That's Not Beef, That's Pork

Atmosphere

Yo Anthony man, you just texted me again man
Nah man no, he's trynna, he's trynna get me to do a verse on his shit
Yeah same dude that used to talk all that shit back in the day
It's total, total lack of self-respect on his part man[Verse 1]
Surrounded by all these little piggies
Round a pool table, holding on a glass full of empty
When them rappers came out of nowhere to hit the spotlight
Oinking at the crowd about who cares and not quite
Pretty sure there was more on stage
Than there was in attendance in the rest of the place
I tried to give a listen, it was impossible
The main dude sounded like his motherfucking mouth was full
Understand what that train wreck looks like
You've seen it before, bad rapper with a good mic
Screaming like he means it like it's a classic verse
Couldn't even make out a fraction of them words
Minnesota, too nice for its own good
Half of y'all should still have a cold foot
Order me a refill, try to block it out
And act like these little pigs didn't come from this brick house[Hook X2]
Never meant to be a part of you or you
I just want to be a part of one two, the one two[Verse 2]
Get off the stage, smack your crew
Real friends wouldn't let you act like a fool
Your beats go "fa, fa, foof"
And your girlfriend pretends that she don't even know you
In your late twenties, ain't making any money
Like an overweight ballerina, sad and funny
We all think you so damn wild
The way y'all still rock that talent show style
No one's impressed with your extended set
Except your idiot friends that you scribbled on the guest list
Just to be clear, Atmosphere in here
If you spitting a cappella I'ma spit in your beer[Hook X2][Verse 3]
Ten minutes later and they still up they yapping shit
Turn the sound down and let us read the captions kid
You did a song that was so damn passionate
I almost had to piss my pants when I was laughing at it
You look so goddamn dramatic man

Everybody pulled out their phones to call an ambulance
Your CD-R needs a little CPR
You makin faces like you should of played the lead guitar
You ain't an MC, you an MC's wardrobe
Freak of culture like a white girl with cornrows
Go ahead and do you, don't front
If rap is just another excuse to smoke blunts, huh
It's alright man, get yourself a hype man
And come take up a couple more minutes of our life span
Twin cities, tighten up and get busy
Got all these little piggies trynna suck on these big titties[Hook X2]Of one two, the one two
Of one two, the one twoOne two, the one two
The one two, the one two

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