

King Of Maine

Spouse

Yo, I wake up make a K-Cup then I blaze up, shave with a razorblade
My hat is still crooked
I'm reading a book and
My body was made in Maine
Man, I'm still deflecting all the bill collectors
And I hate when they say my name
My buzz would be massive
If I wasn't slacking and
Jerking to Jayden Jaymes

Celtics sticker
On the bumper
Of a clunker
But my vocals real
Fuck rap. I might sell my mic and buy a snowmobile

I can't relate to throwing money when she makes it clap
I can relate to doing dishes. We should take a nap:
Tired like Michelin of your wrists when they're glistening
We don't want no yacht to float but just a boat to go fishing in
Man my whole yard is a minor mess
Go hard till my dying breath
Owe bars to the IRS
We got no Rs in our dialect
Me and my peeps speak a different kind of speech
Where Verizon 4G don't reach
(Can you me now?)
Coming live from where mill towns are still towns
Even though they shut the mills down

But I'm feeling like the King of Maine
The King of Maine
Wear a seal-skin jersey to the Sea Dogs game
I'm the King of Maine
The King of Maine
Plow truck all gold never hydroplane
I tell em: Welcome to 207.
Welcome-Welcome to 207.
Welcome to 207.
Welcome-Welcome to 207.
It's the way life should be: everything's pleasant
Tell 'em: this-th-th-this is 207.

Hey, hey, I heard the news in the street
That we're the shit and you're the pubes on the seat
Even though I triple bogey that par 5
Rangoon with my mai tai
Steal another motherfucker's WiFi
Got Texas Pete on my Five Guys
I'm back
Facts: spit a little bit but I never made a gat go cap cap pap
But my backpack on and I'm smoking
Being homeless is bogus
So paying bills is my motive
Can't afford G4s I'm poor on tour in a worn '04 Ford Focus
Ayup
I know that this weed might be the death of me

but I got this "O" broke up like it's parentheses
I'm yellin ayup
I weigh a buck forty still but when my finger tips touch the quill
I'll be feeling like I'm Paul Pierce and I'm Rondo
I'm John Deere and I'm John Doe
I'm the rap star from the back yard who never acts hard or went half-heart
I'm the Peoples Douche:
AKA The Truth
Everytime that I get in the booth I'll be feeling like

I'm from the 420 minus 213
I'm on the throne if you're looking for who to unseat
I got mooseblood in my goblet
Lobsters in my optics
I'm live on the map
Where the dudes don't rap
In the Altima black who I do go past
Come hop in
Find me chillin in Rockland
where the townies sell oxies
So the coroners got coffins
It's my fault my paid because of what I say
I rock it for a profit pockets fat as Paul Lepage
Got a tattoo on my arm that says "Don't Stop"
Cuz other guys told me otherwise when we talked
I told em Wells, Maine what the sign say
Where I go ape with my primates
Rhyme great
16s like 2 times 8
Wine grapes and prime steaks
Damn I'm feeling marvelous
Had a hand with no good cards in it that I parted with
I'm an artisan
I think you're an amateur
Kids, cops, janitors
All pull out their cameras
When I walk out of Hannaford