

## Atmosphere "Heart"

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"You see, what you mistake for madness is just over  
acuteness of the senses  
And now it came to my ears a low, dull sound,  
Such as a watch makes when wrapped in cotton,  
I knew that sound too. It was the beating of the old  
man's heart."

Man, I'm telling you some motherfuckers just have no  
kind of heart, man.  
Serious man , motherfuckers man, these  
motherfuckers man, these motherfuckers have no self  
respect.  
Don't wanna pay no dues, just wanna drop like a  
fucking LP tomorrow..  
And then to top it off, these motherfuckers, they don't  
have no heart to their music, you know what I mean?  
Sound like little girls and shit..

If you respect yourself [Repeat 5x]

[Slug]

Do you--

Now, it's started off rather basic,  
Just some small scale devilin confined to the basement  
Never knew I'd grow to this full time user  
Never figured that I was a winner or a loser only did the  
due to have fun  
And only got with a crew because it seemed natural to  
have one  
Capture the life in the form of the grip around the mic  
hold it  
Right like a love hold it tight with plight fortifies my  
Existence reinforces my position in this course that I'm  
sticking to my path now  
I can see it all laid out in my past while trying to catch  
what it's about in my last breath  
Pull the toxins in, and I bet death's about to box me in,  
but before this bitch comes to get some,  
I'mma do my job on this m-i-c, and feed you a thick one

[Chorus: Slug (Repeat 3x)]

You can have all the heart in the world, doesn't mean

I'm gonna respect ya  
I'm getting older and I'm knowing better

[Slug]

Let a, pissed rapper step to this captain and get up off  
your  
Head kid, I'll bitch smack Hugh Hefners  
Now, I'm about to put a (Slug) in  
Show business and if everything goes right, I'm leaving  
no witness  
I hold this inside the chest, so big it hardly fits it trips  
between a true fan of party  
Shits quit to lace the track with substance for all the  
young guns that's really listening  
At the functions so you can love it or leave it, fuck it or  
keep it, either way  
I'll be here trudging through the deep shit  
I've done well over hundred cuts and gotten the feed  
back of love  
From some of the ones I've touched and thus, I'm not  
quitting never stop rippin' you gotta be kiddin' shit  
He's on a mission is it possible the mics got my soul?  
I'll make them all say "Ho!" and Rhymesayers  
Rock the show let 'em know that it's more than a career  
goal  
Cut that zero and let the hero in your ear hole, yo!

[Chorus: Slug (Repeat 3x)]

You can have all the heart in the world, doesn't mean  
I'm gonna respect ya  
I'm getting older and I'm knowing better

[Slug]

Let a, piss rapper step to this captain get up off your  
head kid  
I'll bitch smack Hugh Hefner emcees please excuse the  
"U's" and "P's" but I grew up on BDP, EPMD, Run-DMCs  
I don't believe you should hold a mic and rolled up with  
a bus full of friend that think alike  
I'm having a hard time trying to keep it simple just for  
the fuckers that don't seem to read between the ripples  
It's all nipples and clits in this rap shit, catch a licking if  
you lay back passive bastard  
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all, art imitates life than  
most of it it's wack y'all  
You gotta learn how to read the info the individual  
provides they probably won't dig me 'till I've died

Die.. [Repeat 9x]

Dead, ha..

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