

TURF

Spouse

Late night, putting in the work, cut the lights out
Whole lotta sweat on my shirt, why you looking at me
Like your face, don't work, no second, I'm first
If you can't handle that don't step on my turf
Putting in the work, cut the lights out
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You stepping on my turf then it's war
Like the warriors and casts, call the coroner and cab
It's capital JR no dots, like hold your fire
Ain't your girl wanna crash, like spitting it through the wire
Tired? Never heard of her
Drop a beat like a convertible roofs
Getting tips just for serving the truth
Flow pull up from the low goal, [?]
She got a brick like a permanent clue
That's factual, this shit's casual
This shit's actual, gas like some brass
Get you higher than a bat signal
Standing on Mars just waiting around on Elon
Your baby is out in public, she got the Specs tee on
We on, 30-30 while you get your vision straight
Smoke out the ears, how you mad, let it ventilate
I'm not a minute late, right on time
Heard your shit, I'm getting bored, not the [?]

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If you can't handle Spizzy Get 'Em!

Out the booth when I demonstrate, earn what I learn
Turn puke into lemonade, putting in the work
I know you'd hyperventilate, turf get disturbed and some dudes get disintegr
ate
Crews to eliminate, look
You can't even disparage the art because I climb steep lines in my character
arc
I can't stop myself, I top myself
I conscripted, so I twisted to plot myself
Ooh, I built the city on beats and sweat
Ooh, compete to death, don't complete the quest
I know you dudes is roasted vegetables, it's in your soft
And I'm Spouse and mostly testicles, I've been the boss
Bro, I'm pulling back the cross-bow
You owe me an ox beau
Gotta mute your talk show, that don't move my decimals
Doing what I did and how I did it got my visage grizzled
Wizard in bespectacled, when you see me grinding in the...

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