

Cooped Up

Spose

Yeah

I'm stayin' in the house 'cause don't nobody wanna get this like
Motherfucker, just keep your distance
I already got my tickets refunded for all the festivals
So best believe I ain't gon' be spending my time next to you

They're in Florida on the beach like, "It's fake bitch, what?"
But I'm not pumping gas without latex gloves
I'm walking out of Walmart in a hazmat suit
With enough food to avoid you 'till 2022

Yo this isn't what I thought it'd be, you call it quarantine
It's just a day in the office of making songs for me
Isolating, keep myself away from people?
Like shit, I've been training my whole life for this

It's pretty dope, 'cause I don't got no shows to promote
I go to my studio, I go home, I hold the remote
I'm 'bout to watch every movie and then Netflix a show
And just chill, and watch the next episode

Lately I've been cooped up
Chillin' in the same damn building
And I think I'm 'bout to lose my mind
I wrote a song, hocked a loogie
Hit the bong, watched a movie
And it barely even passed the time
Feelin' like I need to break out
Get some takeout
Plug the mic in and then rock a show
Like here we go!
But then again, probably not
'Cause if I leave this spot
I could kill like every grandma I know
I guess I'm staying cooped up

See, I've been chillin' in the house a couple days then ooh
Your boy done caught a wave
'Cause the minutes start to bend into each other
And I'm sick of playin' the same old game
I probably need to go and shower, shit and shave
Or call up Dave, like "Hey Dave, you got some toilet paper?"
Me and Spose bout to shit on all these rappers later"
Then go skate in the kitchen and drink some Jäger
Then I dress up like a zombie and scare the shit out my neighbors

I can't even watch the Celtics help my dome cool down
I can't drive to Dunkin' Donuts, my kids home-schooled now
They're always on the couch, friggin' living it up
"You put on Frozen 2 again, I'm gonna cancel Disney Plus!"
Pacing 'round my yard like, "I swear it hasn't got to me"
Raked every leaf in far-reaches of my property
Checked on my economy, I'm going into debt
I make too much off rap to get the stimulus check

I'm like damn, I watched every Marvel movie that's out
Like yo, I scrolled through every twerk video on the 'Gram

My mail man ring my doorbell, I'm like "No
Leave it on the porch, that shit's gross"

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I just got a COVID test, turns out I'm a hundred percent broke as fuck from
this healthcare
I'm well aware I'm self-employed and uninsured
But go ahead, give it to the rich people first

'Cause when the CEOs fail, they get bailouts
When we fail, overdraft fees in the mail now
You bastards better flatten the curve
I'll have to be wrapped in bubble wrap
When back in action, passin' you merch
We're fucked

The fate of the world is restin' firm in the palm of our hands
But we ain't washed 'em since the last pandemic, damn
And we got Trump in the office, he keeps on talkin'
But this dude is 'bout as useful as the legs of Lieutenant Dan

With the brains of Ichabad Crane
We'd be better off with Joe Exotic holdin' the reigns
To fight against the virus in this new world war
That got me payin' twenty bucks to rent the Trolls World Tour

So put away the books man, "We ain't readin' 'em"
Like, ayo Pornhub, "We want Premium"
'Cause I don't know how long this shit is gon' continue
And I need to find something to clean with all this tissue

Thirty tissues later, shit is miserable, bro
My uncle Larry he had told me it's a liberal hoax
Now Larry's out in critical, the hospital's packed
I'm on my last box of pasta and I think I finally lost it

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And I think I finally lost my mind
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Hit the bong, watched a movie
And it barely even passed the time
Feelin' like I need to break out
Get some takeout
Plug the mic in and then rock a show
Like here we go!
But then again, probably not
'Cause if I leave this spot
That could be the end of Ekoh and Spose

So we been staying cooped up