

Gotta Get

Spose

Woo, I didn't see you there
It's a sincere pleasure to be back with you all
From sunny Wells, Maine to wherever you are

(Gotta get) By, so I'm making hits while they're taking shits
Making tracks while they're taking naps
If you said that I was wack, I will make you take it back
To when my car had radar to show me where the bacon's at
Freestyling over beats on cassette
Dilated Peoples sticker on a skateboard deck
People calling me with debts to collect
Then my song got played, made the money pirouette (mmhmm)
I was pushing CDs out the trunk space
Do work, never see me on a lunch break
New verse always in the making
As well as the poster, the album cover, and the live show arrangement
And the web pages, you know time is of the essence
I am like a Yankee Swap, you will feel my presence
So what's the deal, my brethren?
Put a hand up, feel the real congealed to each sentence
You feel that?

(Gotta get) Copious paper to the roof of the cathedral
The root of all evil, imprinted with bald eagles
I'm not trying to floss like bad teeth
I'm just trying to cop a couple Huggies for those ass cheeks
Check it, last week
Tried urgently to keep the bank account out of the burgundy
To stay classy
The bankteller said she loved my last pastiche
Just the life of Spose, Mr. Sparker if you're nasty
Gotta get rap money, cause all my friends got other jobs
But hip-hop, that's it for me
And my kid looks hungry, advances don't last
Downeast Energy don't give away gas
And the Maine winter's frigid, need electric for the 'fridge
So I'm dipping out the crib each night to go spit
But when it came to hustling, I always fared well
I could sell hair gel to Howie Mandell
And even when I used to work sixty-hour weeks
I still found time to hit the quill before the sheets
I could've never entered though, I could've hit delete
But I took control, shifted flows
Now I pick the tab up for your ho
Veuve Clicquot

(Gotta get) More virtues than flaws
I used to disobey my curfews, ducking from the law
We were into horseplay, you know, sipping Clydesdales
If the pigs came, we'd giraffe it, high tail
We just wanted parties and a nice tan
Every night plan's detrimental to my lifespan
Now I'm 25, happy I'm alive
Used to drive a buck thirty-five, probably should've died
But I didn't, now I'm getting paid for my banter
Still got a little bit of shit I need answered
Am I getting cancer from Js in my jaws?

Will I need another liver after all this scotch?
Will I be afflicted by convictions for the pot?
If this rap shit fails then I gotta get a job?
And what about my college degree
That I pursued for five years and still haven't received?
And the debt that I accrued weighs heavy on my noodle
But, go type my name into Google
Behold my accomplishments and some praise
But you won't see how real shit gets some days

Shit, Wells, Maine all over your face
Here's a washcloth
(Gotta get)