

Jerome

Atmosphere

[Verse 1]

I ain't the one

I never was the one, just another son of a son of a gun

Grandpa had the skin of a drum

Ru-ru-run but you can't escape what you came from

Bite your tounge, chew blood like it's gum

Climb aboard the diving board, time gets shorter when a child is born

I'm a quiet storm but when I'm dry and warm I take final form until you slice the chord

And make the line go flat on that life support

I gotta make some space so I can reach these stars

My face looks like an old race car, tryin' to put it together before it came apart

And when they lay my parts where my name is carved, they should save my heart in this mason jar

Minnesota, Uber drivers, Google Maps to the universal fibers

You're nobody 'til you stole some lighters, cat burglar disguised as a nervous tiger

We've been to many places but earth is liver

Save it, give me likes and favorites

Everybody's famous, I'mma need a lifetime of patience

Remind me what your name is? You won't find me in the known locations, I'd rather be alone in my beautiful
basement, whoo

[Hook]

This on my list of shit to do, after I pick which whisper to listen to

And you can kiss my ass until your lips are blue, uh

Or we can fight about it after school

Whatever you have to do, I'm cool[Verse 2]

When I leave this Earth, feel the after tremors, might see my curse upon the back of the mirrors

Graffiti bridge is all tags and stickers, but we are the children of the action figures

And now we drop likes matchsticks, figures

I got too many friends, and I can't keep up with the trends

And I know that I'm supposed to pretend, like I'm afraid of the day that it's all gonna end, where the hell have
you been? And how did time get spent, huh?

I gotta, gotta stop messin' about

Stick the neck out like you're stretching it out

The king wears a crown made of clouds, the whole crowd will get loud if you miss this foul

If you don't mind I'mma go mind my business now, whoo

[Hook]

This on my list of shit to do, after I pick which whisper to listen to

And you can kiss my ass until your lips are blue, uh

Or we can fight about it after school

But all ya'll are full of shit, and I'm cool

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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