

Atmosphere, Guarantees

these warehouse wages kill the ends introduction man
i should have schooled it up when i was younger should have stuck to plan, always had the dreams
so break. my body. break break. my soul down. just another zombie walking blindly through your gl
but i don't want to go home yet, so i'm gonna talk to my cigarette, and that television set, it doesn't
no overtime pay no holiday months behind on everything but the lottery went around the corner gua
my cup ain't close to filled up we trying to build up so we can have enough
and when i finally get the color wont be nothing left to paint on a friend of mine tried to kill himself to
my better half is mad at making magic out of canned goods
my tax bracket status got her questioning my manhood
my shorty got caught smoking weed at a concert
and if i smack em everybody treats me like a monster
my neighbors ain't doing much better
and we making competition instead of sticking together
can't save no nest egg
in fact this nest is rented in fact that rent is late, wait the money ain't here the raise ain't coming jus
well maybe we can speed up the process kill me in my thirties in the name of progress put me in th
contemplate my departure date doesn't take a lot to get a lot of us to talk this way
take a shot at me that's all i'm obligated for apparently my only guarantee is a walk away

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