

7th St. Entry

Atmosphere

Now see, maybe if your tag was dope
I'd actually lend a little credibility to your statements
But honestly, your penmanship's fucked
The way I see it, someone should at least slap you for even holding a marker

I hope the kid who wrote my name in the entry bathroom
Has the nuts and time for us to sit and chat soon
So I can ask 'em "Why the fuck am I on your mind bitch?"
You could've signed it, but stayed silent cause you're spineless
If you was a man, you'd come at me on the mic level
But you're light yellow just like the walls on which you write fellow
When I first viewed it, I'll admit it had me quite pissed
But now I've accepted it, in fact I kind of like this
I really wish I knew your identity
Probably not even an emcee, just another who pretends to be
Or maybe the jealousy of one who's baby-baby has eyes for me
It's nineteen-ninety-sev', nothing surprises me
Envy can make a motherfucker immature
So can boredom, a buzz or the curse of being insecure
C'mon now, some little trick with a marker and a chip
on his shoulder don't mean shit, I want the world in my grip
I bet your girl's on my dick, she digs the skills
She's a bigger head than you, so give me head and head for the hills
Little bitch, donkey dick sucking ass-fuck
Glue sniffing, half a testicle base head selling plasma
Publicity, good or bad, the same to an emcee
I think I found your limits to fame over on Seventh Street
I dedicate my name to those who view me as an enemy
and I'ma mark the planet for every mark in the entry

Entry, enter me
What's funny about the whole shit
is that like two, maybe three years from now
You little cockroaches that talk shit about me and my crew
are gonna be thanking us for kicking down the door
and putting this shit on the globe
Britches, y'all wanna burn bridges?
Just remember in the back of your bitch mind that I'm partially responsible
for anyone tryna hear your wack ass to begin with
And to that child who writes about me in the Seventh Street bathroom
Thanks for buying our tapes, you can size me up
and I hope your first born never learns how to read
Sincerely Slug, Atmosphere
A subdivision of Rhymesayers Entertainment motherfucker

Enter me, study me, cause I know that you know that
(Eventually, suddenly) Size me up
Enter me, study me, cause I know that you know that
(Eventually, suddenly) Size me up
Enter me, study me, cause I know that you know that
(Eventually, suddenly) Size me up
Enter me, study me, cause I know that you know that
(Eventually, suddenly)
(Eventually, you will suddenly see a fist to your jaw, a clap in that ass)