

Whoops

Spouse

Whoops, 'sposed to be gone by now
But my songs keep streaming, people still in the crowd
I'm like woops, started out rappin' bout beer
Still here, they been singing my shit for ten years
Like woops, only started rapping to be ill as hell
Then they told me that my music made 'em not kill themselves
Whoops, I wasn't supposed to be this dope
For this long, but it's on so let's... go

Whoops, I'm livin' proof, it's not a fluke
Stickin' to my roots, I don't split it with the group
That's forbidden with the fruit, what I've written is a noose
On the chances of my cancelling and quitting what I do
Whoops, I just hit a white supremacist
I put it in reverse, as he got up, I hit the pedal quick
I put it back in drive until he died and quit his fidgeting
Okay that didn't happen but I wish it did
I be like woops, king of Maine, say my name, pocket change
That's all I had, I bet it all and I'm still in the game
Oh woops, didn't change, stayed the same
It's the dudes from John Madden on Preposterously Dank
Whoops, I got my own house
She texted me for tickets but I told her nah, sold out
Line around the block December when it's cold out
We been doing this since Ludacris was saying Rollout (Rollout)
Whoops, survived the expiration date
Too opaque to fade away
Whoops, I worked on Labor Day
Whoops, I used the rap to make a superhuman side of me
Despite our mad society 'cause woops you don't but I believe

Whoops, when I started thought I needed help
But it turns out I can do it all by myself
Like woops, and I knew it was official
Soon as I saw fans tattooing my initials
Like woops, won't stop till we on top
Made a few rappers bring they mic to the pawn shop
Whoops, I'm not kidding what's in store
Got you shitting on the floor
When we hit you with the fourth like
Whoops, yo I'm nice in the booth
Motherfuckers follow me like mice to a flute
Right now I should writing to this loops
But instead I'm on Pornhub looking at some boobs
Like woops, the booze got me loose
Know I keep it grimy, never find me in a suit
Still in pursuit, never made up an excuse
Not a full-time rhymer, you gon' find me on a roof

Like woops, bought another pair of shoes
Think I'm addicted to doing anything I choose
Don't listen to the news
Have no minutes for the blues
I would rather watch movies with my girlfriend in the new
Like woops, downtown with the swoosh
Cruising round with surround sound in the coupe
I was eight when I first heard gin and juice

Ever since that day die hard like I'm Bruce
Like woops, sposed to be gone by now
But our songs still banging, people still in the crowd
We're like woops, and I knew it was official
Soon as I saw fans tattooing my initials
Like woops, Wells, Maine still in the house
Still driving round listening to Reasonable Doubt
Like woops, won't stop till we on top
Made a few rappers bring they mic to the pawn shop