

# BMF

## Spose

Unhhhhhh  
It's like sounding like I just had a stroke  
Unhhhh

(We smoked it all!)

They think I'm Slim Shady, Asher Roth  
Keep judgin', Hasslehoff  
I hang with trees, McIntosh  
I made another track, you were jackin' off

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No tard on the mic, go hard, boner-like make tracks that you get mad at  
Smilin', makin' hits like domestic violence, where the motherfuckin' stepdad  
s at?  
Right here if you're where I'm from, we never wanna do what our parents done  
Mine smoked weed, I got a pair of blunts so I guess I'm a hypocrite a little  
bit drunk  
Bro go adjust to me, front for a month then fucks with me  
I'm in a whip with a chick got drugs with me, and I spit it and admit that p  
ublicly  
Ever quit that shit it'll be reluctantly, got a list of the villains that I  
must defeat  
And my life just changed so abrupt-a-ly, but I'm alive and I'm twenty-  
five luckily

Cause I'm Spose (Spouse motherfucka), glorious  
Still doin' work, laborious  
The Audacity, fuck yes!  
I'm monumental, I'm statuesque

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MCs got beef like a bistro, hate or relate to the people  
Every time I preach get my priest on, mics I'm a beast on, Nissan whip it li  
ke Devo  
And I don't sell kilos, and me on the line's kinda like Ray Allen with the f  
ree throws  
And I don't do the dougie or the jerk when I lurk on a verse doin' work, Hom  
e Depot  
Or Lowes (Lowes), Spose (Spouse)  
Little bit of weed spittin' trees where the green grass grows (Grows) so (so  
)  
That's how I think you are on the mic, you blow (blow) oh (no)  
Got Nathan on my neck and wrist no (ho) mo (bro) go

Keep jerkin' off to my pho-tos

I'm awesome, fuckin sexcellent  
Your shit's week, excrement  
That kid Spose, gotta hand it to  
He still kills it, Van der Sloot