

# Into Spose

Spose

Meet me where you met me before  
I haven't left (Nope!)  
Shit I must've jerked off Jesus  
Cause I'm so blessed (Oh my God!)  
I guess it's that bro  
S-P-I Double Z, Y, Spose  
Dawg, I'm the cat that they aimed at  
Back, Hoodie Plain Black  
Bowl packed  
So religiously go get the stained glass  
Spitter of the best raps, never claimed that  
But I could've, down to earth like a plane crash  
And all the gangster rappers want me dead  
The artsy rappers want me dead from a zombie plague  
Been the topic of conversation  
Debatin' my fate while I'm wakin' and bakin' and makin' fucking bacon and eggs  
They're playing catch up (look at em!)  
I relish what the haters say  
I must heard different when I heard my first record play (I'm Awesome.)  
Twist pencils with my tongue over 808s  
That make you thought the cops just showed you how a taser tastes  
Doing good (Doing good)  
Rhyme great (Rhyme great)  
So not hood (hood)  
Pine tree state  
Yeah I used to skate  
But could barely even ollie  
So I stuck to ridin' trolleys  
Looking jolly in the face  
This is Spose

I feel summer springing in  
And you've got taste for finer things  
Restless, Winters, Fall, Away  
Come with me and come with me  
We'll try again some other day  
You've just, watched us, Fall Away

Make yourself indispensable  
Find yourself Into Spose

I kick what's happenin'  
The rest just kick their own asses  
Like Jacqueline (You guys all look stoned)  
Spouse must be back again  
No I don't want to meet your rapper friends  
If you thought the action stalled  
I'm back in-volved  
I'm on the road, less traveled  
[?]  
I'm still in Maine  
And ain't shit changed  
Except the diaper on the baby bearing my name  
All the same, I just like to be the nicest  
Not let my vices decide what my life is  
Till everybody's heard of me

And got plots to murder me  
Each song sung true and bumps like maternity  
I'm 25 going on 8  
I learn from mistakes  
I got the songs that you bring along  
Going on break  
Til I can't be discerned from the greats  
I could give a fuck if Lindsay Lohan lost weight  
A lot of dudes hate  
Then try to jump on my tube stake  
They're like Gary Coleman  
Too little too late  
I'm well read from a blue state  
People really listening are like  
Tou-fucking-ché

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[x2]

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