

Southsiders

Atmosphere

Whole Southside
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Biddie bye bye, biddie bye bye, biddy bye bye, what?

Whole Southside been up in your guts
Don't know how to describe how much you suck
And it's not just you, but everyone of you plus
Follow each other around like a bunch of ducks
Just turn the music up and get dumb
Stretch your skin around the biggest drum
Born from a neighborhood of click and run
And already gave away my stick of gum
Just find a torch and light the ceiling
Life's too short to fight the feeling
I get a little paranoid for no reason
When the jukebox plays Don't Stop Believin'
My level dries like a rebel
But it's alright, it's a rental
Your consent is so incidental
We want what we want, we ain't trying to settle
We last forever through the echo
Some say special, some say essential
Went to hell to threaten the devil
And separate the horns like bass and trebel

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Wrote my name on blocks of cinder
Kissed my name on top of winter
Say my name when you're in denial
But not too many times, it might dim your smile
And if it's all the same
I'm a flood that thin little train that you call a lane
Knocked down any walls that remain
I'll bring the balls and y'all bring the chains
When I'm dead you can flip the mattress
Put me in a jar and kiss my ashes
Or put my body in the middle of traffic
Buttnaked in a glasscasket, what?
Minneapolis, got love for the after kiss
Y'all the baddest bitch, so passionate
Let me hear you say fuck the establishment
Say it, show me a player that's mad at this
And I'mma show you a hater and a masochist
Y'all think that I got a damn to give
Do I look like I drive a fucking ambulance?

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