

Atlas Sound

"I Wish Those Cats @ Phobia Would Give Me Some Free Shoes"

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Tomorrow's forecast (flurries motherfucker)

Snowman in full effect so play the odds out till april
The tapes will grow so we can by posters and staples
I bet that kid Slug will bust flows if you ask nice
Its friday night, point me to the party wanna grab mics
Used to get queezy when it was time to rock that b.b.
But nowadays im just tryin to get musab away from the
tv
'cause i can't fuck with the Zenith i rather criticize
tuesdays releases
With the elitists at the fetus
Yet another factory film is what we present
Bitch needed a ballpoint no grievance
Lets all point our fingers towards the path we venture
Minneapolis natives taken the rap of winter bad
contender
Let me catch a luke warm triple mocha to reach the
speed
Of the (dunno) that's crashed on my sofa
And in the green room is MC's and in the kitchen is
dirty dishes
And my postion is blurry vision
And im livin in a section where heads is frozen stiff
And these skinny powerder sniffin kids is posin talkin
shit
Since the first time i met you backstage in the game
room
I knew that i did not want to occupy the same room

I drive for a living but i take the bus to work
Auditioned for the roll of jesus, got the part of jerk
Armed with a walkman and a fake grin and a basement
mindstate when i

Simply took a left at Nicollet
Sucking on a cigarette did some pinch hits before i left
And now the nicotine is liftin it
Choke at the last drag and flick remains at the gutter
Flip up the hood just to keep the brains covered
Im trying to grow a mountain out of a foothill

I see people rockin my tshirt but im still shopping at goodwill
In a struggle in a warzone grew some extra personality
Now i wont have to flee or fight alone
The microphone that's my weapon and im on a quest for heaven
Or rent me some comprehension
Its busy as fuck just gimme a three hour lead
So i can reflect maybe rent a flick and relearn how to read
Well we turned up the sleeves and found a bunch of tricks
And used a cleaver to relieve all these unnecessary limbs
Misplaced the gems and jewels i meant to give you
To lift you and lost my mind inside the issue

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And these skinny powerder sniffin kids is posin talkin shit
Since the first time i met you backstage in the game room
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Think now i got spies positioned at varios chivos throughout the city
Lots of people that's down with me 'cause the evils out to get me
Its easy to decipher who can taste me
Alot of locals used to hate me but now i think the tolerate me
You can only hear what i feel when my eyes are shut
Mistakes are piling up excuses they lining up
Im trying to fuck reality but im impotent i can't get it up
'cause she's a duck and her personality sucks just my luck
I caught the wrong bus guess I'll get off at the crossroads
And take a long lunch
Next month when i got my head right im gonna grab a lead pipe
And beat some life into this dead mic
So let the tape roll and extract all the juices
Read the hatemail in the bathroom and place wages on the losers
In the begining you can't help but wanna be innovative

But eventually the opposition leaves you jaded
Like hell no i don't wanna be a baller
Im six foot three their aint no need for me to be any
taller
I just wish those cats over there at Phobia would hit me
off with some free gear or somethin....

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And these skinny powerder sniffin kids is posin talkin
shit
Since the first time i met you backstage in the game
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I knew that i did not want to occupy the same room

I drive for a living but i take the bus to work
Auditioned for the roll of jesus, got the part of jerk
Armed with a walkman and a fake grin and a basement
mindstate when i
Think of how simple it could all be

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