

Atmosphere

"Choking on the Wishbone"

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[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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