

FV (Taco Hemingway), Blueberries

Goddamn it, now. (Young Hems what the dealy?)
Goddamn it, now. (Young Hems what the dealy?)
Goddamn it, now. (Young Hems what the dealy?)
Goddamn it, now. My name isn't Taco, you know, my name is Filip

Sitting on a porch chair, today I just don't care
Grab my friend's phone, "hey, do you have any porn there?"
Overheard by female passerbys, there goes that long stare
Fuck ya'll bitches and glowing hair
Fuck your shoes and your gear, pierced boobs and your ears
Fuck your blues and your chop'n'screws and your rocking rolls
My genre is indie-folk-low-fi-post-weird
I'm beloved and ignored, most loved and most feared
I'm a white European boy, best believe it boy
So much "weird" in my lyrics that I'll never be employed
Latest ploy, rape Freud with a phallic-shaped toy
Ask him for analysis, while my phallus is showing
Never been rich or piss-poor. Is it wrong?
Always low self-esteem, like "what'd I get that kiss for?"
And then my ego exploded. Explode
Suddenly feeling like God when he's blowing his load
On the face of his favorite pope, screaming: "baby choke"
Then he's sucking on a blunt laced with his favorite dope
Screaming, "Fuck Africa. I'm gonna leave'em broke
Whole world is a pile of fucking dirt, semen soaked"
(Goddamn it, now)
Oh, yes indeed. Funny how he never say these things in press release
I'm hungry. Not rap-wise, hungry for Lebanese
And instead saying grace, I will be resting in peace, goddamn it now

Goddamn it, now
I just wanna lie in a motherfucking hammock now
Gimme me a trampoline, give me a tambourin
Red wine, blueberries and a gram of green
Goddamn it now. Goddamn it now
I just wanna lie in a motherfucking hammock now
Gimme me a trampoline and a tambourin
Red wine blueberries and a gram of green
Goddamn it, now

Young Hems, what the dealy?
My name isn't Taco, you know, my name is Filip
And I'm from a town that's been burned to the ground
That's why I'm never down, 'less you stab my achilles
I think I'm Big Meech and Bronsonelli
Fuck the crowd in the mouth, get your tonsils ready
I'm rocking Wilma's bed and locking jaws with Betty
I'm 'bout to spit the vomit on y'all. Mom's spaghetti
Invited to Biggie's house and his parties are heavy
I tried to carpool but I couldn't get my balls in the Chevy
I got there late but I still shook some hands and got me a bevy
And Biggie's asking me why I'm no longer rapping as FV
Because of Hopsin, I told him
Now I rapping with a name from FIFA manager mode
Oh, and I'm a Yiddo. Hungry like a hippo
Keep your lips closed, kid or I'll damage your folks
Party on, yeah, the bitches were big fun
But I'm in the kitchen eating freaking chicken with Big Pun
He wants the last piece, he's licking his damn teeth
I'm saying like "aight, peace", but I grab it and make a run
"Son, I beg your pardon!"

When I'm hungry I got Bronson fronting steak with garlic
Then we're having fondue or whatever you call it
I woke up in my apartment, a half-dead alcoholic

Bridge:

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Ref.

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Outro:

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