

Higher Living

Atmosphere

Follow me, everybody spread around, I want you all to hear this
Join me, sit down, sit down
I wanna tell you 'bout something, I got story or something
Listen

I knew this girl named Roulette-lette-lette
The coolest woman I ever met, met, met
I never tried to hook it up, up
But I used to fantasize about the guts
Fuck, bust nuts, rush
Grab the gold and carry it in your mouth
But I'm a try to hold the microphone and turn the party out
And if it's the type of crowd that doesn't like to shout, fuck it
I'll give 'em something to chew on, something to talk about
Snap, crackle pop rock, never had a sawed-off
Don't never wanna blow up, 'cause I never wanna fall off
Adjacent to that vacant lot, next to the weed spot
Sits a headshop, beneath a tree watching peace talks
So let me catch a round of applause
So maybe I can persuade some lady out of her bra (come on baby)

Ladies and gentlemen...
We now ask that you give a warm Minnesota nice welcome to MC
I've gotta be your man on the mic, you know...
Ladies and gentlemen, give it up
Put your hands together, put your hands...

Cause if we can't do it together
We'll do it apart
Ain't no way we'll ever make it how it was at the start
But that's a given
Now within the distance of your vision measure the persistence
How are you living?

I'll smack the whack and sell 'em crack while I'm laying down my mack
(I'm trying to tell you homeboy)
I'll get sick on a trick, talking shit firm grip on my dick
(Ayo bitch I got what you need bitch, yo, yo)
I make moves and get loose wearing a camouflage goose
(And that's juice, like what, what, what, what)
Yes, yes, I never stress
Make a mess on the mic sipping a Becks, wearing a vest
'Cause well, you know
It's that Rhyesayer with a razor, truck jewelry, Chuck Taylors
(Yo man, pass that blunt kid, yo kid, kid)
Tall sharp and handgun, paid a ransom for these pants dun
So step off kid you're playing me too close

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Killed all the thoughts about killing all the cops
No longer get as pissed off when I have to jerk my dick off

I just want a mic and a crowd and if that's asking for too much
Fine, lemme just have that mic and I'll be alright (I'll be alright)
Stuck, between a rock and the sky
With an option to buy and I got lost in a lie
Tossed them fakes out the door, I ain't your whore
I make music, can you feel it?
Cool, then I'm a make some more
Yes, yes ya'll you are now rocking with the best of the mess hall
In root to the basement, while Ant drives the vessel
All apologies to those insulted
By the repulsive vultures that fly loose when I'm seduced by the impulses
(By the impulses)
Defense mech in effect, protect the rep
From all forms of public infliction
But listen I love the ripping, so fuck the friction it takes focus off what'
s the mission
(Yo tell 'em what's the mission)
To be the man on the mic, to be the man on your mind
To be the man that made you push rewind
To be that mother fucker over there on that mic
You know what that means?
That means I can show you what I need you to see, see, see
(See here, what you need to do is follow, follow us baby
Before you can... what you need to do is see, see, see, see, see)

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