

That's That

Spose

Let it ride, Flo Ride, Yes sir!

My brethren habitate
Wells Maine
Where the skies are clear
Dad's gut deer
And sip upon shipyard beer
We attend house parties
And try to get loose
And when we're drunk driving home
We try not to hit moose
Me, I come from familial dysfunction
I'll be hiding in my room
Loudly bumping the smashing pumpkins
The world is a vampire
Dirtier than toilets
I stay lit like campfires
Just to avoid it
It's a cold world
My mom can't even start her cutlets
Hicks with no bicuspid
In the bushes busting muskets
We peruse lifeless roads
Blazing, dodging possum
As private business degenerates into public gossip
Baby, pine moose lobster
Wealthy folks cohabit
With the impoverished
In a sense, the innocence has been demolished
I mean, you see four wheelers, I see drug dealers
The underbelly's less obvious
The contrast alarming
The youthful residence once dreamed of departing
Just, to set precedence (Presidents) like Polk, Taft, Harding.
Resort to jail coke, we're the army
Baby, I know you wanna leave
Instead inhale marijuana leaves
Which makes sense
Like the dude collecting bottles constantly
Follow me, wanna-be's, as we wallow in mediocrity
We'll play that life lottery
We'll get to where ought to be

I'm aware that the world is cold
A lot of shit out there that I don't know
And if we don't ever make it anywhere then I guess that's that, like that, like that
Hope that doesn't happen to me
And if it does I'll probably get somewhere that I wanted to be
And that's exactly how I'll live 'till then
Yeah dude, that's that...

Spizzy kinda like a sloth or a lemur,
I sleep past noon, lackadaisical demeanor
No job, Oldsmobile and no Bimmer,
Dirty clothes, from Spose medulla to his femur
And as I'm ballin' hard like the Merrell Terrapin

I know children are perishing,
Suicide vans in Bethlehem, no Christmas caroling
I blame nobody but American arrogance
I mean, (hmm, shit) we created the damn terrorists!!
Open up the fridge on MTV Cribs
As miserable kids starve with visible ribs
Is it murder when I trash half my bacon cheeseburger?
Dirty water slaughters daughters in countries we never heard of
American's child's raised up in Walmart aisle's
With McDonald's cups
Line them up
Single file
While kids die from pandemics
We don't get it
Or that Speedstick's {Deodorant} workin' and we just don't sweat it
You see in my town, the population's all white
And my mom's a secretary like Madelin Albright {U.S. Secretary of State 1997
}
It's alright, in Maine it's not the cold vain
And I'm not clear dates, but shit, this is my so called life