

# The Future Is Disgusting

Atmosphere

Rock the house and you can wrap your lips around my microphone  
Spread your wings and fly me home  
Find my partner and depart the party  
I probably had to love you the hard way  
Maybe we was drunk out back with the dumpster breath  
She know how to treat me like something spesh  
Flunk the class but she pass the test  
She got a portrait tattoo of Funkmaster Flex  
Girl I'll take you to Egypt for no reason  
Other than skeezin' in hotels in regions  
That look over scenery pieces of history  
Mixing my semen up with your secretions  
Hot butter on my breakfast toast  
She's still got the best approach  
And don't forget to check those that never be ghost  
And keep your enemies close

If you was a robot I'd lick you on your touch screen  
Later when you act new I'll holler at your vacuum

I think we're about to get eighty-sixed  
They don't appreciate the way we kiss  
Give a fuck what you find inappropriate  
It's a bar not a church your holiness  
Now let me get an ahooga  
Roll up a joint look like a bazooka  
All I know is they try not to show you  
How little they actually hold with their own two  
Ayy I'm the loud balloon  
I might howl at the moon in the middle of the afternoon  
Never had a lot never hit a jackpot  
Who wanna party with the bad bad dad bod  
And I ain't got the time to wonder  
You never know if this will be your last summer  
Now go ahead and shut your whole chapped lip pucker  
You bicycle seat sniffin' motherfucker