

## Atmosphere

# "The Jackpot/Swept Away"

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Starin over that stretch  
into the horizon  
with my eyes and ears closed  
sealed with a clear coat  
i'm at a loss for words,  
but i know a lot of words for loss  
i got a whole lotta excuses  
to curse and stomp  
fuck you very much and kiss me goodbye  
because i'm leaving on the next high  
ain't no sex allowed  
now all crowd around ma  
and show me what you found  
he got the truth  
and she got the groove  
and they raped the youth  
and he's got the proof

now, nobody move  
nobody gets nowhere  
progress halt and its all my fault  
and i dont care  
here i am  
behold this pale whore  
kinda sore throat bloke on tour  
thru the core repell  
followin the chorus  
indorced by the force  
and honey i just wanna hug ur curves like a porsche.

go ahead throw them sore issues back on the fire  
to feel the flame,  
get me high  
lose the blame  
let me slide  
tonight's the night  
and crack me a low and brown  
and touch my swollen crown  
while i hold it down

yo, on the level of actually she found me flacid.  
skiped class to be fashionally absent

got me thinking  
caught me drinkin  
tossed my ink across the loos leaf like  
watch me sink into the mind state  
of how imma wait to find fate  
let the pupils dialate  
fly high like the crime rate  
mosiquito bate, baby keep me up to date  
who you love today  
give me a pound and im on my way

now im at it that imaginary line thats on the floor  
what do you mean we should stay in touch  
what for  
not exactly sure  
but i agree with your motive  
the posion took over  
'cause the dose was sugar coated  
the world is full of people  
who want nothing short of perfect  
and yet they settle for less  
blinded by their quest for purpose

first hit,  
i knew it was for me  
it made me think  
her i sink now  
now i dont remember why i drink

i gotta pay the phone bills  
scrape off the road kill  
hold still  
here's another girl acting like king of the mole hill

yo, step with stride  
i got this friend named PRIDE  
and imma hide him in my pocket  
till the day that i die  
and i got this pet peeve  
that i only let out to eat  
poked holes in the top of the jar so he can breath  
and when he's old enough  
imma set him free and let him breed  
teach his kids how to build bombs and shoot speed  
true indeed  
im all about the lines around the block  
good times  
hip hop  
and making rhymes about my cock

so fuck the work

fuck love  
fuck man and you  
i hope you drown  
face down  
in your dandruff shampoo

thank you for making me  
creating me  
sedating me  
taking me  
appreciating me  
embracing me  
abrasivley tasting me  
and waiting patiently  
i promise to pay you back on the day we're free

i wanna thank you for hatin me  
frustratin me  
escaping me  
stickin that steak in me  
and blatenley breaking me  
erasing me  
defacing me  
and replacing me  
i promise to pay you back on the day we're free

she aint happy when i am around  
she's mad when im gone  
so imma drink this pint of whiskey and go pass out on  
her lawn  
and when she leaves to go to work  
she'll find me in my superstar  
my day off with an angel  
wreck her morning  
with a loser

i'm true to the game  
don't know the rules to the game  
ruin my shoes  
stomp into all the puddles and pools in my brain  
i could remove my heart  
shave my legs  
but no matter how soft i walk  
i still manage to break the eggs  
i wanna thank you for making me  
creating me  
sedating me  
taking me  
appreciating me  
and embracing me  
abrasivley tasting me

and waiting patiently  
i promise to pay you back on the day we're free

yo, i wanna thank you for hatin me  
frustratin me  
escaping me  
stickin that steak in me  
and blatenley breaking me  
erasing me  
defacing me  
replacing me  
i promise to pay you back on the day we're free  
[[ let me clear my throat,  
kick it over here baby pop  
and let all the fly skimmas feel the beat.  
umm drooop.]]

Boom.

its the way she moves that broom that's got me  
consumed  
and it aint got nothing to do  
with the sleeping  
it's the look on her face  
thats got me displaced  
plus the fact that she's proly got no clue that im peepin  
she's deep into routine  
cleanin off the sidewalk infront of the shop she works  
1:15 am  
me,  
parked in the car  
in the street  
maybe 30 feet from the spot she sweeps  
emotion taken  
who is this human  
and why she chewin' my attention  
the action, unaware, innocent, purely accident  
and whom I askin this?  
I'm alone, in the passenger seat of this [this part is  
bleeped out]  
awaitin' my companion, but damn man, she's got me  
distracted  
and it's not just the fact that she's attractive  
it's the whole kit-n-kabootle  
from the look on her face, to her taste in shoes, to the  
way she moves  
it inspires me to sit and doodle, so  
while I write  
she wipes down the tagged up picnic tables outside of  
the [bleeped out]  
it's missin not a spot

and here I sit again, with a pen  
and a desire to be entirely lost in a world of them ..

(spoken) "what do you mean you just wanna be  
friends.."

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