

## Still Preposterous

Spose

I toe up under city lights

I'm still preposterous, Smokey oesophagus  
Watch me make an omelette with sausages on top of it  
You won't  
I'm not from the south; quite the opposite  
In january three degrees like a doctorate

Man, look at Spizzy-Spose  
He thinks he's so cool  
Look at his wrists and lack of neck-a-lace with no jewels  
Let's get retarded: Go drool  
With some alcoholics, so fuck your O'Douls  
On stage drunk; Flat out rude  
When there's ice-storms here, we get black-outs too - OH!

Next to Vermont we're the smokiest around  
Clam buckets, dank nuggets up in copious ammounts  
I never fuck a clock; I'm not in to doin' time  
But my rhymes been sublime since listening to nevermind  
Nevermind  
'Till I blow-up or grow-up I'll live a shitty life  
And then toe up, I get toe-up under city lights

"I get toe up under city lights..."

I've got my:  
Beer in backpack  
Weed in crack-hat  
Extra-tall resin tip, I'll show you where I stashed that  
My rhymes pack heat, better duck  
Quack Quack, like you're Aflac  
Girl I wanna see that ass clap, cause I'm looking for a round-of-applause  
Any way that I can get it, so get down in them drawers  
Now every time I'm laying down a track  
I get toe-up like I was lying on my back

We can rap in Maine (Maine)  
It ain't hard to do (do)  
Still no grill, (nah) just a barbeque  
Spose and Cam Groves (Who?) will be next  
Putting Maine on the map like a G-P-S  
I'll be on stage screamin' (screamin')  
All the people in the place, would you throw it up if you're bulimic  
I'm trying to make that sandpaper; Keep it gritty, right?  
And I get toe (ah-I get toe up) under city lights

"I get toe up under city lights... "