

Loon Song

Spouse

Ayup

They said I can't get there from here
There's no careers 'less you're sellin' books, boots, or beer
But I'll get big bucks and dough without shootin' deer
Where it's rural with the squirrel, need the dollar sign in plural
My battle is uphill like vicodin
I'm from the state where they do the big H, and I don't mean hydrogen
And I've been out like recyclin' day
I'm not gay, but I'm magic with the mic in my face
I got airborne, but got sicker
My geography remote like the clicker, but I'm easy to find
I lived off one-oh-nine since '98
You add it up, and that equates my mind state (dang right, right there)
Spouse the chosen one, I think you could all witness
Trees in the house daily like it's all Christmas
Dudes who don't like me, I think they're all bitches
Run their mouth while I go and run a small business
Sorry, I got distracted, what was it?
There we go
Outwork me? You need a clone and a miracle
But I'm so chill, in the summer, I might wear a coat
More subdued than a guy with a Periscope

Dang right, right there
That's frickin' scarier than hell (frickin' scarier than hell)
You have any idea what I'm talkin' about, dear?

I haven't always had Franklins, but I've been here
If she's a six in New York, she's a ten here
We've got loons in my periphery
Lyrically, the department of inland fishery
My anthropology's soldered into my symphonies
The townies revvin' hemmies in front of Marden's and Renys, mm, that's my heritage
I should've bought it when I saw it, I want more than I'm allotted
That's American (dang right, right there)
Until they play me like Jay-Z, I'll preach my sentence
Even though the outlook is bleak, like Memphis
We all got lost, then I found the beat
While my neighbors ride snowmobiles down the street
Uniform; flannel shirt over the hoodie
Catch a buzz where the trees lookin' woody (dang right, right there)
All of this facts, it's like a phone with a printer attached
When I do raps, I need a house bigger than biggest like seven, I'll figure it out
I never doubt, went from garbage and trash, started to rap
I spit artisan crafts from my part of the map
I count cash and I started to laugh
It's more than you go in jo' hands, son, word to Scarlett, I'm back

Dang right, right there
That's frickin' scarier than hell (scarier than hell)
Twenty minutes into the meal, the moose on the wall starts talkin' to me
"Hey!" ("Hey!")

I'm goin' loony, I'm from the boonies, you hate me, then sue me

My car is not inspected, Wells policemen pursue me
I'm signin' boobies, the ugly Clooney, my life is a movie
I play a peasant that is plottin' on the royalty's rubies, need retribution
I'm the guillotine, each verse a execution
Caught a buzz once, but I need electrocution
If rap don't work, well fuck it, bro, I guess the next solution
Eyes on the prize, I got, I got, I got tantalized (dang right, right there)
They got moist when they heard my voice was amplified
Is he perfect or too perfect? They can't decide
The way I kill it, baby, it's not like infanticide, maybe I fantasize
What's my name (name, name, name)? If people don't know it
I s'pose I'll keep goin' and rowin' 'til my boat gettin' broken
Might be insane (sane, sane, sane), pursuin' the path
That no person has proven, I guess I'm just that type of human
I want a house by the beach, a house by the lake
Another house to rent out at high price rate
Plus a parkin' lot to charge ninety dollars a day
That's per car to park for all out-of-state plates

Yeah, man, that'll be ninety dollars, please. Yeah, nine—where are you from?
New York? Yeah, that'll be nine—ninety dollars, thank you. Oh no, we don't
take cards. We, um—there's an ATM, if you head up, back into town, take a ri
ght at the light, go through... si—I think six lights, take a leeft there. A
nd then, you know, go up, you're gonna go up one-oh-nine and there should be
a bank right there on the right. There should be a ATM there, so, just go t
here, hit the ATM, come back, it'll be ninety bucks, thanks, have a...