

# Atmosphere

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

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Tomorrow's forecast (flurries motherfucker)

Snowman in full effect so play the odds out till april  
The tapes will grow so we can by posters and staples  
I bet that kid Slug will bust flows if you ask nice  
Its 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 im just tryin 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

Bitch needed a ballpoint no grievance

Lets all point our fingers towards the path we venture

Minneapolis natives taken the rap of winter bad  
contender

Let me catch a luke warm triple mocha to reach the  
speed

Of the (dunno) that's crashed on my sofa

And in the green room is MC's and in the kitchen is  
dirty dishes

And my postion is blurry vision

And im livin in a section where heads is frozen stiff

And these skinny powerder sniffin kids is posin talkin  
shit

Since the first time i met you backstage in the game  
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

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

Im trying to grow a mountain out of a foothill

I see people rockin my tshirt but im still shopping at goodwill  
In a struggle in a warzone grew some extra personality  
Now i wont have to flee or fight alone  
The microphone that's my weapon and im on a quest for heaven  
Or rent me some comprehension  
Its busy as fuck just gimme a three hour lead  
So i can reflect maybe rent a flick and relearn how to read  
Well we turned up 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 im livin in a section where heads is frozen stiff  
And these skinny powderder sniffin kids is posin talkin shit  
Since the first time i met you backstage in the game 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 now i got spies positioned at varios chivos throughout the city  
Lots of people that's down with me 'cause the evils out to get me  
Its easy to decipher who can taste me  
Alot 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  
Im trying to fuck reality but im 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 im gonna grab a lead pipe  
And beat some life into this dead mic  
So let the tape roll and extract all the juices  
Read the hatemail in the bathroom and place wages on the losers  
In the begining you can't help but wanna be innovative

But eventually the opposition leaves you jaded  
Like hell no i don't wanna be a baller  
Im six foot three their aint no need for me to be any  
taller  
I just wish those cats over there at Phobia would hit me  
off with some free gear or somethin....

'cause im livin in a section where heads is frozen stiff  
And these skinny powerder sniffin kids is posin talkin  
shit  
Since the first time i met you backstage in the game  
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 of how simple it could all be

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