

# Atmosphere

## "66th Street"

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### "66th Street"

Hi, can I help you?

#### *[Verse 1]*

I think it was a Sunday, sometime in January  
I could be wrong and I guess it isn't necessary  
But I remember that the ground was made of snow  
And if you went outside, you better take your coat  
I must have been nineteen years old  
I had a cashier job at a convenience store  
Working the counter making minimum doe  
Selling discount smokes to the neighbourhood folk  
I didn't pay much thought to his ski mask  
It's Minnesota man, your face will freeze fast  
But I bet that I looked sorta dumb  
When I first caught sight of his bright orange gun  
There I am, adrenaline high and  
Tryin to decide how I feel about his right hand  
Is that a goddamn? Wait a minute  
It is a flare gun and guess where he's aiming it  
You probably ain't here to win the lottery  
So you obviously gotta be robbin me  
He nodded his head so opened up the till  
And grabbed a paper bag for the money cause I know  
the drill  
I handed him the cash and the food stamps  
He just stood there looking all confused and  
I'm thinking "Yo, why the fuck ain't he movin?"  
C'mon crazy white boy, don't do somethin stupid  
That bag is worth maybe two-thirty  
Not enough for you to pull the trigger back and burn  
me  
By now you should be down the street  
Ain't you never seen the way they do this shit on TV?  
Yeah it was fun but it's done, now get out  
"Ah, do you want me lay down on the ground and start  
countin crops?"  
Before the ski way even started noddin  
I was already on that, one one-thousand, two one-  
thousand  
The front door beeped, I heard him leave

So I called my boss and the Richfield police  
Gotta close the shop and lock the doors  
Cause some trailer trash just robbed the store

*[Phone call between Slug and police officers]*

*[Verse 2]*

Everybody acted so suspicious  
I guess the flare gun story seemed fictitious  
Are you accusing me of petty embezzlement?  
Don't you see my left over adrenaline?  
Bosses and cops can't be my friend  
Never felt loyalty to either again  
And to keep it real, the irony didn't set  
Until a year later when I got fired for stealing cigarettes

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