

Salma Hayek

Atmosphere

[hook]
And you write
And you write
And you write
And you write
And you write
And you write
And you write
And you write
And you write I'm Joe Piscopo
I'm an original
But the kids don't know
I was spitting flows before flip phones
Back when it wasn't cool to rap about sniffing coke
And you right
It might be a shit show
But you ain't fuckin with this, bro
Your WiFi got no signal
Fifi sucking on my biggest toe
And now I'm all up
On her money in the middle
And I don't even have to disrobe
I keep my boxers on
And use the dick hole
Roll the window down
And feel the wind blow
Mama in the back of the Honda
Getting hot as a disco
I'm sicker than a goldfish
Swimming in a fishbowl full of Crisco
Yo, it's officially official
You better get your tickets if we hitting your zip code [hook] I'm Selma Hayek
On the Mississippi River
In a stolen kayak
Live fast like my life's in a time lapse
I'm so fly
I'm attracted to fly traps
Get your mind out the trash
Or at least you should line it with a bag

Tie it up to keep the lye bacteria gagged
To a minimal stack, it's a fixable flat
A sideline will get you sidetracked
Put it up if you feel like a blind rat
Just trying to climb out of a wine glass
We under attack
But not allowed to fight back, right?
You not about to fight back, right?
We might strike combat if it's time for that
After I take my IQ test
On this iPad app
In the eye rock on the way to the IHOP
With your high ass[hook]I'm Herbie Hancock
I rock it
I'm not a prophet
I'm not not for profit, nah
I don't stop, I'm the opposite
I'm on my Spock shit
Trying to live long and prosperous
Excuse me for trying to be modest
But ooey, I feel kinda marvelous
It's obvious that these socks fit
So I'ma stomp around the block
Like the goddamn apocalypse
Preceded by a stampede
Of fire-breathing rhinoceroses
The promise of awesomeness
Not a problem
It's not a conflict
Party on the rock bottom
In a lake of toxins
And if you ain't starving
Then change the topic
Ain't nothing left to say about it
You eating dirt
'Cause you like it
And dirt from the graveyard
You put gravy on it[hook]

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