

Heart

Atmosphere

"You see, what you mistake for madness is just over acuteness of the senses
And now it came to my ears a low, dull sound,
Such as a watch makes when wrapped in cotton,
I knew that sound too. It was the beating of the old man's heart." Man, I'm telling you some motherfuckers just
have no kind of heart, man.
Serious man , motherfuckers man, these motherfuckers man, these motherfuckers have no self respect.
Don't wanna pay no dues, just wanna drop like a fucking LP tomorrow..
And then to top it off, these motherfuckers, they don't have no heart to their music, you know what I mean?
Sound like little girls and shit..If you respect yourself [Repeat 5x][Slug]
Do you--
Now, it's started off rather basic,
Just some small scale devilin confined to the basement
Never knew I'd grow to this full time user
Never figured that I was a winner or a loser only did the due to have fun
And only got with a crew because it seemed natural to have one
Capture the life in the form of the grip around the mic hold it
Right like a love hold it tight with plight fortifies my
Existence reinforces my position in this course that I'm sticking to my path now
I can see it all laid out in my past while trying to catch what it's about in my last breath
Pull the toxins in, and I bet death's about to box me in, but before this bitch comes to get some,
I'mma do my job on this m-i-c, and feed you a thick one[Chorus: Slug (Repeat 3x)]
You can have all the heart in the world, doesn't mean I'm gonna respect ya
I'm getting older and I'm knowing better[Slug]
Let a, pissed rapper step to this captain and get up off your
Head kid, I'll bitch smack Hugh Hefners
Now, I'm about to put a (Slug) in
Show business and if everything goes right, I'm leaving no witness
I hold this inside the chest, so big it hardly fits it trips between a true fan of party
Shits quit to lace the track with substance for all the young guns that's really listening
At the functions so you can love it or leave it, fuck it or keep it, either way
I'll be here trudging through the deep shit
I've done well over hundred cuts and gotten the feed back of love
From some of the ones I've touched and thus, I'm not quitting never stop rippin' you gotta be kiddin' shit
He's on a mission is it possible the mics got my soul?
I'll make them all say "Ho!" and Rhymesayers
Rock the show let 'em know that it's more than a career goal
Cut that zero and let the hero in your ear hole, yo![Chorus: Slug (Repeat 3x)]
You can have all the heart in the world, doesn't mean I'm gonna respect ya
I'm getting older and I'm knowing better[Slug]

Let a, piss rapper step to this captain get up off your head kid
I'll bitch smack Hugh Hefner emcees please excuse the "U's" and "P's" but I grew up on BDP, EPMD, Run-
DMCs

I don't believe you should hold a mic and rolled up with a bus full of friend that think alike
I'm having a hard time trying to keep it simple just for the fuckers that don't seem to read between the ripples

It's all nipples and clits in this rap shit, catch a licking if you lay back passive bastard

It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all, art imitates life than most of it it's wack y'all

You gotta learn how to read the info the individual provides they probably won't dig me 'till I've diedDie..

[Repeat 9x]

Dead, ha..

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