

Good Luck With Your Life

Spouse

And if you like this
My little sister didn't write it, I wrote it myself
I been pretty handy, the hand I was dealt
Plus I rolled a couple blunts in the back with no help
And I been tweeting on my Twitter 'cause my schedule packed like bags before
you go on vacation (Baggs)
Subway's not pricey for me, 'cause I been collecting currency from conversation
My little sister never wrote my rhymes, but she should probably write yours
'Cause the way that I been rapping, I should be elected captain
Eleven thousand, only cash in my shorts (that's camo)
I'm the one that they looking out for (Iyem)
'Cause my grind and my mind hardcore (ayup)
One pack, 2Pac, don't goof off
Blow the roof off even if the show's outdoors
And I'm not out of breath
Nah I'm still wrecking the words
Spouse who the fuck they preferred
Repping the 'burbs, worked my tail off
Voicemail box full like it had seconds and thirds
Used to have the swagger of a cripple but then swagger of a cripple made the
crippled people feel empowered
So I'm feeling like the swagger of a much richer rapper
Motherfucker, when I'm stepping out the shower
In the mirror like "damn!"

Man I'm so awesome at life
I can't help if I'm doing it right
I wish you good luck with your life
This shit is a fight, good luck with your life

You're so terrible at music, I hope you don't live a long life (that's harsh
)
It's been like ten years since I ever rode around in my mom's ride
Break the fire hydrant, take the dam out the river 'cause I'm on fire
Okay, let me pull my pants a little higher
Okay I specialize in amazingness, doing major shit, making haters quit
Your career looking like an alligator bit
I bet your favorite flavor's dick
Later bitch, your mom wouldn't say it's lit
I'm feeling King Kong ape in this
I'm who the kids want, I'm their favorite
I only sing songs if I'm getting paid for it
Plus my ringtone was never Taylor Swift
And you make the shit that the people don't buy
Think you're dope, no you're not dude don't lie
Fuckin' Spouse, I know that I'm the bomb in Maine
I'm working while they're hanging out like they were zombie brains
I'm feeling confident, I think I got to vent
I hope your feet get burned on hot cement
Fuck your mom, and your dad, and your grandma, and your grandpa
And your uncle and your aunt and them
I'm on stage like "damn!"

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I can't help if I'm doing it right
I wish you good luck with your life

This shit is a fight, good luck with your life

I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish you the best
I wish you the best, I wish you were up next, oh yeah, oh yeah

I wish you the best
But I wish me better (let's go)
'Cause I been grinding double-time
For the treasure but the pressure make it hotter than a fire in a sweater
I'm perspiring with effort over violins and measures
My retirement is never
Chase cheddar my requirement forever
I'm from Maine but I don't hunt, or tote guns
But if the mic's in my hand, I make it pop pop pop
So don't be mistaken, I awaken and I try to make it to the top top top
Cause I been adamant, I been at it a little
Had a little wallet, now my wallet getting fatter in the middle
Man a rapper wanna borrow ten bucks, I was like "for what?"
To borrow my career so yours don't suck?
It's hot up in the kitchen, little boy don't touch
Want a life this awesome? I'm like "good luck"
God damn

Man I'm so awesome at life (awesome)
I can't help if I'm doing it right
I wish you good luck with your life
This shit is a fight, good luck with your life
Man I'm so awesome at life
I can't help if I'm doing it right (I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish you the best)
I wish you good luck with your life
This shit is a fight, good luck with your life (I wish you the best, I wish your life would end)

Can you show me the way back, where I'm sposed to go?
Can you show me the way back, where I'm sposed to go?
Can you show me the way back, where I'm sposed to go?
Can you show me the way back, where I'm sposed to go?

Are the crow, some people look as at... you know, a sign of bad luck, and he would come around the week before one of my neighbors would pass away. The first time, it was sitting on the side of my house, on my cable box, which I have a video of him, and that same week, my neighbor, on that side of the house, you know, to that side of the house, passed away. Not necessarily that they brought, you know, the death, like some cultures believe, but that they're, they're around to warn us and they come to warn us. I think every bird has a particular message to bring you, and, mhm, if you just keep in mind that... it depends on how you feel about the situation, then that's really what counts, mkay?