

Atmosphere

"It Ain't The Prettiest"

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[Hook]

It ain't the prettiest state of mind I'm in
I stay busy, I don't wait in line to live
And I don't know what you're talkin' about
But if I'm not in the ground, then I'll be rockin' the crowd
It ain't the prettiest state of mind I'm in
I stay busy, I don't wait in line to live
And we don't allow standin' around
Put your life in your hands, put your hands in the clouds

[Verse 1: slug]

Now - I spy that you're tryin' to get by
But that's the wrong kind of fly, you the wrong kind of high
That's the wrong kind of right, probably out of left
Followin' your breath - solemn in your step
I stand tall like a midwest obelisk
Welcome to the future, pre-apocalypse
Where a ratchet ain't nothin' but a socket wrench
And it takes all we got to stay positive
I don't always make the best choices
But life's too short to stay disappointed
I make music my granddad would probably call noise
I made two baby boys and I gave 'em a voice
Now, I don't pop recreational shots, but
You tryna clock like the face of a watch
Stop - already got my name on a rock
I created some jobs, still afraid of the cops

[Verse 2]

Mind state ain't the prettiest, mine is straight hideous
When I make a statement it's the kind you take serious
Describe the life and times of a divine white lyricist
Writin' the type of rhymes that are provided by experience
Represent for the bottom-dwellers
Made my escape through the trap door though I'm not a seller
Gears in my noggin stay winding like I got propellers

Given a shot and I can rock more spots than a leopard
Since 2000 I've dealt with a lot of death
Cuffed so many times that I can't count the arrests
Lifelong beef that hasn't allowed me to rest
Gang of sacrifice while paying my pound of flesh
What war to reap by those that carry the load?
Keep your guard up and know how to parry the blows
Yo, I got no complaints, man, I'm sharin' the road
With three of the illest emcees from my area code
It goes...

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

This world mirrors hell, givin' more than subtle hints
That's why I said if you ask for the real, you might not
like what you get
Pretty is not for me, my ugly met with fame
Godly and dodger-proof, I'm the truth, respect the
name
Mind you, I'm stompin' you hard, rockin' you, never
sayin'
In hot pursuit, posse a lot of fools, weapons and
Pull up in your buzzards, solomon waters or somethin'
Destruction comin', rough and rugged, not lovin',
it's nothin'
Shake the spot, I wait and watch for gas rates to drop
While you debate if kim kardashian's booty is fake or
not
And claim who's illuminati, and that kanye dude seen
jay nude
While I'm hopin' some maniac doesn't shoot up my
daughter's grade school
But I play cool...
Early to spot disaster
Challenging the notion that most rappers are not good
actors
Conspiracy theory leery, but you won't see the sweat
And don't call me crazy 'cause I drink freon soda
and walk my chia pet

[Verse 4: brother ali]

Yep, yep, we're so polite - minnesota nights
Warm smile but the overbite cold as ice
Black bodies dangle off the light pole at night
Listen close, you might overhear the poltergeist
Builders of the occupy home prototype
You got a goal in sight you either gotta fold or fight
Seedy pages cover what the poets write
But call a dead black baby the n-word overnight
Progressive black congressman,

But we also got michelle bachman
Why you think Iâ€™m in a cell, my man?
Wrists scarred from the zip-tie that held my hands
I donâ€™t sell out, and
Iâ€™m from the late great paul wellstoneâ€™s land
Where the aim first made their stand, and
I can never be made at the lakes,
But minnesotaâ€™s got a lot of bad habits to break
You betchaâ€¦

[Hook]

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