Scalp

Atmosphere

[Slug]
I sat down and put a fifty on the bar
A whisky and a beer, let's forget where we are
And keep 'em coming till I drink that whole grant up
Filling up that cup till I can't stand up
Look around, see what the room's got
Well there's Sunny by the jukebox
Grab my drinks, headed over to say peace
But had to think, do I owe him any late fees?
Wait up nah, I'm all paid up huh
Yeah I made it square last time I came up town
What up Sunny? {What up?} How's business?
{How you doing Sean? I ain't seen you in a couple of minutes}
Man I just been working and jerking
Tryna get the rent right and be perfect, how bout you?
{Oh you know how the same old game go
Hustle through the wind, rain, snow or tornado}
Yeah bro, spent time catching up
The bar tender kept the drinks fresh enough
Good conversation, no pretension
I drank up my whole fifty bucks and then some
It was getting close to last call
So I grabbed my coat and stood up like that's all
But Sunny say {Hold up Sean, it's your day
I need a favor, let me throw some money your way}
I sat back down in the booth
I said, I know your deal Sunny, what I gotta do?
He said {I'll give you three-five piece of the pie
If you pick up a package for me on the eastside tomorrow}
Three and a half for an hour and a half
Saint Paul and back's only ten dollars gas
Yeah I can handle, give me all the info
Only one thing though, I won't bring a pistol
{Hahahah} He laughed and said {It ain't like that
It's simple, grab the package and come right back
It's a tattoo shop, it's called...} Shhh don't snitch
{They some nice cats} Nice cats? {Cool as an icepack}
Well alright jack {Discretion is a must
Keep a hush, other than that I don't give a fuck}

Cool, I got this, it's done like dinner
And then I stepped out into the winterI got behind the wheel of my vehicle
Streetlights shining on my face, you can see it glow
The rearview reflection got clearer
I starting talking to the image in the mirror
I said, you should go back in and decline
Sunny will understand, everything will be fine
Sean calm down, get a grip, you're tripping
I took a deep breath and put the key in the ignition
Stop being a bitch now, man up
Rolling down twenty-six with thoughts of handcuffs
Pulled out on Lyndale, killed by a couple of drunks
broad side of my pickup truck

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/