

# Atmosphere, You Played Yourself

What's up? My name is Sean, nice to meet you  
So what brings you backstage in this theater?  
Oh, you're in the crew that plays first  
I should of noticed all four of y'all wore the same shirts  
I bet you got a demo of your work right  
Can you leave it with my merch guy?  
Well, word up, good luck tonight  
And don't forget to drink water, and don't cup that mic  
Do me a favor, stay away from Ant's beer  
No, you can't bring your fans back here  
Nah, I'm straight, you can keep your drugs, in fact  
Keep 'em in the alley out back behind the club  
And drop the attitude  
Why you acting like that little sticky pass is some kinda right of passage, dude?  
Keep rapping till you get discovered  
But better believe, it's last time we ever see each other

Cause you played yourself  
"Uh, yeah, of course I remember you man, uh, how you been man? How you doin man?"  
You played yourself  
"They told me that you tried to pick a fight with your own DJ?"  
You played yourself  
"Nah I didn't see your set man, I was, I was sleeping on the bus"  
You played yourself  
"Uh yeah, go talk to that guy, him, he'll give you some drink tickets, word"

New York, at the Bowery getting down  
With Grayskul, P.O.S. and Fillmore Brown  
My first time touring with a live band  
Trying to hide all the fear behind a mic stand  
I just want to move around and keep it versatile  
But tonight, some kid took it personal  
I stopped my set, yo, what you yelling 'bout?  
With your middle up, calling me sell out  
Then security rushed him like a gang fight  
Wait, don't kick him out, man, it ain't right  
But they wasn't listening to Slug  
I'm just the artist on the stage, they don't really give a fuck  
So I finished up my set  
Then I ran out the front door to see if I could catch him  
And there he was, mad and drunk  
So I gave him his money and sent him off with a hug

Man, you played yourself  
"Man, you can barely stand up, and you trying to call me names, come on, man"  
You played yourself  
"I understand, I understand, dude, I was just like you when I was 15 years old"  
You played yourself  
"Talking about, you ain't The Roots, you ain't The Roots, why you got a band, man?"  
You played yourself  
"Do me a favor, throw away my CDs, I don't want no stupid fans"

Girl, please, don't treat me like you treat a toy  
You wouldn't look twice if I was the pizza boy  
You ain't got to flash me your ass and tits  
I'd rather fantasize that you're a rap advocate  
Look around, you see all these women?  
They came for the music, you came for the scenesterism  
The validating game is degrading  
Got me cornered at the bar to boost your ratings  
I'm getting too old for the trap  
Go wiggle that cleavage at the opening act  
Plus you smell like a bucket of vodka  
I would never put my meat sauce up in that pasta

The show's over, so why you waiting by the bus  
Like I'm supposed to be impressed with the basics  
You don't believe that I don't want to see you naked  
But I'm not hanging out, take care, and stay safe kid

You played yourself

"Yeah, actually, I have heard somebody say that to me before"

You played yourself

"You realize, I can clearly see your clitoris through your jeans"

You played yourself

"Look, you are closer to my son's age than you are to mine"

You played yourself

"Look, look, the Living Legends are right there, right over there, go over there!"