

Too Good

Spouse

My name remain famous from my observations
Climbing out the dark to leave a mark has been my inclination
Never been a guy to sympathize with indecision
That's how you get played everywhere like you're in syndication
Been known to bed it 'til I get it to a single digit
Spill my brain into the drain and do it over syncopation
I keep 'em guessing so they question like an inquisition
Pine tree emoji, fist emoji, that's my symbolism
Isn't it a miracle a lyrical rapper
Could get love in the era of Future and Young Thug?
I hit it (hit it) raw, like Kurt's voice on Nirvana
Unplugged (down) now I'm watching Mickey Mouse Club (club)
House on my couch, then I work a long night
Run a out route, catch it, touchdown, Gronk, spike (touchdown)
I almost dropped the ball, that would be a sad sight
Trying to manage rap life, coincide with dad-life (ayup)
You kept your dreams up in the closet like a Maglite
While I came up from the bottom, kind of like stalagmites (Wells, Maine)
I made enough in twenty-one-five
To stay many-blunts high with my Beans untied 'til July?
But why when my people need saving?
Spizzle scribble fire pages 'til you're making higher wages (ayup)
Man, sometimes I doubt myself (other)
Other times I'm all about myself
But the good outweigh the bad
Plus I'm all I ever had, so even if it make you mad

Sometimes I think my shit is too good
My girl's too bad
This beat too hard
My money too dap
My whip too skrirt
My rhymes too hot
My dreams too big
Feel like I'm 2Pac
My shit is too good
My girl's too bad (come on)
This beat is too hard
My money too dap (ayup)
My whip too skrirt
My rhymes too hot (Spizzy)
My dreams too big
Feel like I'm 2Pac

I remember bumping "22 Two's" when I was 22
Feel like I could do any fucking thing that I wanted to
It took a couple seconds, took some second chances
But now I'm on the throne, my robe is a checkered flannel
I was too short, didn't have two chains
Out in Too York City, man, but I'm too Maine
My girl a genius, she giving two brains
We're watching Jeopardy and then we're bumping Wu-Tang
Coming for that W
If you follow along, then that shit'll befuddle you
What's the world coming to?
They're giving props to another dude, but I'm better (woo)

Sometimes I think my shit is too good
My girl's too bad (tell 'em)
This beat too hard (get it)
My money too dap (uh)
My whip too skrrt (yeah)
My rhymes too hot (whip it)
My dreams too big (hot)
Feel like I'm 2Pac
Sometimes I think my shit is too good
My girl's too bad (ayup)
This beat is too hard (get it)
My money too dap (hard)
My whip too skrrt (yeah)
My rhymes too hot
My dreams too big
Feel like I'm 2Pac

Feeling like the one, check it, one two, email come through
God.Damn.Chan laced me with another beat to run through
Open the attachment, drop it into Logic
Activate the microphone, then write the verse to the topic
Spread the rhyme scheme like cream cheese on a bagel
Bounce the stems to Wyman, then he mix it at The Halo
Put it out, people tweeting at me all of their reactions
Then I get direct deposit, buy a car off my rappin' (skrrt)
Sometimes I wonder when my luck runs out
Because tens of thousands buy my album when it does come out
I drop one, wait a couple months, then bust one out
Consistent with my product, man, they trust it now
I'm the goat, but other times a black sheep
What I feel today I might not have felt last week
And just when I think that I'm shit like an outhouse
Spizzy at the buzzer from downtown!
Damn I think I'm

Too good
My girl's too bad
This beat too hard
My money too dap
My whip too skrrt
My rhymes too hot
My dreams too big
Feel like I'm 2Pac (or B.I.G.)
Sometimes I think my shit is too good
My girl's too bad (heh)
This beat is too hard (come on)
My money too dap (yeah)
My whip too skrrt
My rhymes too hot
My dreams too big (skrrt)
Feel like I'm 2Pac

Ahh, feel like I'm 2Pac, Kanye, John Lennon
I don't got the answers, boy, I'll just keep on guessin' (you might not make it)
I'm not scared of being wrong
I'm scared of never trying, never getting on
And on my lawn, I get buried sort of like a Manilow (a Manilow)
I'll take you back to college, I was smoking out a cantaloupe (a cantaloupe)
I was a Fruit Loop, probably holding two cans
I'm like a different color, I'm another hue, man
If you think about it, I'm another you, man
Got my dues all paid, let me through, damn (they want a new life)

Some people wait too long for a new life
I'm not waiting for it, need it tonight (need that shit tonight)
'Cause it's been too long, it's too wrong
Every two songs is hot as Tucson (I think it is fish)
I think it's fishy like a Tuna
That I haven't blown like a tuba (I was flipping through)
'Cause I was flipping through my iTunes yesterday on my computer (wooo)

[Chorus]

Sometimes I think my shit is too good
My girl's too bad (ha)
This beat too hard (come on)
My money too [dap?] (yeah)
My whip too skrrt
My rhymes too hot (yeah)
My dreams too big (skrrt)
Feel like I'm 2Pac (ayup)