

Say Hey There

Atmosphere

What ya gonna do? Slam Doors? Break a glass?
Maybe pass out on the kitchen floor with your naked a#\$?
She still makes time to hate me
But basically I'm overbooked no emotional vacancy
Complacency seems so simple
Like f#*k it, let me be the one you fight and call mister right
It's an addiction bound to stick around
Cause a junky won't bounce till he hits the ground
These drugs ain't as good as we wish they were
This buzz doesn't keep us from missin her
And that love that built all of this emphasis
Spilled enough guilt to kill Electra and Oedipus
It's easier to leave it there
Each time I see your tears makes me need a beer to relieve the fear
I wanna keep a clear sky and fly away like a meteor
Outa here, maybe next year I'll reappear

I say hey there, we don't play fair
You can't stay here, I hope you take care
Sometimes you make me feel like such a p%^@k
That even I'm convinced that I'm the one that's sick
You can fuss and bitch, you can cut your wrist
Or you can choke on that blood from the tongue you've bit
And when you acted up, best believe I blessed you back
I've got a fucking fan base that can attest to that
I'm returning this bleeding hearts club membership card
Cause I want no motherfuckin part of it
We're just two dogs on all fours
It's a tug of war for who loves you more
Blame it on tours or locked bathroom doors
Or maybe it's cause my voice was louder than yours
And I'll be damned if I do this for forever
Everybody lookin at me like I don't know better
Instead I gotta run if I'm ever gonna forget her
Cause I've always been a go-getter

I say hey there, we don't play fair
You can't stay here, I hope you take care
And now I got a head full of better off dead
I followed down them steps, and slept in the wrong bed
If I had a breath of self-respect left
I'd set fire to the box spring to help it catch wreck
Let these ashes represent the mattress
Director left the set but nobody told the actress
So she's still actin as if we scheduled a practice
And my soundtrack is compromising her theatrics

You remind me of me, it's not a compliment, get your song on
Who you trying to be? I've got no tolerance left for drama
You would like to go free, jump off the fence, let your claws out
You remind me of me, run from all of them till they all gone

Then here we go again with my threats to leave
Like I've ever left a she who wouldn't let me breathe
Instead I kept it deep enough to get you to believe
That I'm incapable of escaping and setting you free
Well I'ma open up that map and see the nation

Call it vocation, call it a vacation
You can find me at the airport waiting
Or maybe I'll be chain smoking down at the train station
With the pose of a mack and my clothes in a sack
Gotta go and I don't know when I'll be back
Get my last pay check, smash and make steps
Gone, on the run with Kool G. Rap in the tape deck

I say hey there, we don't play fair
You can't stay here, I hope you take care [4X]