

# Can't Get There From Here

Spouse

Everybody throw your hands up right now and make some God  
damn noise  
Hailing from the state, of ocean and lakes  
Get ready for those good rhymes and metaphors, the state of Maine  
changing the game  
Making music good for your brain, so open your earlobes  
Here's Spouse!

With no rims on the whip, and no collagen lips  
I rip through the state of Maine with the halogens lit  
I'm not Rick but I spit slick  
I'm rippin and breakin the fakest of rappers who think they be sinkin  
my ship quick, quick, all aboard  
From the state where they think we all mate with our cousins  
With no indoor plumbing, moose by the bakers dozens  
We got lakes, ponds, deer on lawns, papa's long gone rocking long  
johns, fat verses over purchase 30 racks of beers  
Made peers laugh and cheer throw a hand up in the atmosphere  
Cause everybody knows my name like the cast of Cheers  
But they say I shouldn't rap from here, I made it finally  
Puffed all kind of leaves, whack rapper time to leave  
Rhymes sick - lyme disease  
Pine trees, skate rails  
But mostly white trophy wives rock fake nails at bake sales  
And all the haters say Spouse -

Are you out of your brain, rapping from Maine?  
You must be insane! (No you can't get there from here)  
Or delusional, please quit the beats and retreat to the cubical  
(But you can't get there from here)  
You must of lost your mind  
I mean those rhymes they were fine for the time but you can't  
(But you can't get there from her)  
You're from the most eastern most northern most boredome-soaked  
state  
You can't be great (You can't get there from here)

From where teenage moms and their babies dwell  
Where people downgrade from cocaine to oxy pills  
Where the wives get beat and no one hears them yell  
And it's not Compton or Brooklyn or A-T-L  
We spend most times weeded cause the coastline's scenic  
But the chances of succeeding are slimmer than a bulimic  
Still I put my life in rhyme form and recorded it  
On my debut and stayed true to my coordinates  
No, never recorded it, ask my subordinates  
Since back when my weed had more seeds than tournaments  
I'm going for the gold, as if that wasn't obvious  
And stopping Spouse, that's like trying to handcuff an octopus  
Wake up every morning, wrote a new verse  
Even if I wasn't winning I wasn't a loser  
Look if you want to excel (2XL) like huge shirts  
Doesn't matter what your zip code is  
Just do work

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You can't get down from here without magic, well poof  
I google maps'd it I'm there maxin'  
I've seen them laughing, now I'm, the main attraction and when I die  
they'll pour out all their Pabst in my absence  
Steered off course, fuck your path I'm the captain,  
Crunch time all day cereal with my actions  
No need for lucky charms, just a bit of passion  
The make it from where Frosted Flakes fall to relaxin  
Yeah i fool, fools, use Trix on silly rabbits  
Did it just for Kix when I started out rapping  
And I grew up in Maine so they said that'll never happen  
But we got the alphabet too and I'm nasty  
Comin and killin abilities some of the illest they ever did see and  
they love it they haven't a crumb on my skill and I'm sonnin the  
dumbest of villains.....

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