Rftc

Atmosphere

You got a bag full of paint, a head full of brain
No snow, no rain, ain't got no complaint
Like you high on that krylon running through your veins
You look like a war vet starin at them trains
It's like you zen the fuck out
Sittin in the bushes, letting all the bugs out
One smoke one beer, when the coast is clear you disappear until your zone stoned on the fear
Lookin at scarred box cars
Focusing and notice one of the ones most fit
Its like that one there, has got your name all over it
So that one there, is getting your name all over it
Pull a can of sky blue for the outline
Sky for the limits, blue for the down time
Nerves at blast, disturbin the masses of rats with these thin tips and fat caps
Thinking bout your little brother, cause he been tryin hit the yard with you all summer
It's a good thing that you didn't bring him along
Cause that's when you saw the flashlights singing this song like[Chorus 2X]Run, run, run these yards
Run, run, run don't get caught
Run, run, run every piece understoodIt wasn't fast enough, a simple catch
Cornered in the parking lot hidin in the trash
You heard the footsteps, heart beatin hard
Are you gonna have to fight with a trainyard guard?
You stepped out on some, yup let's start this
Puffin out your chest like you wasn't in the garbage
And that's when the universe stopped
Cause your looking straight at a uniformed officer
What you think, should you run, run
And take a chance at getting some from his stunt gun
That ain't one on one, plus he look kinda young
The type that might beat your ass just for fun, huh
So tell me what the fuck are you supposed to do
Already thinking about the cuffs holdin you
Already got a few cases over you
But then the police man says, no it's cool
What, where's the punch line, can't call it
Too many paint fumes, musta lost it
He handed you your bag and said here, I think you dropped this
Cause this cop grew up on hip hop

Lyrics provided by