

Atmosphere

"The Employees of the Year"

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::Slug::

the employees of the year now we back to work/
we took time off a couple of feelings got hurt/
due to the fact that we never stand still/
the ones they cant catch the ones they cant kill/
i dedicate this to the cats that dont feel felt/
meditate get the head straight trying to keep well/
celebrate life then crash wit no seat belt/
then slit both wrists and act like you need help/

::Murs::

what'd you say girl i cant hear ya speak up/
stuck between them lips and them two b cups REUP/
50 bucks in the dice game/
rollin with 7's and the legend and we twice came G's
UP/
and you know what they hittin fo'/
fifty six cities one van and we gettin dough/
call your girls make plans you can hit the show/
tell ya man in the van so he can hit the dough/

::Slug::

honey wanna move like she knows moves/
and it aint a bowl of cold soup with an coke spoon/
i'm not as young as i look girl i'm old school/
somewhere between pro tools and a gold tooth/
i show you to act like you supposed to/
so cool coast to coast whose that grown fool/
standing on the block leanin on a phone booth/
tryin to squeeze a rock to make this orange juice/

::Murs::

little man see's biggest step t's/
from the two-one-five' to the two one threes'/
it goes a little something for some real mc's/
not felons not gangstas on the killin spree/
shoot my rap sheet is filled with simile's/
and if you bite then death be the penalty/
but dont worry about my style cuz its been O.G./
and make ya girlfriend wonder what was skin on me/

(CHORUS 2x)

::Slug::

put my picture on the wall for all see/
when u want it done right then call on me/
guaranteed to come tight and flawlessly/
the employees of the year aint nobody as raw as we/
(ticky ticky tick ti tick ti tick ticky tick)

::Slug::

thug white girl suburban black hippy chick/
punk rock straight edge hip hop pot head/
invite them all over for a mosh pit in my bed/
right blow to the left speak of the people/
cold get dough in front of the subteacher/
now hold it run dont let it touch the ground/
and you'll know its done when the cops cut the sound/

::Murs::

but what else could they say to these underground
dun's/
known for eating guppies for cluttering our ponds/
free flowing on beats that you stuttering on/
my man ant made the jams that we buttering on/
breakfast close/ midwestern coast/
minage n austin/ texas toast/
whatever dude i'm gonna do it this full/
beatin down your block knockin pictures off the wall/

(Chorus 2x)

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