirt, I packed it
Plus the L.L. Bean hat, Celtics patched jacket
On stage they're packed in from front to the back
My ash floats out the tray and goes back in the bag