

# Atmosphere, Good Times (Sick Pimpin')

This next one goes out

To all the depressed women in the house  
Whether you're taking the prozac the zanax or the paxil  
Whatever the hell they put into that capsule  
I want y'all to come up to the front of the stage  
Grab me A shot of something along the way  
Put A smile on the front of your head

[CHORUS]

Got A thing for the women that dont love themself  
So either loosen up your hair or tighten up your belt  
This time, this time is A good time  
Good times

Got A thing for the women that dont love themself  
So either loosen up your hair or tighten up your belt  
And this town, this town, is A good town  
A good time. A good time

You know while she's sitting by the window, she's waiting for her prince to come  
And here I am on the opposite side of the room trying to pretend that I'm not that dumb  
It goes older told and full of cold, but did I mention that it's well deserved  
No let's make A mess, no let's make A baby, no let's make some hell on earth  
Do you mind if I turn out the lights, if I'm going to be alone I'd rather do it in the dark  
So I stare at half of A beer half wishing that the transmission would stay in par  
She keeps the music down, so her neighbors don't complain  
Keeps the drama up, so she doesn't forget the pain  
I keep my ? inside the reaction  
And hide my pride inside of my laughter  
It goes

[CHORUS]

And I'll never forget the day you woke up  
To find A whole different world underneath your socks  
Forgot to check your pockets before you the checked the cost  
Yes man, I saw the sign, no man I couldn't stop  
Drop off, now look who got water on the lawn  
Whatever it takes to calm your tongue  
If this livingroom fills with anymore fuss  
I'm going to cut my finger, I'm going to paint these walls  
If anybody watched us  
They probably called the cops, cause  
Its obvious that neither one of us can adjust  
Discussion becomes disgust  
? the lady I thought she would save me from the bumrush  
Enough is enough, but how much is too much  
Why am I still just A sheep to your touch  
Why can't I ever fall asleep at dusk  
Why do I need to see everything crushed  
It's A big map girl, it's yours if you asked  
If it dont wash up to the shore you wont discover it  
Stand to get hotter then your head with that other shit  
Swallow it to chase to follow the suffering  
But I'm still smiling, still up to no great  
Still trying to relocate  
Somewhere I'm going to find some work that matters  
Til then all you get is my smirk and my laughter  
It goes

[CHORUS]