

Atmosphere, Say Hey There (Gotta Go To Mexico)

Watcha gonna do? Slam Doors? Break a glass?
Maybe pass out on the kitchen floor with your naked ass?
She still makes time to hate me
but basically I'm overbooked no emotional vacancy
Complacency seems so simple
Like f**k it let me be the one you fight and call mister right
It's and addiction bound to stick around
cause a junky won't bounce 'till he hits the ground (get down)
And these drugs ain't as good as we wish they were (get up)
and this buzz doesn't keep us from missin' her (get over)
And that love that built all of this emphasis
spilled enough guilt to kill Electra and Oedipus (get out)
It's easier to leave it there
Each time I see your tears makes me need a beer to relieve the fear
I wanna keep a clear sky and fly away like a meteor
outta here maybe next year I'll reappear

(Chorus)

I say hey there, we don't play fair
we can't stay here, I hope you take care (4X)

Sometimes you make me feel like such a prick
That even I'm convinced that I'm the one that's sick
You can fuss and bitch, you can cut your wrist
or you can choke on that blood from the tongue you've bit
And when you acted up, best believe I blessed you back
I've got a f**king fan base that can attest to that
I'm returning this bleeding hearts club membership card
cause I want no motherf**kin' part of it
We're just two dogs on all fours
It's a tug of war for who loves you more
Blame it on tours or locked bathroom doors
or maybe it's 'cause my voice was louder than yours (what? You jealous?)
And I'll be damned if I do this for forever
Everybody lookin' at me like I don't know better

Instead I gotta run if I'm ever gonna forget her
cause I've always been a go-getter (so whatever)

(Chorus)

And now I got a head full of better off dead
I followed down them steps, and slept in the wrong bed
If I had a breath of self-respect left
I'd set fire to the boxspring to help it catch wreck
Let these ashes represent the mattress
Director left the set but nobody told the actress
So she's still actin' as if we scheduled a practice
and my soundtrack is compromisin' her theatrics
You, you remind me of me, it's not a compliment
Get your song on
You, who you tryin' to be?
I've got no tolerance left for drama
You, you would like to go free, jump off the fence let your claws out
You, you remind me of me, run from all of them 'til they all gone
Then, here we go again, with my threats to leave
Like I've ever left a she who wouldn't let me breathe
Instead I kept it deep enough to get you to believe
that I'm incapable of escapin' and settin' you free
Well I'mma open up that map and see the nation
Call it vocation
Call it a vacation
You can find me at the airport waitin'

or maybe I'll be chain smokin' down at the train station
With the pose of a mack and my clothes in a sack
Gotta go and I don't know when I'll be back
Get my last paycheck, smash and make steps
Gone, on the run with Kool G. Rap in the tapedeck (peace)

(Chorus - 2X)