

The Audacity!

Spouse

How in the fuck did I get home
I just woke up and still stoned
I'm thinking about calling it quits
Cause I'm sick of the shit
That I've got to deal with on a daily basis
Cause I've been going hard on it all night long
Cause I don't want no fucking part-time job
They want me to be a man, I'm not I'm spouse

I do what I want, I rock a Red Sox hat in the Bronx
I don't floss I just rap about flaws
I get bucks like falls and they all just flaw
They wonder why I write rap songs, it's a white guy without dying my hair blonde
And if he's a rap star
Where is the car
That he described in every line of the sixteenth bar
Where's the sixteen hard head men behind him (they're hiding)
And why are these hoes grinding
Are his rhymes to bind with gang violence
Is he somebody whose buddies are all dying?
Does he want to get rich or die Ryan?
He's buggin' if he's not thuggin'
He should try silence
He'll get served like a diner
Skinny man, should've joined an indie band, rocked eye liner
I've seen him leave the bar nissan car
With a tattooed arm that was little like shriner
I hear he rhymes off the brain, in Maine
Does he keep an eye behind the coat like primer?
If the dj put the vinyl on, would he rhyme along tighter than a dyke's vagina?
Is he spouse? Higher than spock
Blunts in the wizzle while he runnin from the cops
Lyrical loogies that I hawk non-stop that I pull off the lot bumpin Aesop Rock
I'm definitively intricate an entertainer bring it til they're hatin' or hyperventilating I'm penetrating your brain
Yeah, fuck what you thought
Spouse judge the bros and pot
Jizzle on the rhythm, toss in the towel
Somehow got a hit, and still went foul
I'm 24 bars in so what now?
I'll do 24 more for them put the mic down
Follow no trend obediently
As in, you might see me in a medium tee
I just got lines like a DMV
And I fix them up in Maine like I'm CMP
They wonder how dare he rap about ganja
When kids still die in genocides in Rwanda
Yeah I should shut my mouth
But I keep rocking like a chair in a haunted house
I'm from the dirt roads, dusty antiques
On the microphone, so damn sweet
Grow weed then my interests peak
Kick a hole in the speaker, I'll say sorry and then peace
Teeth unbleached, with the physique of a geek my be rich next week

But I'm neat with the speech when I skeet on these
Unique and out there like mozambiques
Run circles around rappers like inner tubes
Still mad humble in an interview
Whether rich, or monotarilly miniscule
I'm who you relate to buddy cause I've been a dude
And if you heard me get neat not I
Got the shit together MC's fly by
Fickle other women in their free wifi
Sorry, you best believe I'm high
And I do what I want, might drink the bong water if it's murky like a swamp
And if rapping in Maine is so wrong
Just know the kid who mad this beat is from Vermont (Vermont?)
And that's how it has to be
I got room keys like I'm Cassidy
I'm at the red roof inn don't ask for me
Cause it's trashy don't bring Ashley
Spizzy Spose, Peter Sparker, I'm dastardly
I might hog until the pigs come, pass the weed
I could've fucked up massively
But instead I made it, the Audacity
Let's go

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