

Three

Spouse

I was high when I wrote this song, smoke a bong and my vocals gone
Every bar I'm focused on so they pull my card like Pokemon
We Smoked It All, been long awaited, and I know I'm not your favorite
But if Spouse won, I was nominated, write a song a day until I'm dominating
I'm on my way kid, ándale
Your career is on delay
And when your dreams have gone away
You should get a job, what your mom would say
Keep it honest, man, every song I play
Rep P. Dank, I'm on my game
If I'm a joke, then y'all is fake
Bitch I go hard till the condom break
Keep giving it, giving it raw
My flippity-dippity jaw
Quick with the piff and the fifth in my grip, I be sipping that shit
till I'm sick as a dog
Aw, and y'all don't want none of me, son
I'm doing something different, y'all a bunch of fucking reruns
Change the station mother fucker, pass the clicker
'Cause I'm losing all my patience and I think my raps are sicker
Yo, y'all know my flow is I'll
This time around it's overkill
I'm showing skill and growing still
Pass the mic to Spouse, he knows the drill

I just walked in with some Bissell and backwoods 'cause I can afford
it, our troubles assorted
A double-performance, I feel like I'm riding on dolphins, I know that
I'm building endorphins
We see it, we write it, we spit it, record it
Third time around, I feel like I'm in orbit
S to the P-I-Z-
Y, three times, drop a couple albums, had a kid in the meantime
If you had sent me a message, it had better to be just to offer me money
My daughter just walked in the basement and she looked at me, she said,
"Daddy, I'm hungry"
They say they real but they never are
When I rap it is a seminar
You don't come near to my metaphors
I just bought weed with a debit card
Good God of Maine, and the King of Wells
ringing my syllables
Ended my tour down in Philadelph
Sensitive rapper, go kill yourself
If you're for real, hit me in the daytime bruh
I'm working and working it till the day I'm done
Violins strung and the bassline bumped and the best I ever do it from
the place I'm from
I got confidence and a pair of boots
Jumped out a plane with no parachute

Assurances I have got very few
I gotta stay sick, keep the Theraflu
We got no time for no rappers who rap as a hobby and rap once a week
If you down with us then put up that peace
Okay, add one more finger that's three