

Secret

Atmosphere

If fact I remember you
You rap too? Oh that's right
Yeah you used to come to my shows
Whenever I was in your city
I guess I should apologize for giving you the credit
Of being more intelligent than you looked
I guess it's a good thing that God loves ugly
Yo, remember when you asked me for some advice?

Come one, it's easy, all you gotta do
Is nod to the beat, talk about what's wrong with you
I did it, a couple others did too
And you can follow in these footprints if shoes fit you
From all regions now, they're trying to steal the style
Look they bit me, and I'm tryin to hide my smile
Cause I tell you, ain't much as flattering
As a grasshopper tryin to smash a teacher with a battle ram
I ain't made, always been a fan of flashbacks
Go ahead, wear your heart on your backpack
But don't forget my name when you start to talk shit
Up in the atmosphere with God in the cockpit
Self-deprecate my way to a better fate
Meditate through the hate, let 'em speculate
Elevate the heat, burn 'em up like hot cakes
Cops came late, tried to fix it all with scotch tape
Pain, the brand new escape, from the brain
And strange days that came with the mistakes
Mis-tastes a little bit to dangerous
I see where they hittin makes me wonder what they aimin with

That's gotta hurt man, put it in the chorus
See if I can get your girlfriend to sing it for us
She like it, it helps her understand you
And you like it, it helps you understand too
And I should walk away, it's getting hard to keep control
When I'm checking all these stalkers, and my records aren't even gold
Breathe in slow, conserve the temper
Show these mother fuckers what this microphone is meant for

Try not to curse, it hurts the verse
It proves that you have a strong lack of better words
But sometimes nothing can replace a cut
Just turn up the bass and come face the front
They ain't trying to listen if you've got a lot to say
And some nothing, still catch a lot of pay
Man, I wanna play, but I'm not gonna walk my way
Back to Coney Island just to catch a couple props today
I nominate myself as the governor
Faced in front of the judge, like I wasn't fuckin her
Yes ma'am, no ma'am, get with the program
Already had you bent over the desk singin slow jams
Peace to the Molemen, Murs, Sage Francis
Anyone else done the work, can take chances
First and the last months rent takes precedent
Other than that, god bless the Fifth Element
Don't give a fuck what ya'll think of Slug

Take your fangs out if you ain't drinkin blood
And blame it on that life you don't live
But shit talking says more about you than we kid

And now we gotta a little secret (don't we) [repeated in background as well]
And every time I see you man, I'm gonna remember
You are not who you wish you were
You are not what you wish you were right?
Do me a favor man, you hate me?
Just walk past me man, don't even acknowledge me
Just pretend I don't exist man, don't even look at me man
Ba-bam ba-bam-BAM [repeated]

We land on your plate like a housefly
Just another face from the southside
The fall guy, all eyes on the tall small fry
While I try not to make your doll cry
What you call "fly"? What you call "fresh"
Multi-bulls-eye-sex-and-checks-and-death
I guess I'm best left for dead in a breath
That was never impressed by what's possessed
Girlfriend I need your help
Cause the head on my shoulders won't fuck itself
And when you're ready come around uptown
Up Up girl let your strap down, put your strap down