

Atmosphere

"You Played Yourself"

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[Verse 1]

What's up? My name is Sean, nice to meet ya
So what brings you backstage in this theatre?
Oh you're in the crew that plays first
I shoulda noticed all four of y'all of wore the same
shirts
I bet you got a demo of your work right
{That's what's up} Can you leave it with my merch guy?
Well word up, good luck tonight
And don't forget to drink water, and don't cup that mic,
huh
Do me a favour and stay away from Ant's beer
No you can't bring your fans back here
Nah I'm straight, you can keep your drugs in fact
Keep em in the alley out back behind the club
And drop the attitude
Why you acting like that little sticky pass is some kinda
right of passage dude
Keep rapping till you get discovered
But better believe it's last time we ever see each other

[Hook (Every second line spoken)]

Cause you played yourself
Uh yeah, of course I remember you man, uh, how you
been man? How you doin man?
You played yourself
They told me that you tried to pick a fight with your own
DJ
You played yourself
Nah I didn't see you're set man, I was, I was sleeping
on the bus
You played yourself
Uh yeah, go talk to that guy, him, he'll give you some
drink tickets, word

[Verse 2]

New York, at the Bowery getting down
With Grayskul, P.O.S. and Fillmore Brown
My first time touring with a live band
Trynna hide all the fear behind the mic stand
I just want to move around and keep it versatile
But tonight some kid took it personal

I stopped my set, yo what you yellin bout?
With your middle up calling me sell out
Then security rushed him like a gang fight
Wait, don't kick him out, man it ain't right
But they wasn't listening to Slug
I'm just an artist on the stage, they don't really give a
fuck
So I finished up my set then

Ran out the front door to see if I could catch him
And there he was, mad and drunk
So I gave him his money and sent him off with a hug

[Hook (Every second line spoken)]

Man you played yourself
Man you can barely stand up, you tryna call me
names, punk
You played yourself
I understand, I understand dude, I was just like you
when I was 15 years old
You played yourself
Talking about, you ain't The Roots, you ain't The Roots,
why you got a band man?
You played yourself
Do me a favour, throw away my CDs, I don't want you
stupid fans

[Verse 3]

Girl please, don't treat me like you treat a toy
You wouldn't look twice if I was the pizza boy (nope)
You ain't got to flash me your ass and tits
I'd rather fantasise that you're a rap advocate
Look around, you see all these women?
They came for the music, you came for the
scenesterism
The validating game is degrading
Got me cornered at the bar to boost your ratings
I'm getting too old for the trap
Go wiggle that cleavage at the opening act, huh
Plus you smell like a bucket of vodka
I would never put my meat sauce up in that pasta
The shows over, so why you waiting by the bus
Like I'm supposed to be impressed with the basics
You don't believe that I don't want to see you naked
But I'm not hanging out, take care and stay safe kid

[Hook (Every second line spoken)]

You played yourself
Yeah actually I have heard somebody say that to me
before
You played yourself

You realise I can clearly see your clitoris through your
jeans
You played yourself
Look you are closer to my son's age than, than you are
to mine
You played yourself
Look, look, the li, the living legends are right there,
right over there, go over there!

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