

Brain Not A Chain

Spouse

Came in the game with a brain, not a chain
Went against the grain, left Maine on a plane
Sunny days came and I made it through the rain
Proclaimed I wouldn't tame until the day they know my motherfucking-
Came in the game with a brain, not a chain
Sunny days came and I made it through the rain
Went against the grain, left Maine on a plane
Proclaimed I wouldn't tame until the day they know my motherfucking name!

I was the broseph looking toasted like a pop-tart,
Slumming in a sox hat
Who had turned in a pop star
Whoops!
Kept a couple thousand in the sock drawer
Lit up like a cop car
Smoked it all, bought more
Look
Now I've been preposterously dank
Ridiculously dope
Maybe monstrously lame
But meticulously flow!
Come and get a whiff of Spouse;
Smells like Wells, Maine!
Nights up in the cove
I'm not a fighter
Just a writer
Put the lighter to the bowl!

I always knew that it was do or die
I'm doing work while you're hanging like a suicide
I just Googled the meaning of annuitize
Which stupid guys' rhymes you bumped in lieu of mine?!
Who am I?
Spouse, motherfucker!
P-DANK to the top like a fat kid to supper!
So tell your brother's mother
Ain't shit, chain's same, it's the fame still;
Sexy as John McCain,
Since I-

Fuck your Beemer-Benzer-Bentley!
We'll be smashing in the fender
Take a blender to your Fendi
Yelling obscenities in the mezzanine
P-DANK!
Defenders of the peasantry
Who surprised pleasantly
Guys who thought rap was crack cats and Hennessy
So yeah, Betheny, you can put your ass away

Quick like Nestle
I acquired accolades
Stripes like a referee
I earned 'em cause I had to say what I really had instead of brags
They're yelling
"No you're not, dude don't lie!"
When I pass!

7 million Youtube views in the bag
Cop had me stopped just to get my autograph
But they still don't respect me;
I'm as sexy as a scab
You could prabble for the models
You could wallow for the cash
Fuck that;
Learn facts 'till you need a bigger hat!
So, yeah
Man, we're not the same;
If you're unbejewled then tell your mom
P-DANK!
So we-

You know it's Groves
The flow's so tight
Shout-out to Spose
Man I owe him my life

And I remember back when
He told me keep rappin'
Look at all that happened
Since "John Madden"

In Salt Lake when he signed the deal
Then I packed my bags got behind the wheel
Hear my tires squeal and away we go
On the way home who's on the radio?

(Mother fucker I'm awesome)

Welcome to the music life
With the Jet Blue flights
And on the news at night

When it comes to picking cards
Gotta choose 'em right
'Cuz this music life
Is an amusement ride

Ever since a kid, yo
The flows were mean

Big dreams whenever me and Spose convened
We were clawing on our way to expose a scene
And now we're on the road, two shows a week
Or we sit in the studio, roll that weed
And write to a beat 'til I go to sleep

It's the M to the A to the I-N-E
More pine trees further than that I can see
Yeah

I'm that rap guy coming through your Cat-5
P-DANK baby, triple clap when we slap five
Remember back when rap was a pastime?
Now we pack heads every time we rap live

Late night writin' down a song
Got the proudest mom
And the crowd respond

Tryin' to make it large comin' from a small town

P-DANK in the building 'til it falls down

Bitch