

Metal Band

Spose

So dark, so ominous
So scary, in a way, um...
But so absolutely beautiful

I'll have the performative poems that make 'em board up their home
And make the sound guy stop watchin' porn on his phone
Hey! Welcome to the shit show, one little hiccup
Give us all your money, put 'em up, it's a stick-up
Every time we rock, official highway robbery
Your mom and sisters wanna have a five-way probably
I'm not even a rapper, even I'm a-nomaly
Started doin' all this rhymin' on the side of my assignments
Back in the day when Mars Volta molded out of at the drive-in
Now kaleidoscopic objects doin' dances on my eyelids
Jarv, what is happening? (The rhythmic monster)
It's a revolt
I said to put all their hands in the air and they did, it's a cult
I said to burn all the shit to the ground, do it now 'cause I'm tired of bei
n' adult
Fuck the world and its miserable dad
Rob 'em for their cryptocurrency and digital cash
Pay to play, this song is a long, unskippable ad
You want the swagger of a cripple, Mitchel? (Triple the bag!)
Got some new exaggerations for the back and the front
Welcome to sunny Wells, Maine, Jarv, pass me the... (Er)
Back medicine raps as back then
When you had to rap better than ass for cash settlements
If we're not funky as passin' gas in assless chaps
Then I think that that acid tab's settin' in
And the methamphetamine, 802 and 207 legends
No, not them again, tubular and excellent
Came to give you sex again, came to get the checks again
Canadians and Mexicans, ladies and gentlemen!

Ladies and gentlemen, I mean bitches and germs
I got this mic in my clutches and until this is adjourned
I'm 'bout to burn y'all, why? Because I am the judge
I'm swingin' my gavel, hittin' yo' chick in the nuts
What's up, idiots? Back to your scheduled program
And no man broke hearin' hoes with toe jam
The slow jam slammin' like a chrome hand cannon
Recoilin', everybody wonder where the boy has been
I'm makin' noise again, that's all that matters, right?
If you are what you eat then I'm a vagina with an appetite
Ugh, now that's one hell of a sound bite
I really don't know what the fuck he be talkin' about but it sounds tight, u
h-huh
Yeah, whatever fam
Me and my man, Spose, will join forces and form a metal band
I'll be wearin' spandex, singin' for alternative chicks
And officially [?]
What's up? How you doin', beautiful? 'bout a medium
I could ease your pain if you consider buyin' my CD, hun
I will be the one to make you feel empowered and proud of it
If you'd just give me some money for some bud and a bag of chips
Uh, it's the vagabond, padawans, tattle on
Rappin' as if I were tryin' to battle Mickey Avalon

Sound the alarms, we about to get busy
I go berserk and burn down your whole city, bitch!

All the Wells town councilmen, wanna smack the shit out of 'em
'Cause we don't ever shut the fuck up
And the Windsor PD's always lookin' at me
But they have yet to make a successful buck
We've got a hundred milligrams of fans from Jersey to Japan
And they're yellin' in the stands, "Get rich!"
Bitch, bring it to eleven, get the ball licky drippin' on your titties
We about to get licked, oh!

666 or whatever
I was like, "Oh, wow, that's cool"
I was like, "What is that?"
And he goes, "Oh, it's this band
My-my older brother listens to 'em—"