

## Atmosphere "Shrapnel"

Visit "[Shrapnel](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

*[Slug]*

Shrapnel...

I can't remember who asked me, but someone asked me

How long I thought that I would be allowed atop this trash heap

I didn't answer cause I'm tired of criticizing the masses

Inspired the support the devouring of the self

All the power to the people who dig potholes

Placed me in a glass case full of lost treasures and fossils

Got a right to be hostile, my love is gettin' gang raped

By an army full money hungry crocodiles

Quantity is up, market in a flood

But the party over here has never steered through this much love

I'll take the laughter, but I'd rather have the women

Who am I kiddin'? I'll be content with whatever I'm givin'

Work for food, rent, sex, money, or water

I don't know what else that you have to offer

Your first born daughter? No need, already got her

She came to the set hungry and left hot and bothered

My posse's full of women, computer nerds, and thugs

Much to my dismay, I'm none of the above.

Someday I'ma be the mack of the minute

And you were so damn good I'ma have to forget it

Listen to the mimic, it's almost on

Drink, till ya hit me with a tall potion

Think quick, how much more insult

Will it take for me to break your light bulb

Shrapnel...

*[Chorus x2]*

Shards of pull cards scattered on the carpet

It's hard to breathe cause you wear a fitted target

Tug upon a choke chain, travel the cold rain(?)

Of course I've came to show you shrapnel

*[Slug]*

Check your mail, climb your ladder

Count the pieces you've managed to gather

Does it matter? What are you trying to achieve?  
Let go of your throat if you're dying to breathe  
And finally we've begun to make a little progress  
Ain't a single dock in this river that can stop us  
Lost in the mix like a feeble(?) over dub  
Got me screaming at these shippin' till these people  
know what's up  
Yeah Slug's back, but his collection of hub caps  
Caught a buzzin' brought a notebook full of love raps  
Open the pipes and tuck that voice in  
I'ma sit on this corner and nibble on my poison  
Baby once in awhile I find a reason to smile  
But most the time it's spent deep in denial  
It's all make believe, I want the cake to eat  
But this lake's too deep, tryin' to stand on two feet  
Wonderin' about the thunder runnin' through this blood  
I try to keep my cool, but the hat fits too snug  
Study the love, took my degree  
Shoved it into a bottle, chucked it into the sea

Shrapnel...

*[Chorus x2]*

Shards of pull cards scattered on the carpet  
It's hard to breathe cause you wear a fitted target  
Tug upon a choke chain, travel the cold rain  
Of course I've came to show you shrapnel

Shrapnel...

*[Chorus x4]*

Shards of pull cards scattered on the carpet  
It's hard to breathe cause you wear a fitted target  
Tug upon a choke chain, travel the cold rain  
Of course I've came to show you shrapnel

Shrapnel...*[repeated to end]*

I am not ugly *[reversed]*

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