

Atmosphere

"They Call It"

Visit "[They Call It](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Verse 1]

Don't you love it madly when it sleeps in your basement
On some gladly-pay-you-Tuesday-for-a-hamburger-
today shit?

And don't you love the way you can relate
To everything your favourite rapper has to say about
your hatred?

Get a hobby, now why they wanna watch me
In some hotel lobby getting sloppy with this pillow built
mommy?

Probably never be global like 2Pac
But the local boys will beat my shit hard in their jukebox
Sitting here pretending I'm not tipsy

Watching over sensitive hippies use my records for
they dog Frisbees

Be a good little fishy

And book me a ticket to your city so your girlfriend will
kiss me

I'm the bee that came to pollinate the flower
Make a meal, borrow a towel and take a shower
It's called love, in return they make bread
Pay dollars, make beds, catch buzz, give head

[Hook]

They call it love and I get plenty of it
The rich kids burn it, my broke people dub it
They call it hate and I get plenty of it
The snakes always wanna put your name where their
tongue splits

They call it love and I get plenty of it
Give hugs to the public, put plugs in the budget
They call it hate and I get plenty of it
But they know who to call when they want the party
jumping

[Verse 2]

We bust into your system, search through the evidence
Opening hoping to find why you love your residence
Puts your fists up or put your chips up
Advocate, act adult or get your fabric ripped up
They said like what? Like they didn't know me
Six foot three, ugly mug and a simple flow

Like that? Like that! And a bottle of Jimmy Beam
Peace, my name is Slug and I'm down with the winning
team
They wanna kill my steam, I didn't care
Just lead me to the Phoebe with the pretty hair
Jumping up and down with the passion of a battle
Jester of the kingdom, see me mack 'em at the castle
Sean is such an asshole! Nah I'm a dickhead
Stealing cigarettes from the rest of the mislead
Enjoy me, avoid me, do what you must do
But man up and understand why they don't love you

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Looking through your pinhole, who you gonna insult?
Atmosphere get up in here, yeah, where'd your grin
go?
Got a sock full of nickels and quarters
For unsupportive cock smokers that wanna ripple these
waters
You hate to love it, keep changing up the subject
Still ain't saying nothing, we knew that you would jump
ship
Get back inside your magic pumpkin you puppet
Cause all you got left in your life is a big 'What if?'
No names, this pertains to a flock of you
The fuck you gonna do when no one's watching you?
Sweep up the fuck-ups, tighten up the lug nuts
Let your world turn with no concern for what Slug does
I'm not number one, I'm just my mother's son
No regrets, show respect, what's done is done
I understand why you're so discouraged
Now show your love like it was when you was this
moment

[Hook]

"We may not do this recording again, and maybe not
give it to fellas again
So we hope you enjoyed listening to this album half as
much
As we enjoyed playing it for you, cause we had a ball"

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