

## Atlas Sound

### "Wnd"

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[Slug]

It's summer, and I'm chillin on my steps with my little crew

Just like the videos, just like all the little rappers do  
We voice love to the heads we know that walk past  
Sunshine and smilin, Livin out of a shot glass  
And I talk fast when it comes to girls

Hey baby I'm just a nut tryin to fuck a squirrel  
Maybe we could shut the world up

Let some slug into your life

Suddenly she hypes an eyebrow up, like

"What do you mean?" and I start buggin like

"If I was to fallowed you home would you keep me

Would you feed me, would you pet me

Would I fuck you till your sleepy?"

She said I'm creepy, and walked off

Too late, I already got off on the fact you even stopped

You knew I'd treat you like an object

You knew I was a rapper, you knew it was the trend

For us rapper men to disrespect women infront of  
friends

Nonetheless; here comes that kid Sean that I used to  
be cool with

Went to school with, now this kid is talkin fool shit

Gettin supper touchy with his lips about

How I stuck his bitch supposedly

What the fuck is this supposed to be

Sean's got nuts, he's alone, I'm wit crew

Now tell me what the fuck I'm supposed to do

I spew. Look (???) makes believers of cartoons

And I happen to know your bitch sleeps in until the  
afternoon

Honestly, my man, you don't bother me

Cause Everybody bleeds, now go and ask your seed  
who his father be

[Chorus]

I'm like "What, What" (I'm like) "What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What" (I'm like) "What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What" (I'm like) "What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What" (I'm like) "What Kid What"

[Slug]

Now Sean kicked my ass, I ain't gonna lie, ain't gonna  
laugh

It wasn't fun, but fuck 'em, I'ma get my gun

Shit like that gets done in the world of rap

If they pushin on ya vibe, you just a pussy if it slides

So I sprint up three flights, Get into the feet whipe on  
the door

Draggin dirt and blood on the rug, and the wood floor

Couldn't believe my squad just stood there and  
watched

Word to God, this boy tellin me to blame it on my cock

I'm amped, and I'ma shoot every motherfucker out  
there

I'm ill, and I'm gonna prove that shit when I get back  
downstairs

Into the bedroom, my passion aimed at the closet

Visualizing the top shelf, that's where the shoebox is

I push the top up, enough to fit my hand in

Reach into the box in a frenzy, realizing that it's empty

Hand rests in the box, head festers in an open stun

Then I remember, I don't even own a gun

[Chorus]

"What, What" (I'm like) "What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What" (I'm like) "What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What" (I'm like) "What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What" (I'm like) "What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What, (I'm like) "What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What, What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What, What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What" (I'm like) "What Kid What"

I'm like "What, What, What, What"

[Outro]

Writers Never Die

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