

# YGM

## Atmosphere

Rough, rugged and raw, nobody saw us  
So I smashed through the windows and dashed with it all  
Didn't even leave the broken glass  
Put it all in the van and took it home to stash  
We don't bargain, we throw darts man  
No money, pull honeys at the park jam  
So give it up this is Sean and Ant's stage  
Yours is on the floor with your permanent mad face  
You hit last place like you didn't know you would  
And caught a bad case like you never over stood  
Damn shame just a waste of track tape  
I bet them raps taste just like an ash tray  
You kittens gotta be kiddin'  
All that hyperbole your spittin' is probably bitten  
Look at the teeth marks, check the dental records  
Go take a second to locate them exits, bitch  
Believe it's time for you to believe it  
Clean out your desk and turn the keys in  
It's termination day for these half wits  
Flappin' them lips from the cradle to the casket  
You mundane like Sunday traffic  
About as much threat as a wet book of matches  
They show me where the mic was, I grabbed it  
Took the stage and made the fans feel fantastic  
Atmos follow with the fear  
Don't be talking off my ear while I'm swallowing my beer  
Get the fuck outta here with your act  
Same type of cat that likes to talk shit behind your back  
Stab it, in your face like what's happening  
The brighter the lights the bugs come, it attracts em'  
Nowadays I keep to self so tell your girlfriend to take her eyes off of my belt buckle  
So fuckin' hungry the tummy rumble  
Gotta be more then just another monkey's uncle  
So I'ma get dumb this album  
And do it like I don't give a damn about the outcome  
Slide past the trash that's hatin'  
Slit the tree in half and crack the pavement  
Wrote graffiti on the mainstream application  
Was validated enough - we had the ladies masturbatin'

After Satan laughs his ass off  
We'll all love hip hop, we'll all have bad jobs  
And even there on that assembly line  
I'll remember to remind you bout your empty rhymes  
On lunch break I'll battle you for those cupcakes  
Do it for the love or just to prove you're a fuckin' fake  
And after I catch a kiss from the receptionist I'm gonna pose like this  
I don't quit, I never have  
If you step in the act you better be better than that  
You can talk your shit like whatever, dag  
But excuse me miss we need to check your bag huh  
You're stealin' now give me back my style  
How does it feel tryin' to piggyback my crowd  
Say it loud, break it down, take em' out  
Like "give me this, I'm young, gifted and mixed" Wooooooheeeeeee That's what I'm talking about  
Yo Ant  
I wanna holler at some friends  
I wanna say what's up to Plain Ole Bill  
I wanna say what's up to Puck  
Los Notivos, Stage 1, I Self Devine  
Cool Hakim, Brother Ali, Kancer, Mole Man  
Jimmy 2 Times, Budda Time, BK One  
Blueprint, The Chosen Few, my man Real Proof  
J-Bird, Kevin Peacher, Joe Good  
And my little brothers Jordan and Nathan Yo Sadiq I didn't forget about you man  
Let's get these swimming pools!

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