

In Conclusion

Spouse

I be that broke motherfucker
Maine's where I'm rappin'
Better than these rappers
But nobody buys my record
What you don't like broke hova?
You think that I'm more like a hoover
Think that I suck, I don't give a fuck
You can go ahead hit me with a low blow like a tuba
I don't toot my horn but, I blew a creek like McGrubber
I didn't get a lex like luther
And I went hard 'til my legs looked fuscia
Used to want to beat king koopa
Now all I want to beat is the beats and the freak In the mirror
When the demon appears, I have seen my fears
I could be that loser!
Even if it ment quitting reefer
Stop staying high like a roof
So you youtube my maneuvers
You can see my as a mover, rapper, producer
At the computer, ha!
With a fender strapped and a pen that's black
Trying to prove I'm super
While the bass line barks in the woofers
Track liers
Trains coming for you goobers
The fat lady is singing notes
And ringing of her foopa
I suggest you find a cougar
Find a way to doop her
Into thinking that she's demi moore and you are Ashton Kutcher
Because you're fucked otherwise
Otherguys
Besides reconsider these rhymes lulibyes
Sleep tight fuckers!
P... Dank
I'm from where we don't celebrate soccer wins
With a broke contrast, with the obulant
Most on blassed for profidin
While the folks shit cups on the block cement
Marriages on the rocks again
Mom looking for a paps again
Kids witniced all arguments
Now they losing trist when you talk to them
Oh shit quick bring a doctor in
We're gonna need facebook and some oxygene
STAT... (EEEH)
Bring it back
We got spray tanned children
Abandoned buildings
Kids stay still cause the cancer killed em
I'll keep moving 'till I'm handing millions
And I ride 'till I crash all kind of zillgince
Teachers broke but the man get millions
Or rather
Techers broke but the man get quadrillions
Cause the man stay drillin'
We got children, in Buildings, with ceilings, that's cracked

While Villians got Villas, their chillin' is wack
But thats the earth, dig in, or get in the dirt
You got one ear that works
Could be worse!
So if there really is a big fluffy Jesus
Tell him let's get weeded
I know he's got connections
Texting, look ryan peters' needed
I'm speaking it's like I'm bleeding
Flames like flames pleedin'
I came to change games
It's lame to blame demons
Proclaim the lame evenings
Ticket breaks heathen
I seize this beat screaming
I steam while peeps leaving
The trees creek
I sleep near my family
The devil ain't a fantasy
I know she wants to dance with me