

# Idiot

## Atmosphere

Whoever taught you how to speak your mind  
Never knew you'd turn out to be an idiot  
And I might be stupid  
But I'ma keep it movin' like I know what I'm doin'  
Whoever thought you had a God damn clue  
Never knew you'd turn out to be an idiot  
I might be a fool  
But I seem so cool when I'm next to you  
Aight

I was in the middle of a selfie  
When you were trying to text me  
Genius Interuptus  
Swing like Kirby Puckett  
I'm as subtle as an alien abduction in public  
Somebody call the cops  
Suck it, blow the trumpet until the bubble pops  
And butter up another batch of those muffin tops  
I'm just trying to find a balance  
Wound up with a wife and a gang of kids  
Her kiss tastes like black licorice  
And now I'm riding in the back of her ambulance  
Knock knock knockin' on heavens door  
Let me in yo I got a laminate  
I guess Its my job to let y'all know  
That those my nuts y'all tampered with

I'm not the coolest  
I'm just a dude thats got some flows  
Attitude, a lot of soul  
I got a wood nameplate says "I wish you Gold"  
And this watch don't even work  
And these people only came for the cheap dessert  
And we can fight over a piece of dirt  
Like all y'all ain't gunna leave the Earth  
Might as well keep sand in a baggy  
My favorite people call me Dad or Daddy  
I never claimed to be too smart  
I never been afraid of a new start  
Luck-ay siete my wifes so fly all the suckers envy  
Shes a beautiful soul to have and to hold  
And wipe my butt when I get old

Hey mamma can I call you Cupcake  
You remind me of a status update  
You're the wind beneath my limbs  
It might sound weird but you look like Prince  
Bang Bang under purple rain  
Fertilized the egg in the back of a mustang  
No shame, ain't no thang  
Baby came out lookin' like k.d. Lang, Yeaah