

Atmosphere

"I Wish Those Cats @ Fobia Would Give Me Some Free Shoes"

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[Slug]

Tomorrow's forecast: flurries motherfucker!

(..Snowman in full effect)

Snowman in full effect so play the odds out 'till April
The tapes will grow so we can buy posters and staples
I bet that kid Slug will bust flows, if you ask nice
It's Friday night, point me to the party wanna grab mics
Used to get queezy when it was time to rock that B.B.
But nowadays I'm just trying to get Musab away from
the TV
Cause I can't fuck with the Zenith, I rather criticize
Tuesdays releases
with the elitists at the fetus
Yet, another factory film is what we present
Surrounding, bitch needed a ballpoint, no grievance
Let's all point our fingers towards the path we venture
Minneapolis natives taken the rap of winter bad
contender
Let me catch a lukewarm triple mocha to reach the
speed
of the ?cat? that scratched on my sofa
And in the green room is emcees and in the kitchen is
dirty dishes
And my position: blurry vision

And I'm livin' in a section where heads is frozen stiff
And these skinny powdered sniffin' kids is posin' talkin'
shit
Since the first time I met you backstage in the name
room
I knew that I did not want to occupy the same room
I drive for a living, but I take the bus to work
Auditioned for the role of Jesus, got the part of "Jerk"
Armed with a walkman and a fake grin and a basement
mindstate when I--

[Slug]

Simply took a left at Nicollet
Sucking on a cigarette did some pinch hits before I left
And now the nicotine is liftin' it
Choke at the last drag and flick remains at the gutter
Flip up the hood just to keep the brains covered
I'm trying to grow a mountain out of a foothill
I see people rockin' my t-shirt, and I'm still shopping at
Goodwill
In a struggle, in a warzone, grew some extra
personality
Now I won't have to flee or fight alone
The microphone: that's my weapon and I'm on a quest
for Heaven
Or rent me some comprehension
It's busy as fuck, just gimme a three hour lead (Hour
lead)
So I can reflect maybe rent a flick and re-learn how to
read
The weed turn out the sleeves and found a bunch of
tricks
and used a cleaver to relieve all these unnecessary
limbs
Misplaced the gems and jewels I meant to give you
To lift you, and lost my mind inside the issue

And now I live it in a section where heads is frozen stiff
And these skinny powdered sniffin' kids is posin' talkin'
shit
Since the first time I met you backstage in the name
room
I knew that I did not want to occupy the same room
I drive for a living, but I take the bus to work
Auditioned for the roll of Jesus, got the part of "Jerk"
Armed with a walkman and a fake grin and a basement
mindstate when I think--

[Slug]

Now, I got spies positioned at various chivos around
the city
Lots of people that's down with me cause the evils out
to get me
It's easy to decipher who can taste me
A lot of locals used to hate me, but now I think the
tolerate me
You can only hear what I feel when my eyes are shut
Mistakes are piling up, excuses: they lining up
I'm trying to fuck reality, but I'm impotent I can't get it
up
Cause she's a duck and her personality sucks just my
luck
I caught the wrong bus guess I'll get off at the

crossroads
And take a long lunch
Next month when I got my head right I'mma grab a
lead pipe
And beat some life into this dead mic
So let the tape roll and extract all the juices
Read the hate mail in the bathroom and place wages
on the losers
In the beginning, you can't help but wanna be
innovative
But eventually the opposition leaves you jaded
Like hell no (Hell no), I don't wish I was a baller
I'm six foot three, there ain't no need for me to be any
taller
I just wish those cats over there at Fobia would hit me
off with some free gear or somethin'
..Come on

Cause I'm livin' in a section where heads is frozen stiff
And these skinny powdered sniffin' kids is posin' talkin'
shit
Since the first time I met you backstage in the name
room
I knew that I did not want to occupy the same room
I drive for a living but I take the bus to work
Auditioned for the role of Jesus, got the part of "Jerk"
Armed with a walkman and a fake grin and a basement
mindstate when I
think of how simple it could all be

[Slug]

Uh, yeah, Gob said that uh, I-I can come in and pick
some shit out?
That-that's cool? Alright..

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