

In Your Dreams

Spose

I used to have work clothes looking like I rolled in a dirt road
Boss was in jerk-mode now I got fans in the first row
Used to blaze two in a Prelude
With my eyes all glassy like a space-suit
Spitti'n gettin' pissy like a drug test
Sippin' on a blood red Bud Hev'
But I'm the best on the beats, it's destined to be, S to the P
O to the S to the E
Emceed got cash for my speech
Never went to sleep without grass on my cleats
I been earning a permanent place and taking it passionately
But my biceps are looking like Avril Lavigne's
I rep for Maine rap I'm yet to change that
Sweat where my taint at, yep, the same cat
Jizzin' on her vertebrae the way I came back
I been spittin' what the citizens living and my vision isn't primitive is it
It's like visiting when I deliver uninhibited riveting images of villagers'
children
I got definitive scribbling
Opponents groaning when I'm holding paper
I think they're familiar with my nomenclature
Hating thug rappers give me love after and my raps attract biters like a bug
zapper

They told me in your dreams
Would I ever get to do this rap shit, kept my head up and looked past it
I don't know about you
But I wanna do what I love and I'mma do it till the day that I'm done
They told me in your dreams
Would I ever get to live this life so I'm just making sure I'm living it right
I don't know about you
But I'mma keep my trees rolled up at the top looking down like "What!"

You can find me posted up as a trace, I stay in the cut
Fat dutch with my hand on my nuts
Wear a watch just cause, I don't look at it much
Shit, I don't slap the bass yo I'm never in a rush - get it?
Just a stoner no college diploma
But got a bag that's full of sour with a godly aroma
Got a load of bullshit I gotta deal with on the daily
Success is a motherfuckin' double edged blade, b
That's how it is just a matter of fact
I'm a humble dude, yo, I just happen to rap
And I do it to the fullest what's the matter with that?
Shit I put the work in, lemme gather my stacks
Shouts to Maine O.O.B. from the 207 to the 203
Doing me kicks clean when I step up in the scene
Fuckin' with me? In your dreams! Bitch, Webby!

I met some snakes in the apple like first couple
Burned in that kerfuffle, learned the ropes and turnbuckles
So not to burst bubbles, but you must be wylin'
If you think I will be silent like the word 'subtle'
I risked \$100,000 on Spose, bros
If you're not 'all in' on you, you oughta fold

Hunkered in my bunker tryna get it
Until I'm light-headed as spelunkers in a crevice
I got crowds yelling back like we're bickering
Because I spit the shit that's sicker than a chick who's sniffing
The formulas a simple thing you get the tickets sit and then you sip a drink
I spit the hits that get you tickled pink around the nipple ring
Lemme show you where Maine is
I'm from the pines got lines like a flame-broiled angus
I slang language, been sellin' it from the genesis
Be ready cuz I'm heavy as Webby in the Connecticut
Scene, but by L.L. Bean, they said IN YOUR DREAMS