

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