

## Brain Not A Chain

Spose

Came in the game with a brain, not a chain  
Went against the grain, left Maine on a plane  
Sunny days came and I made it through the rain  
Proclaimed I wouldn't tame until the day they know my motherfucking-  
Came in the game with a brain, not a chain  
Sunny days came and I made it through the rain  
Went against the grain, left Maine on a plane  
Proclaimed I wouldn't tame until the day they know my motherfucking name!

I was the broseph looking toasted like a pop-tart,  
Slumming in a sox hat  
Who had turned in a pop star  
Whoops!  
Kept a couple thousand in the sock drawer  
Lit up like a cop car  
Smoked it all, bought more  
Look  
Now I've been preposterously dank  
Ridiculously dope  
Maybe monstrously lame  
But meticulously flow!  
Come and get a whiff of Spose;  
Smells like Wells, Maine!  
Nights up in the cove  
I'm not a fighter  
Just a writer  
Put the lighter to the bowl!

I always knew that it was do or die  
I'm doing work while you're hanging like a suicide  
I just Googled the meaning of annuitize  
Which stupid guys' rhymes you bumped in lieu of mine?!  
Who am I?  
Spose, motherfucker!  
P-DANK to the top like a fat kid to supper!  
So tell your brother's mother  
Ain't shit, chain's same, it's the fame still;  
Sexy as John McCain,  
Since I-

Fuck your Beemer-Benzer-Bentley!  
We'll be smashing in the fender  
Take a blender to your Fendi  
Yelling obscenities in the mezzanine  
P-DANK!  
Defenders of the peasantry  
Who surprised pleasantly  
Guys who thought rap was crack cats and Hennessie  
So yeah, Betheny, you can put your ass away

Quick like Nestle  
I acquired accolades  
Stripes like a referee  
I earned 'em cause I had to say what I really had instead of brags  
They're yelling  
"No you're not, dude don't lie!"  
When I pass!

7 million Youtube views in the bag  
Cop had me stopped just to get my autograph  
But they still don't respect me;  
I'm as sexy as a scab  
You could prabble for the models  
You could wallow for the cash  
Fuck that;  
Learn facts 'till you need a bigger hat!  
So, yeah  
Man, we're not the same;  
If you're unbedjewled then tell your mom  
P-DANK!  
So we-

You know it's Groves  
The flow's so tight  
Shout-out to Spose  
Man I owe him my life

And I remember back when  
He told me keep rappin'  
Look at all that happened  
Since "John Madden"

In Salt Lake when he signed the deal  
Then I packed my bags got behind the wheel  
Hear my tires squeal and away we go  
On the way home who's on the radio?

(Mother fucker I'm awesome)

Welcome to the music life  
With the Jet Blue flights  
And on the news at night

When it comes to picking cards  
Gotta choose 'em right  
'Cuz this music life  
Is an amusement ride

Ever since a kid, yo  
The flows were mean

Big dreams whenever me and Spose convened  
We were clawing on our way to expose a scene  
And now we're on the road, two shows a week  
Or we sit in the studio, roll that weed  
And write to a beat 'til I go to sleep

It's the M to the A to the I-N-E  
More pine trees further than that I can see  
Yeah

I'm that rap guy coming through your Cat-5  
P-DANK baby, triple clap when we slap five  
Remember back when rap was a pastime?  
Now we pack heads every time we rap live

Late night writin' down a song  
Got the proudest mom  
And the crowd respond

Tryin' to make it large comin' from a small town

P-DANK in the building 'til it falls down

Bitch