

## Atmosphere "Millenium Dodo"

Visit "[Millenium Dodo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I only act like an asshole  
Why don't ya'll stay in back  
Let the man grow  
I can't tell what town this is  
But I know that bill was a counterfeit  
Hye bartender, bump a top jar  
Gotta think about where to dump this cop car  
I'm too slick, so fuck your bullshit  
I'm coolin in the corner with my custom pool stick  
My grandad must've played the jazz  
When I bleed you can hear my heartbeat snap  
All around the world, its the same bar  
Wishin that the jukebox had some Gangstarr  
State to state, I chase fate  
But my stereo ate all my favorite tapes  
So babydoll, you better straighten up the attitude  
Or you ain't gonna make it with me  
All the way to Baton Rouge  
Call her mama, she make the milk pour  
On 94', too high to read the billboard  
Got a room at the Best Western  
The guy at the front desk looks like Les Nessman  
Hush now, not a sound  
Shut the door, and lay your towel down  
Ya'll run around and figure out what its all about  
While I try to find a cure for this cotton mouth  
I keep track of the miles I run  
But read the flask, say Southside, son  
Took a sip through the hole of my ski mask  
Roll till we get to the Burbs for the cheap gas  
Speed pass, Millenium Dodo

I got my own lane, I don't wait for the popo  
So order up another plate of oysters  
You talk so much, you makin my voice hurt  
Dental floss inside of the glove box  
Radio locked on the classic rock  
With the mirrorball, Escape From New York style  
Double parked outside of the court house  
The windchill got a big ol butt  
My breath fog all the windows up  
Take a break from the rotten grapevines

Fill the tank and then spank the state lines  
Never make this mountain move, naw you're bound to  
lose  
But I knew that I could count on you  
Next rounds on you (Is that true?)  
Wash my sins off in the rain  
Caught this fish now, light the flame  
I only claim whats in my veins  
That's my crown and that's my name  
Gotta wait till they slash the price  
Before you catch a life  
But we can spend half the night with the dashboard  
light  
(Is that right?)  
I'm just sayin if its all a game, you can hang your pain  
In the hall of fame  
Don't make me explain, that's my crown and thats my  
name

The pick pockets call me Ali Baba  
I'm here to sell you some magic water  
You might know me as Jacob and Malcom's father  
Rest in peace Eyedea and Sally Slaughter  
Its like that ya'll

Visit [Atmosphere](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.