

## Atmosphere "7th St. Entry"

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[Slug:]

Now see, maybe if your tag was dope  
I'd actually lend a little credibility to your statements  
But honestly, your penmanship's fucked  
The way I see it, someone should at least slap you for  
even holding a marker

I hope the kid who wrote my name in the entry  
bathroom  
Has the nuts and time for us to sit and chat soon  
So I can ask 'em "Why the fuck am I on your mind  
bitch? "  
You could've signed it, but stayed silent cause you're  
spineless  
If you was a man, you'd come at me on the mic level  
But you're light yellow just like the walls on which you  
write fellow  
When I first viewed it, I'll admit it had me quite pissed  
But now I've accepted it, in fact I kind of like this  
I really wish I knew your identity  
Probably not even an emcee, just another who pretends  
to be  
Or maybe the jealousy of one who's baby-baby has  
eyes for me  
It's nineteen-ninety-sev', nothing surprises me  
Envy can make a motherfucker immature  
So can boredom, a buzz or the curse of being insecure  
C'mon now, some little trick with a marker and a chip  
On his shoulder don't mean shit, I want the world in my  
grip  
I bet your girl's on my dick, she digs the skills  
She's a bigger head than you, so give me head and  
head for the hills  
Little bitch, donkey dick sucking ass-fuck  
Glue sniffing, half a testicle base head selling plasma  
Publicity, good or bad, the same to an emcee  
I think I found your limits to fame over on Seventh  
Street  
I dedicate my name to those who view me as an enemy  
And I'm a mark the planet for every mark in the entry  
  
Entry, enter me

What's funny about the whole shit  
Is that like two, maybe three years from now  
You little cockroaches that talk shit about me and my  
crew  
Are gonna be thanking us for kicking down the door  
And putting this shit on the globe  
Britches, y'all wanna burn bridges?  
Just remember in the back of your bitch mind that I'm  
partially responsible  
For anyone tryna hear your wack ass to begin with  
And to that child who writes about me in the Seventh  
Street bathroom  
Thanks for buying our tapes, you can size me up  
And I hope your first born never learns how to read  
Sincerely Slug, Atmosphere  
A subdivision of Rhymesayers Entertainment  
motherfucker

Enter me, study me, cause I know that you know that  
(Eventually, suddenly) Size me up  
Enter me, study me, cause I know that you know that  
(Eventually, suddenly) Size me up  
Enter me, study me, cause I know that you know that  
(Eventually, suddenly) Size me up  
Enter me, study me, cause I know that you know that  
(Eventually, suddenly)  
(Eventually, you will suddenly see  
A fist to your jaw, a clap in that ass)

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