

# Atonement

Huxley

As I wait for atonement  
Trapped in the heat of the moment  
Feelin' like I can't control it  
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Uh, huh, feelin' the steam from the cauldron  
With tension runnin' deep as the ocean  
Many are called but so few are chosen  
As I go through the motions  
Of medication uppin' my dosage  
Bangin' Earth, Wind and Fire 'Devotion' as I admire the focus  
Takin' the city with a grain of salt  
Where they tastin' foul, chase it down, with the latest malt  
Liquor roll and hit it, knife did it  
Hope you got some smarts wit'chu  
Hope you got some heart  
It ain't no stoppin' when it start, nigga  
Feel somethin' bigger got a hold on me  
And I ain't trippin' not a Bobby Brown, lippin' with my nose runnin'  
Basically I had two options I just chose one  
And then got ghost like my picture was on a most wanted  
Coast to coast, from L.A. to Chicago  
Now I'm faced, with the weight of survival  
Plus the taste from the way I been lied to  
While the preacher man spittin' his gospel, I can win if I try to  
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