

# John Madden

Spose

Sitting at my mom's dreaming about paychecks with loot,  
My ex-girl's boobs, and how to smoke legal like Snoop... (oops)  
I'm interrupted by the door knock, [\*knock-knock\*]  
4:18... Who the hell is this?!?  
I get up quick, tuck my dick  
I stop Drew from barkin' and get to Chris walking,  
It's a face that I've seen before, Mike George  
We both graduated class of '04  
I look deeper, he's got trees up in a beaker  
And in his fist, Backwoods and a Bic  
That's that shit, Michael, is you joking or smoking  
He tells me, "We got two minutes to get it toking"  
420 on the digital, this is pivotal  
Cause I'm broke as fuck and I enjoy being a criminal  
Right before this happened I was sitting here rapping  
Watching Youtube booty clapping, PS2 action, playing:

John Madden, Jo-John, John Madden  
John Madden, Jo-John, John Madden  
Switch it  
Tony Hawk, Ton-Ton-Tony Hawk  
Tony Hawk, Ton-Ton-Tony Hawk  
Say no money money no money money money  
No money money no money money money  
I blazed and played John Madden when I got up  
(Mar-a-ju-on-na is everywhere, where was you brought up?)

You know it's Groves cause the flow's so tight  
I got instrumentals downloaded, mobile device-  
Just in case I want to kick it, take a go at the mic  
I'm hot as hell even though Maine's colder than ice  
Take what you make in a week, and i'll be folding it twice  
It doesn't matter what the numbers even show on the price  
I'm always taking chances like I'm rolling the dice  
And I used to push the ganja from an O to a slice  
But I'm learning more as I grow older in life  
It's not about how many punches that you throw in the fight  
It's about why you throw 'em & if you're throwing them right  
And always making good goals and try to hold 'em in sight  
And even though I get high, take control of the flight  
It doesn't mean it's wrong, if you don't know what is right  
Been into rap since way back when rollin' on bikes  
And from that day rap happened to take control of my life

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Don'tcha know Spose flows everyday in his life  
With no grill, no bills, I refrain from the ice  
And I feel like the devil might have came in the night

And made me "Tim the tool man Taylor"  
Got the game in a vice  
No shame when I write, bars aim to delight  
Fanatics, addicts, and video gamers alike  
I'm looking over my shoulder just when I'm lacing my Nikes  
Because there's fake gangsters out there, just aching to fight  
And I made some whack songs, now I'm making them right  
Though I'm broke, nightly microwaving bacon and rice  
Black Betty, white Christmas, Green Lantern comic  
Red stripe in my pitcher  
There is no illa, evolved gorilla, quickly breaking up that grass  
Like a fucking Roto tiller  
Certainly no killer, not even a fighter, but enough about that, baby, pass t  
hat lighter  
Let's play some

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