

# WAVES

atlas

This that laid back, cool shit, speeding past a cruise ship  
Left you in the past tense, bloody, need a new lip  
Cool, wrist like alaska, 'cause it's icy tho  
We could make you live a half-life like an isotope  
I've been drinking alcohol, but I ain't talking isopropyl  
Feel like I'm about to fall, them bags under my eyes are purple  
Woah, floor getting slicker with every shot  
Woah, why you got your britches in a knot?

It's the sicker spitter, hit a lick, and duck off in the Dodge  
'Cept I'm more than likely hoarding someone's blunt in a garage  
In the midwest, yeah, it's all a front or a facade  
Such a bummer to be awful at the only thing you got  
But you managing it pretty well, vile with the flow  
Think it's winterfell, wrist look like a pile of the snow  
I don't kiss and tell, if she wanna fly out for a show  
Then I come and then I go, 'cause I'm always on the road

Don't mistake it or hate it, I made my plate out of waste  
And went to the attic from basement, moving up in my placement  
From depressed and complacement to "I'ma flex 'til I change it"  
When no one knew what my name was, I still wrote page after pag  
e

I suppose that if I make it, then that's why  
But I don't really wanna be that guy  
Yeah, I don't wanna look like the bad guy  
But most my competition on standby

So I'ma come through and kill 'em and dig into beats  
I brag about nothing but make that shit heat  
They getting jealous when they listen to me  
But speaking back'll get 'em ripped into pieces  
Pennsylvania to the borderline  
From east Manhattan to the Torrey Pines  
I'm the central the topic like Florida time  
And I'm passing if she only sorta fine

And that's that... yeah... fax, no printer shit  
Finally got some bands but I don't act no different  
Thinking 'bout the old days... bagged no mistresses  
Was listening to Coldplay... yeah, don't mention it, whatever