

Atmosphere

"7th Street Entry"

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Now see,
maybe if your tag was dope,
i'd actually lend a little credibility to your statements.
But honestly, your penmanship is 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 the time for us to sit and chat soon.
So i can ask him why the fuck am i on your mind bitch,
you could have signed it, but stayed silent cause your
spineless.
If you was a man you would comment me on the mic
level.
But your 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 have accepted it, infact i kinda like this,
I really wish i knew your identity, probably not even an
MC
just another who pretends to be.
Or maybe the jealousy of one whose baby maybe has
eyes for me.
Its 1997 nothing supprises me.
Envy can make a motherfucker immature,
So could boredom, a buzz, or the curse of being
insecure.
Come on now some little trick with a marker and a chip
on his shoulder
dont mean shit, i want the world in my grip.
I bet your girls on my dick, she digs this skill.
Shes a bigger head than you, so give me head, and
head for the hill. little Bitch
Donkey dick suckin, ass fuck, glue sniffin,
half a testicle bass head sellin plasma.

Publicity good or bad the same to an MC
i think i found your limits to fame over on 7th street.
I dedicate my name to those who view me as an
enemy.
And im gonna mark the planet for every mark in the

entry.

Entry, enter me, whats 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 going to be thanking us for kicking down the door.
and putting this shit on the globe

bridges, you all wanna burn bridges.
Just remember in the back of your bitch mind
that i am partiallly responsible for anyone wanting to
hear your
wack ass to begin with.

And to that child that writes about me in the 7th street
bathroom,
thanks for buying our tapes.
And i hope your first born never learns how to read.

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