

# Atmosphere, God Loves Ugly

Atmosphere

Miscellaneous

God Loves Ugly

i wear my scars like the rings on a pimp  
i live life like the captain of a sinking ship  
the one thing that i can guarantee  
i'm like a stepping razor, i suggest you stay fair with me  
been payin dues for a decade plus,  
before that i was just another face on the bus  
tappin my foot, to the beat on the radio  
dreamin 'bout the mic and the money and the ladies  
oh mom, i promise im gonna be large  
someday im gonna stop tryin to borrow your car  
gonna go far, with charisma and skill  
until they put my face on a million dollar bill  
atmosphere, its just a ten letter word  
discretion is the name of my cement-feathered bird  
and if you didnt hear, fuck whatever heard  
i think you got the sickness i suggest you get it cured  
caught up in the mix, of a bottle full of fix  
im gonna hobble down the street 'til i reach knob creek  
its not that i dont like you, i just dont wanna speak  
you fuckin freak  
now keep your days out my week  
the world keeps a balance, through mathematics  
defined by whatever youve added and subtracted  
im pushin on the hammer, to trigger the brain  
embrace how i live it, god loves ugly

chorus

god loves ugly...

once upon a time in minneapolis, yo  
i damn near had to steal the show  
i stepped on the stage, who is it?  
my names slug ive come to kill a couple minutes  
whats up with the way, that everybody gathers around each other  
so they can steal each others sound  
if its all about gettin down with the get down  
how long i gotta wait for these fools to sit down?  
appears more clear in its simplest form  
nobody sees tears when youre sittin in a storm  
abandoning the norm, and handling the harvest  
measuring the worth by the depth of the hardships  
i welcome all the hatred you can aim at my name  
i held on to the sacred ways of how to play the game  
when the soldiers started runnin short on rations  
i began tappin the egg, to spark the hatchin  
make it happen  
and take this captain to the gallows  
i keep steerin us into an area thats shallow  
talkin to my shadow, he advised me not to worry  
he said i should plant my tree and let it rise out of the fury  
so give me some light, a little love and some liquid  
im gonna creep through the night  
and put a plug in the spicket  
and when the water grows  
and the dam starts to overflow  
ill float atop the flood, holding on to my ugly

chorus

why scream, when you can lose yourself inside the wide-screen  
let life be a bowl of melted ice cream

or be the deer thats caught in my high beams  
im rollin with the lights on, scared stiff  
reality is just too much to bear with  
paranoid, walkin around careless  
no wonder youre in love with your therapist  
go to sleep my little time bomb