

Atmosphere

"They All Get Mad At You"

Visit "[They All Get Mad At You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Once upon a time there was a concept
Someday we can all skip the nonsense
Work hard let the rewards connect and
Maybe we can sweep up all the trash off the front steps
Silly man he believed in that ethic
Seeds planted the needle to the record
It's in the plans that he set out to perfect
But every few steps was a thief with a message
Who speeds up for them half knots
Lets separate the players and the mascots
Little miss success is just a back drop
You kind of look like a jack pot

Give me what you got or get got
Ain't no getting off at the next stop. Don't get
caught
with a wet top
I thought the best shot was the best spot, guess not

They all get mad at you so see through
Not much they had to do but read through
Turn off the attitude they need you
No time to act a fool, just be cool [2x]

Now keep your defense up right,
No choice but to be tense up tight,
Not one type baby ever just might throw shots at
your body, character even love life
But why they gotta turn them wheels in?
Try not to hurt them feelings
But burn pride or burn that ceiling
In between the search and the curse of the dreams,
man
Girl look at how they stare at cha
Pass judgment to gather their chapters
Come back the year after the happily ever after
And I wonder what the world'll look like from their
ladder
And now you had it up to right there
Hey mama put the kid back in the high-chair
Act like you care that life ain't fair, nah let
them finish up their nightmare

They all get mad at you so see through
Not much they had to do but read through
Turn off the attitude they need you
No time to act a fool, just be cool [2x]

And when they open up them cracks you gotta
overreact
It don't stop it just seems so relaxed
You know they gonna cross over them tracks
but its thoughts like that they keep pullin you back
Is that really how it works now?
Is they hurt style even worthwhile?
Return it with a smirk or a smile
Take yourself off the dirtpile when you had your first
child
It's too easy to call it envy, everybody wanna be all
they can be
your graffiti makes them feel so heavy but they all get
friendly when your walls are empty
It's always the same approach, they just
want a little fiend to hold
You can't save they soul, so just chase your goals
Let em hate far away or let em hate up close

They all get mad at you so see through
Not much they had to do but read through
Turn off the attitude they need you
No time to act a fool, just be cool [2x]

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