

Northern State

"Mother May I?"

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Allow myself to introduce myself
I'm Hesta Prynne
Let me begin
I like my coffee
With lots of gin
And you could always tell what kind of mood I'm in
Cause I let it out, yo Spero turn it out
Okay it's S-P-E-R-O fool
Gonna get on the floor and lose my cool
I believe in Northern State and the golden rule
Now Sprout's gonna take y'all back to school
My name is Sprout ne
Now call me Tasia Mae
And don't miss the buffet at my birthday soiree
Cause I'm a workaday gourmet
I sautee and flambee
And puree from Broadway through Norway and the UK
If you like my wordplay then enjoy my essay
And forget the throughway cause we rep the parkway
And I've got cache and a blue beret
And I'll wear it while I ballet in your chalet

Mother May I?
Yes you may.

I'm at the ice cream social and I'm having a ball
I'm giving pounds to y'all
I'll rhyme in Espanol
O te lo digo in italiano tambian
Cuz I'm a guinea hen just like Sofia Loren
I'm gonna start my weekend right at the Friday fish- fry
Diggin deep in the books for some rhymes gone by
And I'm working on my tan getting nice and rotund
And you can write that check directly to my smoochies
fund
In a state of confusion eating Asian fusian
I've been thinking hard and if you'll pardon the
intrusion
I'll be coming like Joan Rivers and the fashion 5-0
Cuz I'm meeting fashionistas everywhere I go
Complex times call for complex rhymes y'all

A lime to a lemon said a lemon to a lime
I spend my time riding MTA
So get off your high horse Don Quixote

Mother May I?
Yes You May.

We may not win a Grammy but it could be a Tony
You might have seen us live on the isle of Coney
Take the long way home b/c I like to roam
Enjoy a lemonade spritzer with Eliot Spitzer
I'm sippin watermelon daiquiris and sippin mojitos
Pass the guacamolito gonna do it our way like Carlito
And I don't know why water on wood just makes it dry
So many contradictions don't know what to believe
But I'm large and in charge so just call me Boss Tweed
And now you're watching Spero like I'm on demand
And I'll give it to you just how you like it man
Chuck Brody's at the board he's turning tasty knobs
Yo while we dropping bombs, why don't you ask your
moms?
I said there ain't no stopping and there ain't no doubt
We kick it all about, auf wiedersehn, we out

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