

Atmosphere, Love Is A Pimp

[Slug]

Man shut the fuck up!

It wasn't 'til like 1997 that you stopped tryin to be Prince

Whassup man? Why you look all upset all the time?

Ohhh, it's like huh

To be honest I kinda respect

the way that you be walkin around all stupid like that

And with a Sean Daly type of obsession for women

He starts off to the sunset on his sins

And he looks to the sky past the blue in the clouds

And says, "Damn God tell me you ain't proud"

Everybody's talkin 'bout the end of the world

Like everybody wanna make friends with my girl

I guess y'all got bored with the good old days

Like there ever really was any anyways

Don't ever close your eyes unless you're tryin to sleep

But you never fall asleep unless you count some sheep

And them sheep don't baa unless you fuck them raw

So shut your mouth and pretend that you're deep deep

How deep? Deeper than her panties

Deeper than the pile of steering fluid in the antifreeze

And I'll be damned if she survives the trip

Second guessin each breath that rides her lips

I'm tryin to drive the shit, only alive

to fit inside of her hips, it's time for a sip

Fibers of the mind rip into fine strips

of life and love while I was tryin to get a grip

[Chorus: x4]

Get a grip and, let it live man

Life is a bitch and love is a pimp

[Slug]

Unfocused this, broken chips

Swollen tits, solo trips

Vocal glitch, I know it's so sick

But you're still caught up in that loco bitch

Crippin, on that other level mentioned

Flippin, become the center of attention

Sniffin, now let's begin the intervention

Skip it - kill myself and be a legend

in my own brain head stains red like the flame spread

All for the jealousy sleepin in the same bed

Off with the head, cops came with the aim said

Off with the led, clouds came and the rain bled

"Shut the fuck up!" Why you wanna lie to a believer?

Stop the voices inside of my receiver

Get a grip on that bottle of fever

And quit actin like you live in a theater; bitch

[Chorus]

[Slug]

Love is a lot like a buzz

When the buzz gets strong it can spawn hallucinations

It can roll into a permanent vacation

Or it can crash just to land your ass on the pavement

Love is a lot like an ego

When it's up it can let people down

And when it's lost they wanna see it found

But when it grows everybody wanna toss it around

Love is a lot like death

It can change the way that you see

To shine in lu-cids of findin pu-ssy
To sign a new lease to life is too cheap
So hide the money, you never knew me
So spike the honey, I wish that you'd leave
I'm dyin to breathe, the fight is too sweet
I'd like to go free, I'll cry you to sleep - get a grip!

[Chorus]

[Slug]
Muscles twitch, faucet drips
The engine quits, transmission slips
The fate eclipse, the record skips
Don't slit your wrists, peace to Mr. Dibbs