

Atmosphere

"Tonights Man (Slug)"

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There he goes tonights man
The one that's putting gods smile back upon my
hands
The plan this evening, is hiding behind leaves and
brush
Quiet the breath and hush, wait for the right time to
rush
Grab your man by the forehead, slit the device across
his throat
I hold him tight while he chokes, 8,9,count to 10
Drop the body, rip the pockets
Come ups, cash, and plastic wrapped rockets
Hey mister mister, you think that you're the shit
But you looked really funny when you felt your tendon
rip
Theres a thin line between fire and fear
Hey mister never should have set your shop up here
Cause ive been thumping chumps that push dumpsters
on be tree stumps
Big man on the avenue becomes mommys lil speed
bump
And this punk was easy, must have hated spinach
And the pigs all smiled they never liked you to begin
with
Aint trying to be the man no more, cause im a man now
Im 'bout to take your crew to war
Ive got a plan now
Im used to blood and death, outgrew the gut wrench
So tell the devil I said fuck him when he finds you on
the bus bench

(a sample in french)

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