

# 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?