Still Sellin

Spose

Yeah, that's right
Everything must go
We'll sell the cash register too
That'll be about, five hunnid dollars, G

'Til 2030 I'll be watchin' every Celtics game, reppin' for the state of Main
e
Gettin' bucks, puttin' "fuck" in front of every rapper's name
(Peter—Peter) Yeah, back up in the place again
I spit the shit that put the billionaires in concentration camps
(That's too far, Spizzy) Make your brain think and your neck nod
The chef sends the champagne when I'm in his restaurant
They assumed I would've met my doom but they guessed wrong
Fifty thousand streams a month, my fiftieth best song
I piqued the curiosity of neighbors and back
Twenty thousand on my yard, no loan, just paper from rap
Fans give me paper plus the [?] and dabs
They wanna see the don cheech but I don't play for the Mavs
Local dad who got every other vocalist mad
Wrote this album in an hour without smokin' a drag
Yeah, selfish on my new shit, Speezus takin' the wheel
Makin' a deal while these liars act like fakin' is real
(Are you) Serious? You're not like me
You're not fuckin' with Spose and Mike Be
Brethren go together like lemons and iced tea
Go together like McDonald's Sprite and Hi-C (Hi-C)

Yeah, oh, you thought we weren't sellin'?
Just like [?]
Yo, we about to serve you motherfuckers

Strollin' 'round the venue with a pristine laminate, sixteens glamorous
My pockets lookin' like I smuggled Big G's sandwiches (Whoa)
I could never wrap it up, I got too much to get
I could never wrap it up, that's how I got so many kids
Genuflect from Michelangelo Be
My man naked, lighting candles, findin' samples to freak
His hands gon' make an example when he handle the beat
Another night, another candle, 'nother trophy for my mantle
Peace, that's all I want
Plus the politicians wiped out and the White House gone
Plus a zillion in the bank with electric in the tank
With eclectic colored skanks, hey Alexa, say my name
When no one is around you, do you really love you?
Do you let the devil in the door and let her come through?
Do you take a step back and see what this shit has come to?
You're your only hope so, bro, don't place no one above you
It's just the chronicles of shit that I saw
Still sellin' periodicals I spit from my jaw
In my time on this planet when nobody gave a damn it
I'm just tryna understand it 'fore I'm layin' like mechanic
Sellin'!

Waterville
We never left the shop
Sellin'

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