

and His Head Popped Off by Atmosphere

"Mama Had A Baby and His Head Popped Off"

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Trying to lift her, pull her

Six, Six, Six in the mornin and I'm takin a nap
In the back of the car, waitin for the stars to snap
The scars on my cap remind me of the time
We went to Fargo, with a car full of anxiety
An angel's breast, and a tank top
She started at my heart, she's trying to make it stop
And if I haven't learned nothin then I've learned alot
Mama had a baby and his head popped off
Give it up turn it loose, for the sake of life
If I knew now what I knew then i'd make her my wife
I been chasin these mics for too long
Debating with God bout who's right and who's wrong
Got a new song to sing, a little happier, hurtin
That I didn't learn the words until after
The fact of the matter is a matter of fact, I doubt that
I'll ever even try, to work it out to having her back
Use to skip classes, now I skip breakfast
Never skip practice and I need to flip the mattress
To help me forget the kiss, the lips, the soft
Mama had a baby and his head popped off

Mama had a baby and his head popped off
We did all that we could to try and re-attach it
I couldn't do it so I picked it up and threw it
Off the building, just to see if all the children
Were quick enough to catch it

So I'll tear down these walls, let the chips fall
Let's all go outside and play a game of kick ball
Laugh a little, and live alot
She squeals and giggles when I hit that spot
If you give me a minute and I can finish my beer
And move a tad bit closer to the limits of here
And when it gets clear, and the sun comes back
We can drive too fast, we can fly off the tracks
Tuck in your shirt, hike up your skirt
Welcome to the jungle where the tigers give birth
I only took my time because she looked so fine
And it makes me crazy trying to pay em no mind
You should save your spine and stay on the struggle

Shoot the trouble and keep the temper subtle
My rent just doubled, because they took my roommate
And I'm keepin these movies cause they all past the
due date
Close, cover, before striking
Lick a missile at the bird and try to cripple it's right wing
and I end every sentence with a . . .
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Say out loud, we must network
Should have been, more specific
Now have this, daily pressure
Some of them, just don't get it
Leave me at, the beginning
Start over and do it well
Shut my trap, stop complaining
Stay sober and step on shells
My oh my, yours oh yours (oh yours, oh yours)
And when it snows it pours
And when I'm running out of fire I just open the doors
And go sit on the porch and watch the neighborhood
wars
But I've got the sun, and I've got my son
And I've got my will to run until I'm dead and done
And this is for the love we found and the love we lost
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