

# That's That

Spose

Let it ride, Flo Ride, Yes sir!

My brethren habitate  
Wells Maine  
Where the skies are clear  
Dad's gut deer  
And sip upon shipyard beer  
We attend house parties  
And try to get loose  
And when we're drunk driving home  
We try not to hit moose  
Me, I come from familial dysfunction  
I'll be hiding in my room  
Loudly bumping the smashing pumpkins  
The world is a vampire  
Dirtier than toilets  
I stay lit like campfires  
Just to avoid it  
It's a cold world  
My mom can't even start her cutlets  
Hicks with no bicuspid  
In the bushes busting muskets  
We peruse lifeless roads  
Blazing, dodging possum  
As private business degenerates into public gossip  
Baby, pine moose lobster  
Wealthy folks cohabit  
With the impoverished  
In a sense, the innocence has been demolished  
I mean, you see four wheelers, I see drug dealers  
The underbelly's less obvious  
The contrast alarming  
The youthful residence once dreamed of departing  
Just, to set precedence (Presidents) like Polk, Taft, Harding.  
Resort to jail coke, we're the army  
Baby, I know you wanna leave  
Instead inhale marijuana leaves  
Which makes sense  
Like the dude collecting bottles constantly  
Follow me, wanna-be's, as we wallow in mediocrity  
We'll play that life lottery  
We'll get to where ought to be

I'm aware that the world is cold  
A lot of shit out there that I don't know  
And if we don't ever make it anywhere then I guess that's that, like that, like that  
Hope that doesn't happen to me  
And if it does I'll probably get somewhere that I wanted to be  
And that's exactly how I'll live 'till then  
Yeah dude, that's that...

Spizzy kinda like a sloth or a lemur,  
I sleep past noon, lackadaisical demeanor  
No job, Oldsmobile and no Bimmer,  
Dirty clothes, from Spose medulla to his femur  
And as I'm ballin' hard like the Merrell Terrapin

I know children are perishing,  
Suicide vans in Bethlehem, no Christmas caroling  
I blame nobody but American arrogance  
I mean, (hmm, shit) we created the damn terrorists!!  
Open up the fridge on MTV Cribs  
As miserable kids starve with visible ribs  
Is it murder when I trash half my bacon cheeseburger?  
Dirty water slaughters daughters in countries we never heard of  
American's child's raised up in Walmart aisle's  
With McDonald's cups  
Line them up  
Single file  
While kids die from pandemics  
We don't get it  
Or that Speedstick's {Deodorant} workin' and we just don't sweat it  
You see in my town, the population's all white  
And my mom's a secretary like Madelin Albright {U.S. Secretary of State 1997  
}  
It's alright, in Maine it's not the cold vain  
And I'm not clear dates, but shit, this is my so called life