

Happy Medium

Spouse

Yea I used to just be, blunts by the beach
Now I'm tutoring rappers with a hunkular speech
I vocalize on beats
What local guys see
But they hate invenenously, cause he says it verbatim

I know biters live off to be very vampiric
I'm in white vans, pouring telito or damn near it uhh
I lose track of these Larry's and Sue's
I'm who various dudes live vicariously through
MC live like a bee hive, buzz built up
But is he a white dwarf or a milk dud

Dope duds you can keep them on the mannequin
Dude does not change his clothes ask Cameron
Wrangled mics rambling with jamborees of MC's
Spitting frees like in luxuries or pamperin
Pampering careers push peers to embarrassment
Laughing Doug funny cause the moneys gargantuan

Built below my belt buckle bound for a bluntskee
Stick stem sterilized sticky in the front seat
I promise to be brutally honest, I still spill gin and tonics on a lot elect
ronics uhh
Tattoo parlor, hoop needle jiggle and a Milky Way high snickering and rapper
s bickering
I'd rather joke doubling doodle and rhymes lumbering ramen noodles
Get that loop but stay fruitful

I don't wanna change what I do
I don't really see the point
I've been doing just fine, so I'm gon do what I've been doing
Till the day I lay down, I've been happy medium
I've been living in Wells, Maine
Wells, Maine

Turn off the bright lights, I like my place in society
Betwixt standing nimiety and notoriety, Go
I've been happy medium
Small town double XL dreams those are the ingredients

Without want for a wondrous whip
Just a spot to spit sleep, eat and take a shit
Deny me the decadence,
Just give me people in attendance independent of their necklaces and pendant
s

Because everyone's pretending still
Mean there's something so hollow in those Hollywood hills
I need substance, as in not fake
Snakes who take your land or lakes and then skip your wake

I don't need TV's invading my village vilify my visage when I'm out with my
Ms'
I gave you my blemishes from the genesis
Others generally disingenuous
I'm giving you what's really going on behind the Maybelline cream

When the Revlon's gone where the jewels don't gleam

Where the stars are black holes

The pitch black, back roads past the last toll

Me I'm from nowhere, no pimp no flair

When I spit they all come together like Pangea

I'm saying what I've been saying, staying where I've been staying (What's that)

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