

# They All Get Mad At You

## Atmosphere

Once upon a time there was a concept  
Someday we can all skip the nonsense  
Work hard let the rewards connect and  
Maybe we can soup up all the trash off the front steps  
Silly man he believed in that ethic  
Seems planted the needle to the wreck  
It's in the plans that he set out to perfect  
But every few steps was a thief with a message  
Who speaks up for them half nights  
Let's separate the players and the mascots  
Little miss success is a back dropping  
You kind of look like a jack pot Give me what you got or get got  
Ain't no getting off at the next stop  
Don't get caught with a wet top  
I thought the best shot was the best spot, guess not They all get mad at you so see through  
Not much they had to do but read through  
Turn off the attitude they need you  
No time to act a fool, just be cool (x2) Now keep your defense up right,  
No choice but to be tense up tight,  
Not one type baby ever just might throw shots at your body, character even love fight  
But why they gotta turn them wheels in?  
Try not to hurt them feelings  
But burn pride or burn that ceiling  
In between the search and the curse of the dreams, man  
Girl look at how they stare at cha  
Pass judgement to gather their chapters  
Come back the year after the happily ever after  
And I wonder what the world'll look like from their ladder  
And now you had it up to right there  
Hey mama put the kid back in the high-chair  
Act like you care that life ain't fair, nah let them finish up their nightmare They all get mad at you so see through  
Not much they had to do but read through  
Turn off the attitude they need you  
No time to act a fool, just be cool (x2) And when they open up them cracks you gotta overreact  
It don't stop it just seems so relaxed  
You know they never cross over them tracks  
With a scarf like that they keep pullin you back  
Is that really how it works now?  
Is they hurt style even worthwhile?

Return it with a smirk or a smile  
Take yourself off the dirtpile when you had your first child  
It's too easy to call it envy, everybody wanna be all they can be  
Graffiti makes them feel so heavy but they all get friendly when your walls are empty  
It's always the same approach, they just want a little fiend to hold  
You can't save they soul, so just chase your goals  
Let em hate far away or let em hate up close They all get mad at you so see through  
Not much they had to do but read through  
Turn off the attitude they need you  
No time to act a fool, just be cool (x2)

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