

# Guns and Cigarettes

## Atmosphere

(What's your name foo?)

Rappers steppin' to me  
They wanna get some  
But most of them should go and try to boost their monthly income  
Speaking over beats is the only time I feel complete  
I don't hear the weak and I don't fear defeat  
So what you got?  
Connect the dots, I'll raise the pot  
Remove the blood clot from the brain of hip hop  
The name remains in tip-top shape  
I'm still the back rapper scapegoat in the aim of their hate  
I came in late, took a chair in the rear  
But my classmates were unaware how long I'd really been there  
My peers have been held back for years, holding back the tears  
Everybody knows our name like we was the cast from "Cheers"  
So here's to the good times, tonight is mighty special  
So fasten your seatbelts, cause I'm gonna launch this vessel  
Ain't gonna land until I'm bigger than Espo  
And bigger than ecstasy and bigger than techno

I wanna bigger than Jesus and bigger than wrestling  
Bigger than the Beatles and bigger than breast implants  
I'm gonna be the biggest thing to hit these little kids  
Bigger than guns, bigger than cigarettes

A few years ago an ex-girl of mine  
Asked me to keep her name out of my rhymes  
So I said this rhyme that I'm about to say  
It came from the heart and it went this way:  
Go to hell girl, you make me sick!  
I hope your new boyfriend gets cancer in his dick  
What the fuck makes you think I'd put your name on my record?  
there, now I feel a lot better  
You know what?  
I ain't drank a forty since I became old enough to drink  
Not caught up in what the fuck these people think  
Cause when I die they're gonna find the missing link  
But tonight I'm gonna vomit it in the kitchen sink  
I'm suprised more of y'all don't get hit by cars  
Missing your surroundings, staring at the stars  
I'm lonely without a woman that wants to spar  
That's why I spend so much time in these bars  
Drunk poolside, screaming, "Do or die!"  
Looking at the water asking, "Who am I?"  
Saw my reflection, Yes! I'm super fly!  
And as you can guess again, I'm too damn high

(What'd they say to you?)

But they said, "Drop dead."  
I can't, I got a lot left  
More than just another arrogant, asshole pot-head  
In the top ten, who you love to hear on tracks  
Smiling for the camera while I surf upon your ear wax  
This beer's flat and she kisses like a stripper  
I'm coming to terms with my status as a drifter

Girl, I'm only in this town for one night  
And these neon lights are keeping me distracted from my plight  
I feel like a legend on a leash  
Making an effort to break every piece that I can reach  
Yeah, I got something to say, and even more to teach  
But first let me scrape these feces from my cleats  
Standing on the roof, complaining to the moon  
The only time I tell the truth is when I'm naked in my bedroom  
Soon I'm gonna reap the harvest of my struggles  
But from now on, y'all can call me sluggles

Bigger than Jesus  
Bigger than wrestling  
Bigger than the Beatles  
Bigger than breast implants  
(2x)  
Bigger than guns, bigger than cigarettes