

## Spose

### "I'm Starving"

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Yo, ain't shit changed, still bony, no bold flex  
Google and some titties when my girl won't give me  
throat sex  
Swag, stressing, strong out cotex, wishing I could get  
my money back from them hoe shit  
American proletariat, ?, no inheritance, heresy think my  
lyric's embarrassing  
I'm a sonar spider, man, ripping chemical vitamins  
Spinning general ciphering, gripping emerald  
Heinekens  
I sold LP smoked OP's, you smell me? That's Wells  
Beach  
I'm on my soil chilling on a winter's night  
I ran out of oil that's the shit I don't like  
I came in the game with a brain, not an amulet  
I need the cannabis not what is on the mannequin.

I procreated so you know I need the money  
Must have saw me looking scrawny and they thought I  
wasn't hungry.

I'm starving, I'm starving  
Shall I eat all the food in your apartment?  
I'm starving, I'm starving  
I might even eat the shit up in the garbage  
I'm starving, I'm starving  
I'll eat the whole turkey, you don't gotta carve it  
I'm starving, I'm starving  
I'll eat the walls and the ceiling and the carpet.

Yo, it's the ugly white rapper, no, not Paul Wall  
But the one from the North doesn't say oh y'all  
I got a ten sec that's like eight more balls  
And Imma blow trees till the acorns fall  
High up, it's like I'm riding in a beamer  
When I'm in a Niece song I rhyme Peters in the  
speakers  
High up, same shit people that I came with  
Still up in main bitch, I ain't that famous  
And this isn't a commercial, but it would be if I  
hadn't been dropped from Universal

They say you gotta pay to fly  
You want files on a plane and them stakes is high  
So IÂ'm sitting at McDonalds, I donÂ't got a dollar  
Imma spit? in the saliva at the bottom.

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This is East of Eden mixed with Reasonable Doubt  
I made an album for the label but they never put it out  
Paid my dues now IÂ'm waiting on the couch  
Made enough of rap for down payments on a house  
I up come hither, the blunt and drum hitter  
The humble hum bringer, the mumbling gun slinger  
High up, truck beds, middle class butthead  
Nickelback, little cash, enough said, cripple swag  
Busy back like a tramp stamp, low Cal, made a  
hundred grand in a month, but IÂ'm drunk now  
Busy luckily, thatÂ's what squeeze is, genius covered  
in the crumbs from the cheeses  
I cut the fame minimum, nickname?, whip game  
miserable, rip cage visible.

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Skinny women lose weight like.

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