

Atmosphere

"The Old Style"

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(feat. Cuts by DJ Plain Ol' Bill)

I swear to God if you fuckers fuck this up for the rest of
us
you will not get any pudding, none!

(Do you wanna know why?)

The seventh of September was my date of birth
I got to the clinic and I did the nurse
Picked at the scabs until I made it worse
But I still spit your girlfriend's favorite verse
At least now I know somebody notices
the loud guy from Southside of Minne-hopelessness
I try to celebrate life when I can
Most times I do it with a mic in my hand
Sean Daley and Anthony Davis
Twin Cities, they act like we famous
Still nameless in places like Vegas
So order up a round and over tip the waitress
Got the ladies in the place going ape-shit
Making faces at the radio stations
A love-hate relationship
as if we're waiting for the preacher to sit down and let
the choir take it
And I'm trying to have the time of my life
Work for my stripes and climb a few flights
Try to keep the demons out of mind, out of sight
But some I'm too weak to fight, you got a light?
I stand beside every line that I write
Wrote most my rhymes just to find me a wife
And now that my better half got me hemmed up

I'm out here rapping about whatever the fuck
It don't matter just as long as I mean everything set
free from between these wings
I could write a new joint and drop my view point
Maybe cook up a hook and get a few coins
A little real estate, to make us feel ok
I need to keep faith and eat a decent meal today
Hey, and even if these raps don't pay me
I'ma find a way to make the right hand pass the gravy

So special, nice to have met you
By this time tomorrow I'll probably already forget you
Now gimme fifteen for the shirt
And go tell your friends on your swim team I'm a jerk
Set it off, it never stopped
The only difference is now I'm eating better slop
Look at your boy mother, employed by brothers
Trying to make sure we all avoid the buzzards
Every scar I wear I've earned
Even the ones that I like to pretend I don't deserve
But I don't question, cause God has vision
I'm no savior, I'm just the recognants mission
Taught ya'll how to bank off tour
So thank me now and keep my name off yours
He's got the pony tail, I've got the rabbit ears
He's fly, I'm fly that's why they call us

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