

## 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