

Poof!

Spouse

Do I not got you entertained?  
Still not copying a thing  
Still iced coffee in my veins, ooh  
Still spot me at the bank  
Still the god emcee of Maine  
Still Preposterously Dank, ooh  
PBR by the [?] lying my commute  
Till I got the LL Bean boots made of moose  
Enough loot to get the roof on a coupe  
And then make that shit go  
Poof!

She make me wanna beat it like my adversaries  
Cause she got a butt big like it's my vocabulary  
My shit sick as dysentery, you're the beneficiary  
Tracks laid down like it's missionary  
I fuck a beat up against the wall though  
Your accomplishments hard to find like Waldo  
I'm getting money that I wanted to get  
Then the bills come like Monica's dress  
It go poof!  
Whoops, there goes the loot  
Conversation, observation, still astute  
Though I look aloof?  
I'm a rebel, never settle, this is proof  
I'm heavy metal when I'm pedaling the truth  
I might have to pull a rabbit out the hat now  
Something out of nothing that's my background  
What I see like the middle of magician is cigars sawed in half like my lovely assistant  
It go

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I got your email but you know I'm not responding  
Cause I'm getting more-a-set these days, I call that shit Alanis  
Fuck your team and every player on it  
Till I'm getting foreign green, I call that Isaiah Thomas  
And fuck you even after that, every rapper's wack  
Shit is foul, put you on the line, that's a hack-a-shack  
You look up to me because I'm like an acrobat  
My peers disappear like they're zits with the Tazorac  
Touch words like Vanna White, vanish in a week  
I'm outlandish while I'm brandishing the speech  
She got cancer so my grammy's weak  
Might have to write my Grammy speech and read it to her  
Case she's not here when I reach the canopy

I'll paddle into battle for people who can't fight  
[?] me to my company saving your damn life  
I'll sign paychecks till I need my hand iced  
More W2's than the Irishman twice, oh yeah

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