

YGM

Atmosphere

Rough, rugged and raw, nobody saw us
So I smashed through the windows and dashed with it all
Didn't even leave the broken glass
Put it all in the van and took it home to stash
We don't bargain, we throw darts man
No money, pull honeys at the park jam
So give it up this is Sean and Ant's stage
Yours is on the floor with your permanent mad face
You hit last place like you didn't know you would
And caught a bad case like you never over stood
Damn shame just a waste of track tape
I bet them raps taste just like an ash tray
You kittens gotta be kiddin'
All that hyperbole your spittin' is probably bitten
Look at the teeth marks, check the dental records
Go take a second to locate them exits, bitch
Believe it's time for you to believe it
Clean out your desk and turn the keys in
It's termination day for these half wits
Flappin' them lips from the cradle to the casket
You mundane like Sunday traffic
About as much threat as a wet book of matches
They show me where the mic was, I grabbed it
Took the stage and made the fans feel fantastic
Atmos follow with the fear
Don't be talking off my ear while I'm swallowing my beer
Get the fuck outta here with your act
Same type of cat that likes to talk shit behind your back
Stab it, in your face like what's happening
The brighter the lights the bugs come, it attracts em'
Nowadays I keep to self so tell your girlfriend to take her eyes off of my belt buckle
So fuckin' hungry the tummy rumble
Gotta be more then just another monkey's uncle
So I'ma get dumb this album
And do it like I don't give a damn about the outcome
Slide past the trash that's hatin'
Slit the tree in half and crack the pavement
Wrote graffiti on the mainstream application
Was validated enough - we had the ladies masturbatin'

After Satan laughs his ass off
We'll all love hip hop, we'll all have bad jobs
And even there on that assembly line
I'll remember to remind you bout your empty rhymes
On lunch break I'll battle you for those cupcakes
Do it for the love or just to prove you're a fuckin' fake
And after I catch a kiss from the receptionist I'm gonna pose like this
I don't quit, I never have
If you step in the act you better be better then that
You can talk your shit like whatever, dag
But excuse me miss we need to check your bag huh
You're stealin' now give me back my style
How does it feel tryin' to piggyback my crowd
Say it loud, break it down, take em' out
Like "give me this, I'm young, gifted and mixed" Wooooooheeeeeee That's what I'm talking about
Yo Ant
I wanna holler at some friends
I wanna say what's up to Plain Ole Bill
I wanna say what's up to Puck
Los Notivos, Stage 1, I Self Devine
Cool Hakim, Brother Ali, Kancer, Mole Man
Jimmy 2 Times, Budda Time, BK One
Blueprint, The Chosen Few, my man Real Proof
J-Bird, Kevin Peacher, Joe Good
And my little brothers Jordan and Nathan Yo Sadiq I didn't forget about you man
Let's get these swimming pools!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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