

## Atmosphere

### "Jackin' Your Freaks"

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[Now wait a minute, wait a minute, hey man, now wait a minute.... let go!]

Slug:

Gimme that freak fool, another jack move yo sit still  
Mr. Dibbs, yo homie how her tits feel?  
We'll jack any city, town or village  
Dig a hole just to see if I can fill it  
I stay away from you rappers, flip a dime, and wipe her  
off with some napkins!  
With the M. P. L. S. and the S.T.P., Musab and that's Ali  
Here's how I remember ya [click flash!]  
Ass up for the camera!

Feels good when you caught in the dark,  
cmon baby lemme hear you bark  
Raise up, and roll over on your back,  
You'll say "I aint ever been fu-uhhh-cked like that!"  
By the end of this tour I'm on, everybody on the bus  
gonna be like  
"What the fuck Sean?"  
Huh, nothing but a cum-shot,  
Put the love on your face and take a picture while it  
runs off  
Warning: hide your wife piece, cus Slug from the  
Rhymesayers is jackin' your freaks!

[Your freaks... They-they jackin... afraid of nothing...  
they jacking, they jack-jackin.]

Huh, and even if you down with my crew [hey Ant, give  
us the beat you was kickin just a little while ago]

I'll jack you too!  
She saw me first, started at Overcast, told her ass to  
buy a t-shirt  
Milk and cookies, 21 and over, no sugar for your  
daddie's little rookies  
I stand by the bar with the booze, cause right about  
now, backstage is full of dudes!

Bet you never seen me party or shake my butt,  
I leave that to the suckers with the trendy hair cuts  
World-wide I touch, steal your girl, and give her that  
midwest loooooove  
Casual passion, say hi to the instamatic Polaroid flashin  
Ya baby say cheese, cus Slug and the Rhymesayers,  
are jackin your freaks!

[They jackin, they-they jackin, they jackin... 1, 2, 3]

Mr. Dibbs, droppin '89 to pay homage,  
Cus him and I are getting old but we know where your  
mom lives  
She's not a bitch, she's a beautiful woman  
Who only loves you when you're smart, rich or talented  
or something  
Sometimes she'll let you trade your words for some  
pussy  
And if you listen close you'll find out her name is Lucy  
All I ever wanted was to pick apart her brain  
And put the pieces on the bed to see if it would leave a  
stain

And your relationship is strong enough to handle it  
So don't get mad when you see her with a laminate  
Well you think she's your own now?  
Well she is until we come do a show in your home town  
Love and War is so hardcore, but you left her at the bar  
so you could hold the floor  
I hope you're sure that she's secure  
Or the next rhyme I write might be about her!

[Don't stop!]

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