

## Atmosphere

### "Bass And The Movement"

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You should've stuck with the original plan, to be a little man  
Should've kept it simple, before the shit hit the fan  
Give the kid a nipple, cause he sucks  
Take the microphone from his fist, he doesn't know how to clutch  
You wanna treat it like a playground  
Well we can joke about your takedown  
And let your pride get hurt when I tug on your skirt  
Like, "shut the fuck up, professionals are tryin to work"  
And to the people that don't feel us, fuck em  
Don't need em, can't see em, never leave em, never loved em  
Stuffed em full of dick til the hole rips  
And let em know that's what they get for that ho shit  
Oh my goodness, Sluggie went and flipped his style  
I haven't really heard a mack like this in a while  
Bullshit, still broke and I still fake the smile  
Throw your head down my dick to a file (?)  
Yo you heard Slug sing his songs about women  
Like he must be a weakling, I know I can fuck with him  
For those that wanna ride, come on, climb aboard  
I'mma be an asshole for as long as I'm exorted (?)

Either call my bluff or turn the volume up  
And make noise for the women that swallow stuff  
And put your hands up if you feel the music  
Cause all that matters is the bass and the movement...

Step step step step step off, you know you gotta get lost  
Because you know you soft  
Step step step step stepped on, is all you gonna get when you try to  
test the Sean  
You need to park that bitch, and get a starter kit  
You might as well hire me to come write your shit  
At least then nobody you know who you bit  
It won't hurt so much when they don't like your shit  
Silly puddy in the puddle of beer  
Quit steppin in my cum and get your gum out your ear

I heard your new song son, yo this hear  
Why don't you go run along and tell your girl to bring it  
here  
You got no balance, combined with no talent  
Disgraceful, you could catch a face full of phallus  
Color me callous, on a retribution tangent  
Howd the love die, how the hell'd you lose the magic  
These cats is lazy, layin down on they job  
I'll call Musab, this whole playground'd get robbed  
Are those your props? (Gimme that) Your girl? (Gimme  
that)  
A 3-pack of Jimmy, I'll show you who the skinny mack  
You can keep the change, hit me back when you're  
stable  
IF she give good brains she could play with the halo  
Don't worry you're in good hands, I'm a good man  
Misunderstood, nah, just sick of the program  
I only speak with ammonia and the bleach  
The orphanage, I'm here to give a portion to the peace  
So play the least, suck me dry  
Dot your t's, cross your i's  
And blow me counterclockwise

So either call my bluff or turn the volume up  
And make noise for the women that swallow stuff  
And put your hands up if you feel the music  
Cause all that matters is the bass and the movement

I'll keep this brief, I just wanna say peace  
And be quiet if you love the police  
Now put your hands up if you feel the music  
Cause all that matters is the bass and the movement

So either call my bluff or turn the volume up  
And make noise for the women that swallow stuff  
And put your hands up if you feel the music  
Cause all that matters is the bass and the movement

From the top of Fiji, to the bottom of Christina Ricci  
Big ups if you bought my cd  
Now put your hands up if you feel the music Cause all  
that matters is the bass and the movement

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