

# Atmosphere, Multiples Reprise (Remix) 97

[woman singing]

You can hear the clock inside the ticking and tocking

[x7: fading out]

[man speaking]

So you see sir, my deck of cards serves me as a bible

An almanac...and a prayer book

My friends this story is true

I know

I was that soldier

[Slug]

I use to know this kid named Jesse

He could get wild on the mic but his lifestyle was sketchy, Always messy

You could catch him on the corner of 19th and 3rd

Until the cops caught him first, with pockets of rocks and herb

But there was once this cat name Ivan, he was the man

get the digits from your bitch before you could say pussy diving

Driving home drunk from the front one night

he tied his '84 Tempo round a street light

Me and Mike

Remember that scary chick Caroline

Very careful when you met her cause you knew she fucked with heroin

Mother of two, no one knew, because the twins stayed with her mom

but when they finally found the bitch still had the twist round her arm

Shit, I can't forget about that big kid Gino

fucking diesel, do damn near anything for a seno

His older sister talked his twisted ass

into killing Steves girl so she could get with Steve faster

Oh yea, speaking of Steves girl, the one that Gino killed

her name was Phadra, she use to stand on tables down at Deja

Tits and clits and car payments and rent and emcee seek tuition

[chorus]

And this goes to those of y'all that wanna fuck my girl

or be down with my crew, or be part of my world

Be leary of what you wish for

cause its more than rhymes and good times behind this door

Oh yo yo-yo-yo-yo yo

I know this kid named Moses

Use to buy all the tapes and say that Headshots was the dopest

When up for raping a chick in a mall parking lot

Now I hope he gets a dick and broomstick in every orifice

Free Love

Thats what Heather use to say

but when I took her up on it, she said that she was gay

Well, wait a minute, why you shake your ass to any cat with a link

looked me in me eye, smiled and said Free Drinks!

My man Todd had a tight studio up inside his home

and if you had some coke you could come and bless the microphone

Starting selling equipment to fill the pipe

fuck this life, Todd hung himself with a cord from that mic

Cynthia wanted to travel, drive around the country

left the city on a journey, came back with a junkie

He use to beat her, if it wasn't physical it was mental

He didn't leave her until she tried to stab him with a pencil

That kid Jay he was a thief, stole bikes and cars

Use to get real high and try to drive to Mars

One night got hot while approaching a road block

shut his eyes, hit the gas and ran right over a cop

Damn!

And this goes to those of y'all that wanna fuck my girl

or be down with my crew, or be part of my world

Be leary of what you wish for  
cause its more than rhymes and good times behind this door

Its the blood clot blues, the gun-shot wounds  
the needles and spoons, doomed from the womb til the tomb  
For whom the bell tolls, this will pay for the toll free calls made  
underage, she said that Jesus gave her AIDS  
Now and days the life of fuck follows folks  
in my city and some flip their trucks over center meridians  
Some do their drugs to float above the stress  
and some overdose so they can finally rest  
Many walk around like they blind to the mishap  
talk-show gospel, smell the tic-tacs and Simulax  
Six pack to make the good and bad balance  
Walking tall is a gift and steady breathing is a challenge  
Adaption, domesticated bitch to your surroundings  
you quit singing along but the ball kept bouncing  
Now we keep to self and step over the vermon  
found me sleeping in a pool of my own sweat and urine  
I'm determined to find a path so I can leave you all  
I miss the rise and I ain't trying to see the fall  
So this goes to those that trying to rest in peace  
save me a seat and we'll play chess when I get released

And this goes to those of y'all that wanna fuck my girl  
or be down with my crew, or be part of my world  
Be leary of what you wish for  
cause its more than rhymes and good times behind this door

These are people who tried, tried  
These are people who tried, tried  
These are people who tried, tried  
All my friends, they tried..

[man speaking]  
So you see sir, my deck of cards serves me as a bible  
An alamanac...and a prayer book  
My friends this story is true  
I know  
I was that soldier