

# Atmosphere, Panic Attack (The P.A.)

Little momma got a little pill to swallow  
A little water to follow it down the tunnel  
Gotta lotta walls but the house is hollow  
Got a lot of holes, never found the shovel  
Panic attack, so what's the plan of attack?  
You had to be had. You cut in half. You had to react  
You battle with your shadow from front to back  
Stack up the stats. Handle the math, and that'll be that  
Hold your head up. I know your fed up  
But don't let it get up to the top of them steps love  
Instead of playin' with the pieces that got messed up  
get dressed up, we goin' out to catch the best buzz  
Self-medicated, spirit on elevated  
Help take the self-made self-hate and celebrate it  
And I could tell you hated it when you felt naked  
but the poison tastes great, wanna know how the hell they made it?  
And if the dizzy don't kill you, the city will  
Simply for the thrill of wiping up a sticky spill  
Little tricky get busy of a fifty bill  
So take the little pill straight to your pretty grill

[Chorus]

Here it comes, there it goes again. Panic attack. [x8]  
So what you drinking? So what you popping?  
So what you eating? So what you dropping?  
So what you smoking? So what you sniffing?  
So how you coping? So what's the difference?  
Contagious, it runs like the paint does  
Sedate the sober and over anxious  
The pages of pain that make the songs on the playlist  
The renegade rain that jumped just to flood the basement  
Look honey everybody needs a help-up buddy  
No body's drug-free, the streets would be hella bloody  
Do you call yourself a patient of a junky?  
The only thing that separates is who takes your money  
All smile like we're gonna go buck wild  
Order up a shot, prescription filled up now  
Pop another (what?) distracted by the rush while  
we fight all night about what to name the love child  
I'm on that go nuts life that got that gold touch  
Fresh fly wild bold what like the cold crush  
No luck, don't hold much, just an old flush  
made up of hearts Queen high off the faux-blush  
Freak outs, leak out, and bleed out, and speak out  
and reroute and seak out the weak crowd  
And we doubt, but when I see it keep out  
the beast I'll believe for now, it's all "peace, I gotta be out."

[Chorus]

Here it comes, there it goes again. Panic attack. [x8]