

## Atmosphere "Higher Living"

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Follow me, everybody spread around, I want you all to  
hear this

Join me, sit down, sit down

I wanna tell you guys something, I got story listen

I knew this girl named Roulette-lette-lette

The coolest woman I ever met, met, met

I never tried to hook it up, up

But I used to fantasize about the guts

Fuck, bust nuts, rush

Grab the gold and carry it in your mouth

But I'm a try to hold the microphone and turn the party  
out

And if it's the type of crowd that doesn't like to shout,  
fuck it

I'll give 'em something to chew on, something to talk  
about

Snap, crackle pop rock, never had a sawed-off

Don't never wanna blow up, cause I never wanna fall off

Adjacent to that vacant lot, next to the weed spot

Sits a head shop, beneath a tree watching peace talks

So let me catch a round of applause

So maybe I can persuade some lady out of her bra  
(come on baby)

Ladies and gentlemen...

We now ask that you give a warm Minnesota nice  
welcome to MC

I've your man on the mic, you know...

Ladies and gentlemen, give it up

Put your hands together, put your hands...

Cause if we can't do it together

We'll do it apart

Ain't no way we'll ever make it how it was at the start

But that's a given

Now within the distance of your vision measure the  
persistence

How are you living?

I'll smack the whack and sell 'em crack while I'm laying  
down my mack

(I'm trying to tell you homeboy)  
I'll get sick on a trick, talking shit firm grip on my dick  
(Ayo bitch I got what you need bitch, yo, yo)  
I make moves and get loose wearing a camouflage  
goose  
(And that's juice, like what, what, what, what)  
Yes, yes, I never stress  
Make a mess on the mic sipping a Becks, wearing a  
vest  
Cause well, you know  
It's that Rhyesayer with a razor, truck jewelry, Chuck  
Taylors  
(Yo man, pass that blunt kid, yo kid, kid)  
Tall sharp and handgun, paid a ransom for these pants  
dun  
So step off kid you're playing me too close

If we can't do it together  
We'll do it apart  
Ain't no way we'll ever make it how it was at the start  
But that's a given  
Now within the distance of your vision measure your  
persistence  
How are you living?

Killed all the thoughts about killing all the cops  
No longer get as pissed off when I have to jerk my dick  
off  
I just want a mic and a crowd and if that's asking for  
too much  
Fine, lemme just have that mic and I'll be alright (I'll be  
alright)  
Stuck, between a rock and the sky  
With an option to buy and I got lost in a lie  
Tossed them fakes out the door, I ain't your whore  
I make music, can you feel it?  
Cool, then I'm a make some more  
Yes, yes y'all you are now rocking with the best of the  
mess hall  
In root to the basement, while Ant drives the vessel  
All apologies to those insulted  
By the repulsive vultures that fly loose when I'm  
seduced by the impulses  
(By the impulses)  
Defense mech in effect, protect the rep  
From all forms of public infliction  
But listen I love the ripping, so fuck the friction  
it takes focus off what's the mission  
(Yo tell 'em what's the mission)  
To be the man on the mic, to be the man on your mind  
To be the man that made you push rewind

To be that mother fucker over there on that mic  
You know what that means?  
That means I can show you what I need you to see, see,  
see  
(See here, what you need to do is follow, follow us baby  
Before you can... what you need to do is see, see, see,  
see, see)

If we can't do it together  
We'll do it apart  
Ain't no way we'll ever make it how it was at the start  
But that's a given  
Now within the distance of your vision measure your  
persistence  
How are you living?  
Measure your persistence  
How are you living?  
Measure your persistence  
Higher living  
Higher living, higher living  
How you living?  
Higher, higher, higher, higher, higher than heaven  
The music's gonna take you there  
Higher, higher, higher, higher, higher than heaven  
The music's gonna take you there  
Higher, higher, higher, higher...

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