

Gee Willikers

Spose

Welcome back to sunny Wells, Maine

Guess who's back off the couch
Got the panties in a drought
Duct tape in Casey Anthony's mouth
It's Mr. "no you're not dude"
Back with some hot new raps
For these kindergarteners to smoke pot to
This shit's changed since I came into the cypher
Because everyone was agro
Now they're all nicer
Pants used to sag low
Now they're all tighter
And the black dudes who rhyme are named Wayne and Tyler
Huh, we must've smoked something funky
Somewhere back there and we all go the munchies
Ate hershey's cookies and cream and got clumsy
Cause there's white rappers everywhere and nobody's hungry
You used to have to pay dues
They pay dudes
To get youtube views
While they play Beirut
Enabling fake crews
To take spots
I heard Sam Adams and it made me miss Aesop Rock
Yeah the one-hit wonder guy who raps is back
To make your thunder thighs giggle if your ass is fat
With some fact packed anglo-saxon backpacked tracks
My dishwasher's got racks on racks

I got 'em like gee willikers, fuck that shit
I bet he doesn't know any black kids
I got 'em like gee golly man what a shit show
I knew I hated Spose from the get-go
Gee willikers, I know I can't lose
Making rap songs that these strippers can't dance to
Gee golly I'm the same old cat I, I, I, I keep it pimpin'

What's up? I'm spose if you didn't know
The representative of people who got little dough
And I never spit a rhyme trying to get a ho
I'm not trying to put the big 'L' in Deuce Bigalow
Nor am I trying to be the hardest dude
Or act like it's all good bro no barbecues
A grimy, major label signed me
To a situation hairy as vaginas in the 90's
Find me back in Maine cacklin'
Still got weed like 'we would' as a contraction
I still sip ship yards pigs lingerin'
Spit bars back woods in my fingerprints
Some couplets I come up with seem funny
Other pairs are hair raising like I breed bunnies
I'm still ungroomed, I'm back in the flesh
I spit it raw, unbridled like a bachelorette
Check it I know that the folks don't listen
Dissing - though other bros don't spit efficient
Broke - had the soap, did dishes in kitchens

Hooks and 'allure' like this is fishing
I'm banking on taking the bacon and making a run for the gold
I been mistakenly taken for humorous
They been been assuming I'm making a joke like...

Chord change! you're now rocking with the town folks spokesman
Who girls think is too short but I'm not from Oakland
And it's been years since I deposited tokens
But I've been in the game getting bread, you're just loafin'
This is the voice of the villagers not sitting back scared to act whisperin
"Gee willikers" nah, this is an uprising
Dudes are just rhyming
I've fantasized about this when I was just Ryan
Come kick it with the age liquor, sipper, slipper, rocker
Picked the pocket of a major label, knicker bocker
Saggin, keep my circle tighter than some leather pants
Whole state behind me like a weather man, damn