

## Jerome

## Atmosphere

I ain't the one  
I never was the one, just another son of a son of a gun  
Grandpa had the skin of a drum  
Ru-ru-run but you can't escape what you came from  
Bite your tounge, chew blood like it's gum  
Climb aboard the diving board, time gets shorter when a child is born  
I'm a quiet storm but when I'm dry and warm I take final form until you slice the chord  
And make the line go flat on that life support  
I gotta make some space so I can reach these stars  
My face looks like an old race car, tryin' to put it together before it came apart  
And when they lay my parts where my name is carved, they should save my heart in this mason jar  
Minnesota, Uber drivers, Google Maps to the universal fibers  
You're nobody 'til you stole some lighters, cat burglar disguised as a nervous tiger  
We've been to many places but earth is liver  
Save it, give me likes and favorites  
Everybody's famous, I'mma need a lifetime of patience  
Remind me what your name is? You won't find me in the known locations  
I'd rather be alone in my beautiful basement, whoo!

This on my list of shit to do, after I pick which whisper to listen to  
And you can kiss my ass until your lips are blue, uh  
Or we can fight about it after school  
Whatever you have to do, I'm cool

When I leave this Earth, feel the after tremors, might see my curse upon the back of the mirrors  
Graffiti bridge is all tags and stickers, but we are the children of the action figures  
And now we drop likes matchsticks, figures  
I got too many friends, and I can't keep up with the trends  
And I know that I'm supposed to pretend, like I'm afraid of the day that it's all gonna end  
Where the hell have you been? And how did time get spent, huh?  
I gotta, gotta stop messin' about  
Stick the neck out like you're stretching it out  
The king wears a crown made of clouds, the whole crowd will get loud if you miss this foul  
If you don't mind I'mma go mind my business now, whoo

This on my list of shit to do, after I pick which whisper to listen to

And you can kiss my ass until your lips are blue, uh  
Or we can fight about it after school  
But all ya'll are full of shit, and I'm cool