

## Atmosphere

# "Choking On A Wishbone"

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### "Choking On A Wishbone"

*[Slug]*

This one goes out to all of those that want success  
Wait, not just the ones that want it  
This goes to those that feel they deserve it  
And this one goes to all of those that make the moves  
and those that have paid the dues  
To all of those that walk the fine line on the edge  
To all the heads about to break it loose

And you don't want to come close to feeling it  
Initial reaction like "Yo, I don't give a shh..."  
After a minute within it, they start to think  
"Why the hell they didn't get it, did they not hear what  
he speaks?"  
They don't know me, it's best that way  
Let 'em look for tomorrow in yesterday  
And let me strain my lungs for the love of popping  
amps  
Let me spike the ball because I don't like to dance  
Let me paint a picture on the surface of your mind  
I got a job at the circus and I quit writing rhymes  
Now I travel from city to city, life of a gypsy  
Gravel, grass, concrete, folk law and mystery  
Yo, looking at my Gucci, it's about that time  
for me to pawn this piece of junk and try to take some  
of these finds  
Fly angel fly, don't ever look back  
You better scoop that dead rat off the track, go home  
and cook that  
Maybe you should trade that Mustang for a Jeep  
So when you get too drunk to drive, you'll have a dry  
place to sleep  
Don't forget what chocolate milk does to the hangover  
Come on, who you think cut the tires on your Land  
Rover?  
Twist the nobs and chew the fat off the shish kebab  
Ditch the lard that cut my hair and made me quit my  
job  
And if I pass before they get a chance to hear me  
Tell 'em "Kiss my ass" and teach 'em all about my

theory

*[Chorus: 4x]*

Choking on a wishbone, position blown out the frame  
Pissed on the remains to mark the spot and spark the  
flame

*[Slug]*

It never settles, the constant grinding of metal  
against complicated timing, developing my threshold  
Touching the gestalt with a little reverb and some echo  
to add extra flavor like pesto  
Yo, the cards are dealt and now I'm staring at my hand  
Looking for something to toss, tryna find a spot to  
stand  
The anger felt as I look across the land  
It doesn't equal to the eagerness and hunger to  
expand  
Move past, the berry is set, the previous sets  
carry me through the meaninglessness  
Here I am with the word extracting nerves  
Running toward the stage (here we go) to watch the  
crash occur

*[Chorus: 2X]*

*[Slug]*

Put your head on the pillow and shut your eyes  
Take your mind out the ghetto and touch the sky  
Then come ease down that much feared trail of blood,  
sweat and love  
Instead of flame, crying tears in the rain  
The blunder game, and it drowned out the hunger  
pains  
Numbed the brain and played life like a numbers game  
Poppa needs a new pair of nuts, cause he lost touch  
with the last ones fastened to the bottom of his guts  
Yo, they don't know me, it's best that way  
Let 'em look for tomorrow in yesterday  
This child is your fate so let 'em play  
I bet I know your age and I can guess your weight  
Wait, wait, how can it be so simple and straight?  
And why the hell ain't you tripping to make some  
ripples in the lake?  
I can't figure it out, for God's sake arguing a lost case  
as it irritates my prostate, and when I sit home alone  
I kick over the telephone and catch my zone inside the  
dial tone

*[Chorus]*

*[Multiple recordings of Slug talking play together for 38 seconds]*

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