

Atmosphere, I Wish Those Cats @ Phobia Would

Tomorrow's forecast (flurries motherf**ker)

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
It's 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 cant f**k with the Zenith i rather critize tuesdays releases
with the elitists at the fetus

Yet another factory film is what we present
Bitch needed a ballpoint no grievance
Let's 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) thats 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 powderder 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

I'm 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 thats my weapon and im on a quest for heaven
or rent me some comprehension
It's busy as f**k 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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Think

Now i got spies positioned at varios chivos throughout the city
Lots of people thats 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
I'm trying to f**k reality but im impotent i cant get it up
'cause shes a duck and her personality sucks just my luck

I caught the wrong bus guess ill 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 cant help but wanna be innovative
But eventually the oppostion leaves you jaded

Like hell no i dont wanna be a baller
I'm 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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Think of how simple it could all be