

Spose

"Can't Get There From Here"

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Everybody throw your hands up right now and make
some God damn noise
Hailing from the state, of ocean and lakes
Get ready for those good rhymes and metaphors, the
state of Maine changing the game
Making music good for your brain, so open your
earlobes
Here's Spose!

With no rims on the whip, and no collagen lips
I rip through the state of Maine with the halogens lit
I'm not Rick but I spit slick
I'm raving they making the fake them rappers who
think they're singing my shit quick, quick, all aboard
From the state where they think we all mate with our
cousins
With no indoor plumbing, moose by the bakers dozens
We got lakes, ponds, deer on lawns,... rocking long
johns, fat verses over purchase 30 racks of beers
Made peers laugh and cheer throw a hand up in the
atmosphere
Cause everybody knows my name like the cast of
Cheers
But they say I shouldn't rap from here, I made it finally
Puffed all kind of leaves, whacked rapper time to leave
Rhymes sick - lyme disease
Pine trees, skate rails
But mostly white trophy wives rock fake nails at bake
sales
And all the haters say Spose -

[Chorus:]

Are you out of your brain, rapping from Maine?
You must be insane! (No you can't get there from here)
Or delusional, please quit the beats and retreat to the
cubical
(But you can't get there from here)
You must of lost your mind
I mean those rhymes they were fine for the time but
you can't
(But you can't get there from her)

You're from the most eastern most northern most
boredome-soaked state
You can't be great (You can't get there from here)

From where teenage moms and their babies dwell
Where people downgrade from cocaine to oxy pills
Where the wives get beaten no one hears them yell
And it's not Compton or Brooklyn or A-T-L
We spend most times weaning cause the coastline's
scenic
But the chances of succeeding are slimmer than a
bulimic
Still I put my life in rhyme form and recorded it
On my debut and stayed true to my coordinates
No, never recorded it, ask my subordinates
Since back when my weed had more seeds than
tournaments
I'm going for the gold, as if that wasn't obvious
And stopping Spouse, that's like trying to handcuff an
octopus
Wake up every morning, wrote a new verse
Even if I wasn't winning I wasn't a loser
Look if you want to excel (2XL) like huge shirts
Doesn't matter what your zip code is
Just do work

[Chorus:]

Are you out of your brain, rapping from Maine?
You must be insane! (No you can't get there from here)
Or delusional, please quit the beats and retreat to the
cubical
(But you can't get there from here)
You must of lost your mind
I mean those rhymes they were fine for the time but
you can't
(But you can't get there from here)
You're from the most eastern most northern most
boredome-soaked state
You can't be great (You can't get there from here)

You can't get down from here without magical poof
I google maps'd it I'm there maxin'
I've seen them laughing at, the main attraction and
when I die they'll pour out all their Pabst in my absence
Steered off course, fuck your path I'm the captain,
Crunch time all day cereal with my actions
No need for lucky charms, just a bit of passion
The make it from where Frosted Flakes fall to relaxin
Yeah fools, fools, use Trix on silly rabbits
Did it just for Kix when I started out rapping
And I grew up in Maine so they said that'll never

happen
But we got the alphabet too and I'm nasty

[Chorus:]

Are you out of your brain, rapping from Maine?
You must be insane! (No you can't get there from here)
Or delusional, please quit the beats and retreat to the
cubical
(But you can't get there from here)
You must of lost your mind
I mean those rhymes they were fine for the time but
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(But you can't get there from here)
You're from the most eastern most northern most
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