

Gee Willikers

Spose

[Intro]

Welcome back to sunny Wells, Maine

[Verse 1]

Well guess who's back off the couch, got the panties in a drought
Duct tape in Casey Anthony's mouth
It's Mr. "No-You're-Not Dude," back with some hot new raps
For these kindergartners to smoke pot to
This shit's changed since I came into the cypher
Because everyone was agro, now they're all nicer
Pants used to sag low, now they're all tighter
And the black dudes who rhyme are named Wayne and Tyler
Huh, we must've smoked something funky
Somewhere back there and we all go the munchies
Ate Hershey's Cookies and Cream and got clumsy
â€ˆCause there's white wrappers everywhere and nobody's hungry
You used to have to pay dues, they pay dudes
To get YouTube views while they play Beirut
Enabling fake crews to take spots
I heard Sam Adams and it made me miss Aesop Rock
Yeah the one-hit wonder guy who raps is back
To make your thunder thighs jiggle if your ass is fat
With some fact-packed, Anglo-Saxon backpacked tracks
My dishwasher's got racks on racks

[Hook]

I got 'em like, "Gee willikers," fuck that shit
I bet he doesn't know any black kids
I got 'em like, "Gee golly," man what a shit show
I knew I hated Spose from the get-go
Gee willikers, I know I can't lose
Making rap songs that these strippers can't dance to
Gee golly, I'm the same old cat
I, I, I, I keep it bimpin'

[Verse 2]

What's up? I'm Spose if you didn't know
The representative of people who got little dough
And I never spit a rhyme trying to get a ho
I'm not trying to put the "big L" in Deuce Bigalow

Nor am I trying to be the hardest dude
Or act like, "It's all good, bro," no barbecues
A grimy, major label signed me
To a situation hairy as vaginas in the 90s
Find me back in Maine cacklin'
Still got weed like "we would" as a contraction
I still sip ship yards pigs lingerin'
Spit bars back woods in my fingerprints
Some couplets I come up with seem funny
Other pairs are hair raising like I breed bunnies
I'm still ungroomed, I'm back in the flesh
I spit it raw, unbridled like a bachelorette
Check it I know that the folks don't listen
Dissing - though other bros don't spit efficient
Broke - had the soap, did dishes in kitchens
Hooks and a lure like this is fishing
I'm banking on taking the bacon and making a run for the gold
I been mistakenly taken for humorous
They been been assuming I'm making a joke, like...

[Hook]

Gee willikers, fuck that shit
I bet he doesn't know any black kids
I got 'em like, "Gee golly," man what a shit show
I knew I hated Spose from the get-go
Gee willikers, I know I can't lose
Making rap songs that these strippers can't dance to
Gee golly, I'm the same old cat
I, I, I, I keep it bimpin'

[Verse 3]

Chord change!

You're now rocking with the town folks spokesman
Who girls think is too short but I'm not from Oakland
And it's been years since I deposited tokens
But I've been in the game getting bread, you're just loafin'
This is the voice of the villagers
Not sitting back, scared to act, whispering, "Gee willikers"
Nah, this is an uprising, dudes are just rhyming
I've fantasized 'bout this when I was just Ryan
Come kick it with the aged-liquor sipper, slipper, rocker
Picked the pocket of a major label, knickerbocker
Sagging, keep my circle tighter than some leather pants
Whole state behind me like a weather man, damn

[Hook]

Gee willikers, fuck that shit
I bet he doesn't know any black kids
I got 'em like, "Gee golly," this kid's a shit show

I knew I hated Spose from the get-go
Gee willikers, I know I can't lose
Making rap songs that these strippers can't dance to
Gee golly, I'm the same old cat
I, I, I, I keep it
I got 'em like, "Gee willikers," I know I can't lose
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