Atmosphere, Lambslaughter (Slug)

(sample.. dont know where its from)
"Oh that is one sorry ass motherfucker
What do you say there bob?
Guy like that make it, yes or no
Uh-huh, uh-huh. Ill have to tell you that's precisely what I saw
I mean sometimes I can just look at a guy
And I know, this fellas not gonna make it

there's no fucking way, there's no fucking way"

man fuck this rap shit
i should go back to harlem(?)
letting it loose
spreading my juice
catching my portions
cause this lifestyle is justice done
its fucking your wife wild
for the excitement of a buck
with a torch and a crossbow i walk
through the corridors of hiphops castle
observing the personal battles
i climb through with a blind mans additude
my life is a mix tape an your stuck in a fucking ear loop
who the hell are you
you ressemble bait for the type of hatred that escaped
from the center of hells lake
chained to two pillars, one attatched to each arm
ignore the voices til its over and the devices keep calm
this pain dates right past the hate cats honed
towards rap rocknroll soul and government control
for as much as god loves me, because she loves ugly
im still spittin it to see if that bitch will come and fuck me