

# Clorox Bleach

Spose

So this rapper who had dissed me hit me up  
Said he wants to collab  
Bro we gotta collab  
He said, fam we gotta build for the culture bro  
Let's get on a track  
We gotta get on a track  
Now I could've just ignored it but I couldn't resist  
I know toilets that are less full of shit  
He must not know that I heard his cute little raps  
That were lamer than a white dad doing the dab  
So I had to hit reply  
And I typed this out

I said I'd rather drink Clorox bleach  
Or get punched by Conor McGregor  
Than get on a song with you bro, let's make it official  
In the year two thousand and never  
I would rather drink Clorox bleach

About a year later, I saw him outside the Red Sox game  
Red Sox game  
I didn't know who he was, but he walked up  
And he told me his name  
I forget your name  
He said I know we had our differences in the past  
But you and me on a track, man the people would spaz  
So maybe this September get together at last  
I was caught off guard and suppressing a laugh  
He said, sure I was immature  
But bro whaddya say?

I said I'd rather drink Clorox bleach  
Or get bombed by North Korea  
I know god isn't real 'cause no god would keep you alive  
And kill 2Pac and Aaliyah  
I would rather get mauled by a bear  
Or have somebody spill some AIDS in my hair  
Than appear on a track with somebody as wack as you  
I would rather drink Clorox bleach

This goes out to all the dudes who talk shit but don't pay no dues  
Can you get a verse from the king of Maine? Bro, nah  
On SoundCloud with my name in your mouth  
Here's a pro tip for you: shut the fuck up right now  
I would rather bleed, not know how to read  
Rather run out of weed than collaborate  
Fuck a fake emcee, I'll die in a stampede  
'Fore I give a sixteen, you can't hang  
I play acoustic guitar that's as hard as your bars  
When you're up on stage with the lyrics and the beat  
Don't let your hometown make you think you got the crown  
You're not world renowned, who's that? That's he  
S to the P, I don't even gotta spell it  
Drop another album, I don't even gotta sell it  
'Cause the last one's sellin' and the wack one's jealous  
I heard their new song, it made me want to drink

Clorox bleach  
Or go jump off my roof  
When your mom told you you were good, she wasn't telling the truth  
I said I'd rather get mauled by a bear  
Or have somebody spill some AIDS in my hair  
Than appear on a track with somebody as wack as you  
I would rather drink Clorox (Drink drink drink)  
Clorox (Bro I would rather drink)  
Clorox bleh