

# Atmosphere, Tonights Man (Slug)

There he goes tonights man  
The one that's putting gods smile back upon my hands  
The plan this evening, is hiding behind leaves and brush  
Quiet the breath and hush, wait for the right time to rush  
Grab your man by the forehead, slit the device across his throat  
I hold him tight while he chokes, 8,9,count to 10  
Drop the body, rip the pockets  
Come ups, cash, and plastic wrapped rockets  
Hey mister mister, you think that you're the shit  
But you looked really funny when you felt your tendon rip  
Theres a thin line between fire and fear  
Hey mister never should have set your shop up here  
Cause ive been thumping chumps that push dumpsters on be tree stumps  
Big man on the avenue becomes mommys lil speed bump  
And this punk was easy, must have hated spinach  
And the pigs all smiled they never liked you to begin with  
Aint trying to be the man no more, cause im a man now  
Im 'bout to take your crew to war  
Ive got a plan now  
Im used to blood and death, outgrew the gut wrench  
So tell the devil I said fuck him when he finds you on the bus bench

(a sample in french)