

Atmosphere

"Until The Nipples Gone"

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[Slug]

Ninety-nine bottles of ink on the wall
Stare at the stars, blink and they fall
Stand tall and shrink, small
Maybe they all fell asleep at the mall
Y'all not clear what to call a career
Stop the bus, I'm hopping off here
Get down, snuck and got near
Just to watch you drown in them crocodile tears
Dressed up all black with a clown mask
Shred the system, sound clash
Fall back when my feet touch ground
Hit the Heathrow tarmac like where the pound at?
Self-service, getting it to go
A lot of work for a little bit of dough
Wipe the dirt out the window of the soul
Fish with my pole from the middle of the snow
Still running, bound to build something
Even though we all surrounding by hills crumbling
Lil young'n, we kill assumption
Come hit us up, you wanna feel the function?
We proof of what you could do
if you would have took the lead to speak truth
You look cute little sheep in a wolf suit
Lost on a rook move, shoot
that sense of direction, misconception
Get your check and then skip the lesson
Get paranoid and collect protection
Get destroyed by the boy just stepped in
Ain't nobody gon' stay when the stack cracks
Nowadays they ain't tryna save a rat's ass
Hit the gas and mash past the trash
I wouldn't want it any other way and that's that
On this tit till it's going flat
When I'm gone you can taste my frozen tracks
My crew stay deep and we don't relax
Ain't going to sleep, too old for naps
They say go to hell if you're tryna fold some cash
Well ring the bell, there ain't no more class
Pot or smack, but don't know the facts

Spot is packed, who owns the map?
I'm not convinced, y'all overact
You're on the bench tryna choke the bat
I headline shows that they hoping that
I get mine, they can go cloak and dag'
You had the chance to hold me back
I still advance, fade slow to black
Y'all are just ants till it all collapse
Put both your hands up and throw me claps, c'mon

Clap, clap, clap, everybody clap
Clap, clap, clap your hands to what he's doing

We get 'em jumping around like a swarm of crickets
and that's ordinary normal business
And you trying to ignore the visit
But your girl's online bout to score some tickets
I was born a crumb, I'm a poor decision
I'll die a crumb, I'm sure it's written
But first I'ma smash over ornaments
and then bounce 'fore they announce the court's
opinion
We all rapper rappers
We all wanna capture stature like any of it matters
Ass backwards and a lack of words
Only thing that you're killing me with is laughter
They used to cap and call me a backpacker
But they was mad I had my mack mastered
Went up the ladder and I seen the ants
So now I treat each track like it's the last chapter
Can't take it for granted, cause when it's done
I gotta subject my breath to the shit I've run
Gotta respect the mess I'm sitting on
So let's get it on until the nipple's gone

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