

# That's Not Beef, That's Pork

## Atmosphere

Yo Anthony man, you just texted me again man  
Nah man no, he's trynna, he's trynna get me to do a verse on his shit  
Yeah same dude that used to talk all that shit back in the day  
It's total, total lack of self-respect on his part man  
[Verse 1]Surrounded by all these little piggies  
Round a pool table, holding on a glass full of empty  
When them rappers came out of nowhere to hit the spotlight  
Oinking at the crowd about who cares and not quite  
Pretty sure there was more on stage  
Than there was in attendance in the rest of the place  
I tried to give a listen, it was impossible  
The main dude sounded like his motherfucking mouth was full  
Understand what that train wreck looks like  
You've seen it before, bad rapper with a good mic  
Screaming like he means it like it's a classic verse  
Couldn't even make out a fraction of them words  
Minnesota, too nice for its own good  
Half of y'all should still have a cold foot  
Order me a refill, try to block it out  
And act like these little pigs didn't come from this brick house  
[Hook X2]Never meant to be a part of you or you  
I just want to be a part of one two, the one two  
[Verse 2]Get off the stage, smack your crew  
Real friends wouldn't let you act like a fool  
Your beats go "fa, fa, foof"  
And your girlfriend pretends that she don't even know you  
In your late twenties, ain't making any money  
Like an overweight ballerina, sad and funny

We all think you so damn wild  
The way y'all still rock that talent show style  
No one's impressed with your extended set  
Except your idiot friends that you scribbled on the guest list  
Just to be clear, Atmosphere in here  
If you spitting a cappella I'ma spit in your beer  
[Hook X2][Verse 3]Ten minutes later and they still up they yapping shit  
Turn the sound down and let us read the captions kid  
You did a song that was so damn passionate  
I almost had to piss my pants when I was laughing at it

You look so goddamn dramatic man  
Everybody pulled out their phones to call an ambulance  
Your CD-R needs a little CPR  
You makin faces like you should of played the lead guitar  
You ain't an MC, you an MC's wardrobe  
Freak of culture like a white girl with cornrows  
Go ahead and do you, don't front  
If rap is just another excuse to smoke blunts, huh  
It's alright man, get yourself a hype man  
And come take up a couple more minutes of our life span  
Twin cities, tighten up and get busy  
Got all these little piggies tryna suck on these big titties  
[Hook X2]Of one two, the one two  
Of one two, the one two  
One two, the one two  
The one two, the one two

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