

Atmosphere, Lyle Lovette

Hoes and tramps
buts and sluts
bitches tricks
tits and butts

[Verse 1:]

Bitches be dreamin for this eight inch demon
and when you hear me screamin, I'm about to free the seamen
wipe myself off on your couch cover
if she talks any trash I'll flash my box cutters
cause I'm rougher than any pimp you've had in your life hoe
I talk soft, walk tall, carry a rifle
kill that bullshit cause if baby gets trifled
I'm lacing the liquor with some piss and some Lysol
roll in a shit-brown Lincoln, eatin' a sticky bun
spot-check the block, big one is gonna gimme some
cause I'm a freak, I like the girls with tattoos
I once got busy in a Burger King drive-thru
I take 'em two at a time, make 'em both say my name
ain't never had three, but best believe that I'm game
and that's the key game, girl I fit words like scrabble
the inner-city cowboy with the thick herds of cattle
cruisin' lake street, gene pool ridin' shotgun
got the flyest tricky's from the Mississippi to Boston
I've got a house full of porn to keep the vibe warm
the doors always open honey, come out of the storm
yo I got daddy's little girls, ones that always stay true
I've got an uptown girl she dyes her pubic hair blue
and I've got a bitch that lives in Kenwood, rich townhouse flavour
she travels on business I'm gettin' down with the neighbors
I got a freak that drives the bus, shows me love with free rides
one hundred hoes in St. Paul but only one from east side
got a Bloomington bitch with a pool in her apartment
rug burns all over from fucking her on the carpet
got the mega-mall hoes, make them all work the food court
yo hit me up with a chicken soft taco and a couple of Newports
got a stripper bitch with body jewels and fake titties
and a hoe that lives in Fargo for when I escape the city

[Hook:]

but my favorite one, out of all of 'em, is YOUR girl
I sway the tongue never once have I been forceful
she lays it on like its a job that she loves
who's lips is these? the response is always slugs

[Verse 2:]

the Richfield bitches freak the lip gloss and hairspray
downtown women that like to fuck on the staircase
north side chicks, south side chicks, suburban chicks
love to open married women up to the pervertedness
disturbing your relationship, excuse my morals
I'm working with the way I trick 'em out, silly mortals
the words I kick, the sport I play
now what to say when I'm sittin at this buffet with these tasty morsels

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

crusin down the street in my babies mom's caprice
February got the windows cracked, wearin a fleece
hit the bus depot, yo boo you kinda cute
gimme nine and a half weeks and I'll have that freak flippin two
distribute and come across the [?]
I know its hard being young girl, let me soothe the pain
I understand you baby, straight up I understand
now lift up your ass so I can pull these fuckin' pants down
the only ones I don't do is those under eighteen
or at least I keep that shit a secret if you know what I mean
I got sluts that love to give head, and I like to watch

the way they move their tongue up and down my...

[Outro:]

Motherfucker! I can't believe your sittin down here

recordin' some bullshit like this

(Hey man it's just a song, it's just a song, it's like a joke)

Oh, you wanna be a pimp eh? you better take your ass over
to that neglected girl you got there.

(Why you always trippin' on me in front...)

Motherfucker, you got a kid, how you rhyming about some bullshit like this?