

Marcus Smart

Spose

One look up at the rafters above Boston Garden tells the whole story. Celtic
s pride. It's all right there

Here's another one, for the fiends to smoke
If reality don't make no sense, but my dreams were dope (yeah)
I've been (scrollin') scrollin', scrollin', scrollin', scrollin', scrollin',
scrollin' through my phone
I searched the whole world over, then I found I was in my dome

Bro, from the start, had the hardest bars, bitch, I'm Marcus Smart
I go hard since the magic cards make republitalds
Mow my yard when I'm on the charts, I might own a shark
You peers spark from your neighbor's car, haters, oh my God
Local star for my vocal art, stages smoke and charred
Disregard, got me broken heart, eatin' golden arch
Throw a dart, hope my phone is charged before I'm blown apart
I hope my daughters be like Joan of Arc, my son like Bonaparte, ay
Here's a fresh batch of lies for my self-esteem
So my kids could profit off it later when I'm elderly
I thought by now, I'd stop rappin'
But I just made too much of profit off it to stop it, it has to happen
Got the best-sellin' discography, in my geography
Slow-mo snow blowers in my cinematography
Bro, what? You want xans? Thinkin' Speez don't touch cheese
It's on my hands, I'm pepperoni
My flow's so cold, Steve Austin on the zamboni
Leave the beat yellow and purple, like, "Damn, Kobe!"
You just gotta shake me sometimes like ketchup
'cause I wanna kill bad guys like Dexter
My catalog speaks for itself, like, "Alexa
Play Spose songs so that Spose could buy the Tesla!"
Probably s'posed to be a hook there
Whoops, where? I stole the show with the crook glare
Put it out quick like it's cooked rare
Preferred, 'cause my words touch kids like a book fair, hold up
Look, player (whoop) this the bar type melee
My first trial, certified RIAA
I was doin' lyrical shit, they were doin' "A Bay Bay"
I guess I hit it first with my bars, I'm Ray J
Wait, hold up, Teddy
I kinda feel like I should've blown up heavy
Wait, you know what, Betty?
I was a young woodsman, became a grown up yeti
Feelin' like a used bullet, had my shot already
Look, promoters better hand several grand in advance
I deserve a Grammy for that album that I did with Chan
Guess it wasn't in the plans
Still got more paper than Jim and Pam from my fans
They even got the underground shit that I did with Cam
And my signature ink imprinted on their skin
Between Instagram and Scribble Jam, I'm the patch of land
The middle man between 2Pac and Lil Xan
First in orbit, I'm John Glenn
Heavy content, every song ten, call me Sean Penn
Respond with an emoji to your extra long text
Pockets convexed, thought my run was over, not yet
More weed than a cop's desk, man, they tryin' me

American anxiety, I wake up in a hot sweat
I hope I see it clear before I fade away
But I been runnin' shit around here, I sip some Gatorade
Since I was a minor, I've been pinin' for some major pay
I've endured a cavalcade of hate
I deserve a alligator steak, bro, run and tell your nearest
It's the three time champion who they wanna smoke a beer with
Need a damn parade after I blow like a hand grenade
I don't even do shit these days and I still get paid
I got the guts I never got the glory for
More risk than reward, public speakin' deep as quarry floor
Woodsy premises, my kids in my radius
I hate white supremacists, rest in peace to Alias
It's twenty-two, I don't fuck with you, bimp my attitude
P. Dank crew, them my bros, my dudes, oh, and Sarah too
We've been through, all these ups and downs, we roll though your town
Shut it down, this the people's sound, when I'm on the mound
Strike!