

Atmosphere

"Sep Seven Game Show Theme"

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[Slug]

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The following program contains explicit lyrics
and we the producers stay defiantly behind the views
expressed in the following program.

All right, all you players and player haters, once again
it's time for the "Sep Sev" game show

Recorded live right here in lovely snowy Minnesota
this is the game where we make the average player a
star.

Now, if you'll join me, let's give it up for the host of the
"Sep Sev" game show
that's right, here he is, Mr. Sep Sev...

YO, YO, YO, YO, YO, YO, fuck the money, everyone on
the floor drop

I want all the food in the bag, and I ain't tryin' to hear
that soar talk

Stole the dinner and freaked it to the freeway
Flipped the screenplay, and made every love scene a
three-way

Sound track recorded here in Minnesnowda

Tastes like ambrosia

Disinfects pen holders

Yo, let's hold our breath and show your chest, if you're
proud of it

And wake me back to safety if you see me falling out of
it

Under a full moon, the color of mind is a mucous?

See your in the distance, the images riveting

Given the way the clouds moved, it fucked with the
lighting

Grabbed me by the thoughts and pulled me tight like a
kite string

All right, let's hear it for contestant number one

What's your name sir?

Yo, MC famous, the killer

Okay Mr. Anus Driller, you want to play the next round
for a new Lexus with matching socks?

Or air on the horny Miami based video
or do you just want to take the phony looking fifty dollar
bills and run with money?

Yo, I want the sex man, just give chicks man, just, just
let me touch 'em man!

[Slug]

Now what If I spent, my whole day ?, on getting bent,
and now I can't afford my rent

Do I grab a crowbar to your back door (Back door)
or hit up Super America for the cash drawer? (Fast
forward)

I should be honest, cause even my outer conscience,
Knows the odds of blowing up are equal to people
waking up from sleeping,
Keeping me from retrieving kingdoms and bed time
stories,

Used to bore me with, positioned in the orbit of my
imagination

Small portion, even that much, flustered by the drug
fell in lust with the rush

Hush, maybe somewhere in it I became a cynic,
but your sexy grin gets less attractive by the minute
The planets in my head now rotate around the mind
The substance, the bug shit, all in my circumference
And I function

Like I don't give a fuck if you grasp it
Resent the bitch that don't and cast it under the
masses;

I asked, "Is that right?" I answered, "Does it matter?"
I was glancing at how you fancy the passion, bastard
How fast you scale the ladder to jump
I'd rather just flunk than gather your junk
(Yo dog, you should blast that punk)

Alright, this next round our contestant is gonna have to
slam

a whole bottle of expensive firewater, chase it with a
forty of malt liquor
smoke a blunt, load a gun and sell records to 14 year
olds all over the country
And the first one of you genocidal fashion fantasy
fucks to go platinum wins

Wins what!?

Mr. Announcer, tell them what they'll win!

Well, they'll win respect, lot's and lot's of props!

[Slug]

Pissed on the Asti Spumonte, sippin' kamekazi
Shoulda called mommy when you saw me pull up in ?
The rest of you're life's a flashback when I jump out
that hatchback
Here's your tape, give me my cash back
I'm on tracks, and that's that, in fact that's all you need
Either take some kind of lead, or fall to your knees and
bleed
How's your scene?
And how's that rental running?
And how's the weed selling?
And how's the demo coming?
Me and my participants, be the reason why you and you
crew bit your lips
Stick this in your mouth to cleanse it
The fuckin' prop is too expensive
Make's me want to end it (Repent kid)
My advice is from here on out you purchase yellow
boxers
That way when your bitch does your laundry, she won't
tell her moms about the stains created
when I skated across that flat service you refer to as
lyrical endowment
That content, that conscience, run down to that ?

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