

# Atmosphere

## "Hockey Hair"

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You can't imagine how much fun we're having

*[Slug]*

Stop it there without a care to what you've got to fear  
Keep it all between your beer and your hockey hair  
A lot of weird people traits and ticks  
From the strangers to these dangerous faces you kiss  
You know this town ain't cool as it used to be  
When the lion, tigers and bears'd stare at your jewelry  
Truthfully I'm content with how the day moves  
Stepped up the game, oops, still rock the same shoes  
And one-time with them flashing things, they still  
There to turn the drama into action scenes  
I'm renting me a vehicle to roll me to the finish line  
Follow if you wanna, we'll return around dinner time  
Back hurts a little bit more with every cigarette  
MY mack learned to never ignore the petty gibberish  
I walk the clay cocky like MR. Know-It-Also  
Patiently waiting to pop, shake up the soda bottle  
Horizontal like a mail-order male whore that came forth  
Just to show you his pale horse  
Of course the ones that love him hate him most  
Heard broken ain't nothing man, she look like she ate a  
ghost  
Make a toast to the butter knife, fuck it right  
Wonder when my butterfly is gonna keep her flutter  
tight  
I get way lonely when I'm on the j-o-b  
And every pretty face acting like they know me  
Same story, take photos and blow me

Like sucking on my pony is some type of a fucking  
trophy  
Don't know what to say homie, I understand under  
the notion that mine is at home under another man  
Don't even give it two minutes of business  
Rotate the shoulder blades and keep them chipless  
Built a prison out of conjugal visits  
Now I rock a fake grimace on my face to catch the  
kisses  
A bag of pot luck, a pint of gut rot  
emcee's is mockduck tofu tough-talk

What the blood clot, jumpshot, fadeaway  
Watch these white kids eat it up like it was mayonnaise  
Then he's on to the next city following the destiny  
Fell asleep drooling on your left titty  
Indeed I play my part and call it high art  
Keeping my eye on a piece of that pie chart  
Smarter than solutions to the Rubic's cube  
Took it apart and then pulled out a tube of superglue  
Electric boogaloo, instead of trying to look at you  
I should stay in my house, sit on the couch and read a  
book or two  
Maybe then this space alien can uncover ways to  
coexist  
With other homosapiens  
Until that time comes people know my bum steelo  
Incognito with mosquitoes and dung beetles  
It's like that, never the wack in actuals fact  
It's like this, St. Paul Minneapolis jack  
It's like that take your head out of the vaginal crack  
Like what the fuck did you expect  
I rap

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