

## 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 spouse 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