

Atmosphere

"Homecoming"

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"Homecoming"

(feat. El-P)

...Little boy can't seem to find your place now
...All your funny friends, the ones who have shitty jobs

[El-P]

Sometime in NY, perhaps in the Decepticon era
Like seven or eight grades up from fitting blocks
together
Graf kids after school to get chased by rival letters
and skate boards and truck cars and rails
Funny shapes and grip tape
I own a Mark Rogowski, I rode it goofy footed
Sicker, I learned to ollie on colt four-five malt liquor
And that's it, to me it got not any more acrobatic
Who would pedal around Manhattan, for lack of better
action
One kid is the point man at Pakistani bodega
He sold those loosey camel unfiltered to under-agers
Smoke 'em on a promenade, water balloons drop
Hit car, run from cops, skate quick
Basically loaf on the low ?
On the laugh with dangerous, nearly vacation
Under the Brooklyn Bridge, across the Brooklyn Bank,
show up uninvited
Some kids are drinking beer tonight they're excited
Brooklyn Tech., Brooklyn friends
Stuyvesant plus rich kids, thug wannabes, and hippie
chicks found some escapist shit
We felt the separate fashions and cliques trading
places
We formed our own section comprised of Nike Uptowns
Worn on mediocre skaters, it's like this:
Yo, this kid Ivan made the trek from Rhode Island
From plastic cup of cold duck and a relaxed social
environment
He jetted from his section when the meat heads
started whilin'
His aesthetic wasn't their style, so they used bats to re-
design it

[Chorus: Slug (E1-P)]

Homecoming, (Homecoming)

Homecoming, (Homecoming)

(Sometimes it was good,

sometimes it was just a moment of vis-a-vis the
definitions

and other stimulus that cause your growing)

Homecoming, (Homecoming)

Homecoming, (Homecoming)

[Slug]

Sometimes I was good and other times contradicted

But no matter where I stood, I still managed to stand

The last time I laughed this hard I was a child

It was the kind of giggle that would make a young
mother smile

I can't remember the "Why" but the wallpaper patterns
had me running in circles trying to defend my Saturn

Just me and my box of Machiavelli and cheese

All I really want to do is show you my disease

She didn't have the courage to kiss me goodnight

But I'ma give you my word that everything will be
alright

Like, what the fuck?! This phone is disconnected

Just my luck, I need advice before my love gets
misdirected

Guess it's just another symptom of, just another victim
of

The warfare and those caught between Sean and the
Slug

Did I mention the drugs that used to make her spew
forth

Carried barely half the pleasure of a pack of Newports?

Breathe it in, breathe it out, what'd it really be about?

I'm trying to lose and allude all excuses to scream and
shout

For every moment I spent wishing my parents back
together

Would've been better linked to preparin' me for the
weather

Rocking my t-shirt that reads "Whatever"

All in an effort to relieve the pressure

That Minnesota good sleep

This wood is cheap, and now fire's back in style

If I had better teeth, I would try to crack a smile

Well, here I am, Mr. Typical

Ridiculously meticulous when painting pictures of pitiful

And little did I know and less did I care

They would chew up and swallow all that I threw out
there

"It's not fair," screams the one without a voice

Arm that boy, tell him to aim at the ones that got all the toys

[Chorus: El-P (Slug)]

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Homecoming, (Homecoming)

(Sometimes it was good, and other times contradicted

But no matter where I stood, I still managed to stand)

Homecoming, (Homecoming)

Homecoming, (Homecoming)

Sometimes it was good,

sometimes it was just a moment of vis-a-vis the

definitions

and outer stimulus that cause growing

[Slug]

There it is, is that what you want?

There it is, is that what you want?

Is that really what you want?

I'm coming home, is that what you want?

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