

## Atmosphere "Minnesota Nice"

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[Chorus:]

I don't wanna be, I service you with a smirk,  
I don't wanna be, show you the way like a fly!  
I don't wanna be, you might be bad, but I'm worse,  
So worse!  
I don't wanna be, they call me Minnesota Nice!  
I don't wanna be, I'm staying fresh,

[Prof]

I'm stayin fresh to death, mother fucker, check the  
kicks!  
Pimpin 101, homes, what the lesson is.  
Man you're really ugly and she is worse,  
Who wants to volunteer to leave?  
Me first!  
Smelling like a platypus feeling like a hippo,  
See the girls scream as soon as I step out the limo.  
Just because we share the same mic don't mean you  
nice either,  
really any shirt can be a wife beater.  
There go Prof flexin on 'em again.  
Follow a couple gorgeous women and I holler 'em in.  
Take 'em to the dollar store or bar with the friends,  
She'll be callin' again, you can call it a win!  
All I do is do it, flossing in my Buick,  
Prof get the ... like, oh I'll do it!  
I grab a couple of bars, I'm living with a fist full,  
Everybody are together now, blow the whistle.

[Mr. Gene Poole]

It's official, I've been made aware of the ratio,  
Now all I care about is (gears?) and fellatio.  
The soul of a man's career on your Casio,  
Control your battle drones and fly you off the patio,  
Everybody wants money off the microphone,  
So they can just...and drop a Viper on some chrome.  
But I'm the classiest beats or the trashiest,  
I'm planet exists on the streets of Minneapolis.  
And I'm the catalyst for world class lyricism,  
Be glad that your chick is blast in this in her system!  
She loves that rock hard rhythm presentation,  
Fallen rap stars used to crash in her basement.

This year the flash dated six point five,  
Head shots appear we're making this joint live  
And affect once again my man.  
Now show some respect and shake a gentleman's  
hand.

[Felipe Cuauhtli]

Ah, I'm like a breath of fresh air,  
Sexy mother fucker with that long ass hair.  
I didn't mean to be tasteless,  
Just thought I take a second to explain my greatness.  
I'm an example of how to step your game up,  
Aim up, when I'm out huntin' you lame ducks.  
Ride through my hood entertaining your sister,  
Bass bumpin old school (solberry kickers?)  
I'm trying to tell it like a T.I. Is,  
I hope you catch a (know?), what you know about this?  
I'm so bad, like a single parent mommy with her hair all  
did,  
But her kids is lookin' sloppy!  
You can't stop me, broke the brakes on this Chevy,  
Moving fast, try to catch the homies ...  
It's getting' heavy, hit the gym to take my weight up,  
It's bigger than your block homeboy, so throw your  
state up.

[Slug]

Came up the hard way and put my name up,  
Now why would anybody wanna hate slug?  
Straight up, your fake heart pump snake blood!  
Fuck you and the space you take up!  
My eyes are red cause my life in death  
I put my feet up on the table where they slice the  
bread!  
Boast and brag until my toe gets tagged,  
Old men swagger with a grocery bag!  
I go one for the road, two for the encore,  
Couple more make you feel like you're holding down  
floor!  
You ain't a whore, cause they make money,  
You're just a bum with somebody's DNA on your  
tummy.  
Ask your peers 'bout Atmosphere,  
Went to the hell and got a souvenir rap career!  
Now I walk into the place with the grace of a John Deer,  
And then you're face got weird!

[Chorus:]

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