

Preposterously Dank

Spose

I seen it, it's lurkin', and it's dank
He's so preposterous, baby
He's oh so dank, he's got dilated eyeballs
And he's moving so slowly but he's got rhymes down to a T
You can't hate on Spose, he's from the Wells, M-E

Dearest fake rapper, please run for cover
I'm fucking up the game, I didn't bring no rubbers
Like my parents when they were but Reagan lovers
And high school girls are like, "that's Meghan's brother!"
Out at 4:20 and then late for supper
Come home later, nuke the grub up out the tupper
Where? Wells, Maine. Hair? Dark brown
Heineken-chugger acknowledge how it goes down
The Cutlass sputters, the blunt girth's blubbered, my Comfort's Southern
And baby we're just orangoutangs evolved, I sangadangle the balls
Throw your gunts up, Spizzy Spose what he's called
Wells, Maine

They call me 'Toine plus talent, minus slurping phallus
I'm back, crack rock and Rolls Royce absent
Average height though mean on the mic
And mode of transportation: dad's whip or a bike
So formally introducing the formerly nerdy
Great bro in skate clothes, jock Ezekiel and Hurley
Still slept on, me I never wake up early
But I stuff white owls call it taxidermy
Catch me jocking old Reeboks and dirty socks
I know in life things change like an equinox
And thus, this is why I'm hot: cause I lack a plot
And this fackin' pack of Backwoods is the last crap I bought
I'm saying

Uh, so get on the wagon, "bastid," pass the absinthe
I got a lack of cash that John Lennon couldn't imagine
Grumpy attitude 'till blunski latitude
Gets me higher than you've gotta be to get a padded room
The sagging of my pants
Is also indicative of the slacking in my plans
And the baggage in my hands and these weed bags can
Vanish quickly like female babies in Japan, or China
You know I'm the fuckin' Wells, Maine renegade lyrical elite
Teeth not the color of Nintendo Wii
We're jocking sweatpants, fanny-packs, bought that at TJ Maxx
Spose turn ganga black, just bought a twenty-sack
(Smoke some trees out that bitch)