

## Atmosphere

# "Trying To Find A Balance"

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*[Slug]*

They love the taste of blood  
Now I don't know what that means, but I know that I  
mean it  
Maybe they're as evil as they seem  
Or maybe I only look out the window when it's scenic  
"Atmosphere finally made a good record."  
Yeah right, that shit almost sounds convincing  
The last time I felt a sinking contradictive as this  
Was the last time we played a show in Cinnci'  
"Get real." they tell me  
If only they knew how real this life really gets  
They would stop acting like a silly bitch  
They would respect the cock whether or not they  
believed in it  
Doesn't take much and that's messed up  
Because these people do a lot of simple shit to impress  
us  
While everyone was trying to out-do the last man  
I was just a ghost trying to catch some Mrs. Pac-Man  
Hello ma'am, would you be interested  
In some sexual positions and emotional investments  
See, I'm not insane, in fact I'm kind of rational  
When I be askin', "Yo, where did all the passion go?"  
East coast, West coast, down South, Midwest  
Nowadays everybody knows how to get fresh  
Somebody give me a big yes (YES!)  
God Bless America, but she stole the B from "Bless"  
(Accept it)  
Now I'm too fucked up to dance  
So I'ma sit with my hand down the front of my pants  
You can't achieve your goals if you don't take that  
chance  
So go pry open that trunk and get those amps (You  
know!)

*[Chorus x2]*

In the days of Kings and Queens I was a jester  
Treat me like a God, oh they treat me like a leper  
You see me move back and forth between both  
I'm trying to find a balance  
I'm trying to build a balance

*[Slug]*

So now I keep a close eye on my pets  
Because they make most of they moves off of instinct  
and sense  
It's eat, sleep, fuck in self defense  
So straight you can set your clocks and place bets  
Wait, let's prey on blind, deaf, dumb, dead  
Hustle, maybe a couple will love what you said  
Emcees drag their feet across a big naked land  
With an empty bag of seed and a fake shake of hands  
Yeah I got some last words, FUCK ALL OF YA'LL!  
Stop writin' raps and go play volleyball  
Gotta journey the world in a hurry  
Cause my attorney didn't put enough girls on the jury  
Guilty of droppin' these bombs in the city  
But I'm innocent, love is the motive that's why you're  
killin 'em  
Guilty of settin' my fire in all fifty  
But I'm innocent, blame it on my equilibrium

*[Chorus x2]*

In the days of Kings and Queens I was a jester  
Treat me like a God, oh they treat me like a leper  
You see me move back and forth between both  
I'm trying to find a balance  
I'm trying to build a balance

I gotta find my balance  
I gotta find my balance

*[Slug]*

Now all my friends are famous  
It's either one thing or another  
They all don't know what my name is  
Probably know both of my brothers  
The one is a hard workin' savior  
The other's a hard workin' soldier  
I'm just your next door neighbor  
Workin' hard at tryin' to stay sober  
You wait for the car at the corner  
Pretend like you know what the pot is  
Won't quit till I hit California  
And make you my Golden State goddess

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