# The Cask

**Spose**

Ha ha ha ha, yeah

There he was, quite buzzed, height: five foot twelve
In a sweater from the Gap and a Brooks Brothers belt
I approach, "There he is! How do you do?"
He's taken aback, "Oh, Spose, how are you?
It's been a minute," I reply "Yes, it has"
He don't know that I know he's been talking trash on every trac
k
Never wrote a diss back, I pretend we're friends
'Bout to lure him to the basement and exact revenge
So I say, "Hey, look, if you still blazed
Got these trees in the cellar way beyond purple haze"
He's like, "No fucking way," his words all slurred
"Spose, you're the man! I've been looking for some herb"
We get deep into the dark, I chain him to a pole
Build a brick wall quick as he screams out, "NO!"
Spose Edgar Allen Poes MCs slow
Decomposed, bones when they found him where I bound him

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