

Atlas Sound

"Hockey Hair"

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You can't imagine how much fun we're having

[Slug]

Stop it there without a care to what you've got to fear
Keep it all between your beer and your hockey hair
A lot of weird people traits and ticks
From the strangers to these dangerous faces you kiss
You know this town ain't cool as it used to be
When the lion, tigers and bears'd stare at your jewelry
Truthfully I'm content with how the day moves
Stepped up the game, oops, still rock the same shoes
And one-time with them flashing things, they still
There to turn the drama into action scenes
I'm renting me a vehicle to roll me to the finish line
Follow if you wanna, we'll return around dinner time
Back hurts a little bit more with every cigarette
MY mack learned to never ignore the petty gibberish
I walk the clay cocky like MR. Know-It-Also
Patiently waiting to pop, shake up the soda bottle
Horizontal like a mail-order male whore that came forth
Just to show you his pale horse
Of course the ones that love him hate him most
Heard broken ain't nothing man, she look like she ate a
ghost
Make a toast to the butter knife, fuck it right
Wonder when my butterfly is gonna keep her flutter
tight
I get way lonely when I'm on the j-o-b
And every pretty face acting like they know me
Same story, take photos and blow me
Like sucking on my pony is some type of a fucking
trophy
Don't know what to say homie, I understand under
The notion that mine is at home under another man
Don't even give it two minutes of business
Rotate the shoulder blades and keep them chipless
Built a prison out of conjugal visits
Now I rock a fake grimace on my face to catch the
kisses
A bag of pot luck, a pint of gut rot
Emcee's is mockduck tofu tough-talk

What the blood clot, jumpshot, fadeaway
Watch these white kids eat it up like it was mayonnaise
Then he's on to the next city following the destiny
Fell asleep drooling on your left titty
Indeed I play my part and call it high art
Keeping my eye on a piece of that pie chart
Smarter than solutions to the Rubic's cube
Took it apart and then pulled out a tube of superglue
Electric boogaloo, instead of trying to look at you
I should stay in my house, sit on the couch and read a
book or two
Maybe then this space alien can uncover ways to
coexist
With other homosapiens
Until that time comes people know my bum steelo
Incognito with mosquitoes and dung beetles
It's like that, never the wack in actuals fact
It's like this, St. Paul Minneapolis jack
It's like that take your head out of the vaginal crack
Like what the fuck did you expect
I rap

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