

## Atmosphere "Onemosphere"

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how you like me now? i'm gettin' busier,  
i'm double barrel, huntin' me a grizzly bear,  
i'm arrow aimed at the sun,  
my numbers seven that's six plus one,  
never had a gun but as a kid i used to front,  
cause i wasn't tryna be nobody's punk,  
i used to run with the one's that would squeal keep it  
real,  
while they dispoted they reality with alcohol an pills,  
now i'm grown up,  
got the mic sown up,  
spent enough time gettin' drunk an thrownin' up,  
an i've been leavin' in someoe's livin' room for a year,  
back an forth between the record store an here,  
so i'll be damned if i love you rapper,  
you can all it dick, big label an independent,  
as far as i'm concerned, your all germs,  
the only one that i fuck with, are the one's that i'm  
friends with,

(chorus)  
what! Atmosphere!  
yeya you remeber, Atmosphere!  
Atmosphere!  
yeya you remeber, Atmosphere!

you know what?  
ya'll fools ain't hard, just abunch of stiff nipples,  
bending over an blowing like the wind in the ripple,  
from the steel toe to the helmet,  
tryna touch your brain with a felt tip,  
pucker up buttercup, enough is enough,  
kids is on the nuts like my dick was a bus,  
i'm like what the fuck it, i'm like where?  
all you got is a mad face, bad beats, an pretty hair,  
so why your tryna find some trend to ride,  
i'm inside your girlfriend fuckin with your pride,  
rhymesayers for life, run free forever,  
climbing in your ear to justate infest, atmosphere

(chorus)  
what! Atmosphere!

yeya you remeber, Atmosphere!  
Atmosphere!  
yeya you remeber, Atmosphere!

you wanna battle? man act your age,  
you paid to get in an imma bout to go on stage,  
just give me a pound an i'll assume that your down,  
with the plan to expand an make room for the  
underground,  
no punchlines left,  
i take a step back an take a look an make the most of  
my breath,  
kept a close eye on that closed eye,  
you wanna post high, but your world ain't got no style,  
ya'll are pork put a cork in that leak,  
it's hard to believe they even let you in the club,  
do you work here or somethin',  
is the door man your cousin,  
or maybe your the one suckin dick an givin' back rubs,  
lost, but you act like your not,  
cost, how much they want for that spot,  
tossed, in when it landed it broke,  
ya'll fools can't handle the weight, so you choke,  
sure as the souls gunna come down,  
my people will be plantin' seeds in your hometown,  
with a remote control,  
even you can behold all the blouder that get rolled  
now, (no loud)

(Chorus)

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