

We Back

Spouse

Started out smoking the trees
When it go legal, I'm sellin' the weed
Sick of just making like 200 G's
Look I'm just tryna do better for we
You know that state that we're repping is ME
Pier off the porch cuz its seven degrees
Smoked it all one only planted the seed
2009 Chapter 29 (How time flies)
We stay grounded but we got a thousand in the (line outside)
I got rappers salty like my margarita rim (Ay, ay, ay)
Off the interstate, boat on a Timberlake (Bye, bye, bye)
I never lie, lie, lie
Made a ton, made a stack
Made a book, made a app
Made the albums, made the tracks
Made some oops, made it back
I'm a bottomless pit for this shit, I'm hungry
We're not leaving Salt Lake City 'til I get my money
Look, just when you thought it was over
Preceded by nothing, foreboding
The duo who you thought was dead with the row disappear
Like, oh man, oh fam, woah damn, go ham, hold hands
Bromance, call chan, god damn, spouse, cam, again
Back for the fourth time

Yeah we back like we never left
See no disrespect, I need me a check
You speak on my name, there's a consequence
You speak on my name, there's a consequence
Still can't shake my confidence
Cuz baby we back (Baby we baaaack)
Cuz baby we back

(Groves)
In 10 years, not famous, how?
Used to be a lazy child
Last week, I just framed a house
My bank account look crazy now
Still hungry like I'm 80 pounds
Spit fire in the booth 'til I blaze it down
We make it underrated sound
Spouse my dude, he makes me proud
Like, uhh
We independent, doin' what we wanna do
Every day I'm on the move
Underground like sonotubes
I'm messed up, but my focus
Still flex hard with my vocals
Got no check mark on my socials
But I'm next up for these locals
Like if I'm gonna tell it, Im'a tell it like it is
And never had to lie or even so much tell a fib
And every verse I'm writin' down exactly how I live
And I don't plan on stoppin' 'til I buy myself a crib
And fam I would be damned if I abandoned all my dreams
But its been in the planning since damn near 2003
And I've always been my own man when standing on my feet

And you know the flow bananas when Channing is on the beat

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(Ayyy ayyy ayyy)
Cuz baby we back
(Alright nananana)
(Alright nananana)
(The way I carry a mic, I'm gonna end up with some flowers on my burial site
, I'm still - go)
(The way I carry a mic, I'm gonna end up with some flowers, end up, end up w
ith some flowers)