

Outro

Spose

Why hello there
Hello
Girl, you can find me sleeping at my mother's
Coming home blazed, get gluttonous on a cupboard
Sneaking to my room with a female and rubber
How things change: the same place I first jerked under covers
How pleasant things ain't: when debt collector got my cell number
Hunger for a million summers got me calling out of work
Otherwise I'm cooking, wipe my forehead with my shirt
My mom never made supper, "Alex, what is dessert?"
But what bird could front on a free birch to perch as they learn to live life and adulthood lurks
And that's mediocrity knocking because I'm hardly 2Pac and i do too much talking
He's rocking mics as doubters are mocking him cause they say he burns trees like he hates oxygen
But dag nabbit, despite my bad habits
You can find me next to Springsteen in your iPod gadget
I still got a bad taste in my palette
Cause I wonder, "Life, are you gonna go my way like Lenny Kravitz?"
And what I tangled web I weave, spitting lies in the eyes of those I deceived
But looky here, alas, an emcee so rare
With the truth in his face like emo hair
And that campground, my mom played Pokemo there
Just to afford groceries, to Spose listen closely
My rhymes, my pen, my mom, my dad
Did they wonder if Maine Med would take me back?
My town, my peeps, my past, my weed
Procrastination versus my drive to succeed
And it's cyclical when these trees burn
I earn cash then turn that to ash like urns
But since my dad burst sperm during Reagan's first term
I've had no reason to go to the bank
And so I'll die in this here booth
Preposterously dank, baby, Spose