Millenium Dodo

Atmosphere

I only act like an asshole
Why don't ya'll stay in back
Let the man grow
I can't tell what town this is
But I know that bill was a counterfeit
Hye bartender, bump a top jar
Gotta think about where to dump this cop car
I'm too slick, so fuck your bullshit
I'm coolin in the corner with my custom pool stick
My grandad must've played the jazz
When I bleed you can hear my heartbeat snap
All around the world, its the same bar
Wishin that the jukebox had some Gangstarr
State to state, I chase fate
But my stereo ate all my favorite tapes
So babydoll, you better straighten up the attitude
Or you ain't gonna make it with me
All the way to Baton Rouge
Call her mama, she make the milk pour
On 94', too high to read the billboard
Got a room at the Best Western
The guy at the front desk looks like Les Nessman
Hush now, not a sound
Shut the door, and lay your towel down
Ya'll run around and figure out what its all about
While I try to find a cure for this cotton mouth
I keep track of the miles I run
But read the flask, say Southside, son
Took a sip through the hole of my ski mask
Roll till we get to the Burbs for the cheap gas
Speed pass, Millenium Dodo

I got my own lane, I don't wait for the popo
So order up another plate of oysters
You talk so much, you makin my voice hurt
Dental floss inside of the glove box
Radio locked on the classic rock
With the mirrorball, Escape From New York style
Double parked outside of the court house

The windchill got a big ol butt
My breath fog all the windows up
Take a break from the rotten grapevines
Fill the tank and then spank the state lines
Never make this mountain move, naw you're bound to lose
But I knew that I could count on you
Next rounds on you (Is that true?)
Wash my sins off in the rain
Caught this fish now, light the flame
I only claim whats in my veins
That's my crown and that's my name
Gotta wait till they slash the price
Before you catch a life
But we can spend half the night with the dashboard light
(Is that right?)
I'm just sayin if its all a game, you can hang your pain
In the hall of fame
Don't make me explain, that's my crown and thats my name
The pick pockets call me Ali Baba
I'm here to sell you some magic water
You might know me as Jacob and Malcom's father
Rest in peace Eyedea and Sally Slaughter
Its like that ya'll

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