

Liquor Lyles Cool July

Atmosphere

Keep movin' your body in my direction
Let's continue our party everybody by just clapping our hands
Colossal, large, big as it gets, massive
I'd kill you all if I wasn't so passive
Instead I creep off to a booth and hold it solo
To study these people, you fuckin' filth
Walkin' on my fifth or maybe my sixth
Where every women represents the meaning of existence
I've no choice but to notice the one that consistently keeps me enlisted
Keeps me aware, she has no idea where my head sits
And if she did, how do you think she'd react?
Maybe double up and laugh, maybe catch some relief
Place wagers on the theories, keep your eye on my trap
Emotions speak through me in the form of gratuity
Is this enough? Is there an underlying message?

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