

# 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 woman 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?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>