

# The Jackpot / Swept Away

## Atmosphere

Staring over that stretch, into the horizon  
With my eyes and ears closed sealed with a clear code  
I'm at loss for words, but I know a lot of words for loss  
Got a whole lot of excuses to curse and stomp  
Fuck you very much and kiss me goodbye  
Because I'm leaving on the next high  
(All copulatory systems are down) ain't no sex allowed  
Now all crowd around me and show me what you found  
He got the truth, and she got the groove, and they rape them youth, and he's  
got the proof  
Now, nobody move nobody gets nowhere progress halt  
It's all my fault and I don't care  
Here I am behold this pale whore  
Kinda sore throat blown contours to the core of hell following the course  
Endorsed by the force and honey I just wanna hug your curves like a porsche  
Go ahead throw them Source back issues on the fire  
To fuel the flame get me high lose the blame, let me smile  
Tonight's the night crack me a Lowenbrow  
And touch my swollen crown when I hold it down  
Well on the level of actually she found me flaccid  
Skipped class to be fashionably absent  
Got me thinking coffee-drinking toss my anger cross the loose-leaf life  
Watch me sink into the mind-state, while I'm awake to find fate  
Let the pupils dilate fly high like the crime rate  
Mosquito bait baby keep me up to date who you love today  
Gimme a pound and I'm on my way

"Get out my life woman; you don't love me no more"  
"Shake a leg baby girl it's the jackpot"  
"Get out my life woman; you don't love me no more"  
"Shake a leg baby girl it's the jackpot"  
"You don't love me no more" "it's the jackpot"

And now I'm mad at that imaginary line that's on the floor  
What do you mean we should stay in touch what for?  
Not exactly sure but I agree with your motive, the poison took hold  
Because the dose was sugarcoated  
The world is full of people who want nothing short of perfect  
Yet they settle for less, blinded by their quest for purpose  
First hit I knew it was for me it made me think here I sink now  
And I don't remember why I drink  
I gotta pay the phone bill, scrape off the roadkill, hold still  
Here's another girl acting like king of the mole hill  
Yo step with stride I got this pet named pride  
And I'ma-hide him in my pocket til the day that I die  
And I've got this pet peeve that I only let out to eat  
Poked hole on the top of the jar so he can breath  
And when he's old enough I will set him free and let him breed  
Teach his kids how to build bombs and shoot speed  
True indeed I'm all about the lines around the block  
The good times hiphop and writing rhymes about my cock  
So fuck the world fuck love fuck man and you  
I hope you drown face down in your dandruff shampoo

Thank you for making me creating me sedating me taking me appreciating me  
Embrasing me abrasively tasting me and waiting patiently  
I promise to pay you back on the day we're free

I wanna thank you for hating me  
Frustrating me escaping me sticking that stake in me and blatantly  
Breaking me erasing me defacing me and replacing me  
I promise to pay you back on the day we're free

She ain't happy when I'm around, she's mad when I'm gone  
So I'mma drink this pint of whiskey and go pass out on the lawn  
And when she leaves to go to work she'll find me in my stupor  
Start my day off with an angel, wreck her morning with a loser  
I'm true to the game, don't know the rules to the game  
Ruin my shoes stompin through puddles and pools in my brain  
I can remove my heart to shave my legs  
But no matter how soft I walk I still manage to break them eggs

I wanna thank you for making me creating me sedating me taking me  
Appreciating me and embrasing me abrasively tasting me and waiting patiently  
I promise to pay you back on the day we're free

I wanna thank you for hating me frustrating me escaping me  
Sticking that stake in me and blatantly breaking me erasing me defacing me r  
eplacing me  
I promise to pay you back on the day we're free

"Let me clear my throat"  
"Kick it over here baby pop"  
"And let all the fly skippers feel the beat--drop?"

Boom!  
It's the way she moves that broom thats got me consumed  
And it ain't' got nothin' to do with the sweepin'  
It's the look on her face, that's got me displaced  
Plus the fact that she's probably got no clue I'm peepin'  
She's deep into routine  
Cleanin off the sidewalk  
Infront of the shop she works  
1:15 am, me parked in the car  
On the street, maybe 30 feet from the spot she sweeps  
Emotions achin', who is this human?  
And why's she chewin' my attention  
The action, unaware, innocent, purely accident  
And whom I askin this?  
I'm alone, in the passenger seat of this Awaitin' my companion, but damn man  
, she's got me distracted  
And it's not just the fact that she's attractive  
It's the whole kit-n-kabootle  
From the look on her face, to her taste in shoes, to the way she moves  
It inspires me to sit and doodle, so  
While I write  
She wipes down the tagged up picnic tables outside of the It's missin not a  
spot  
And here I sit once again, with a pen  
And a desire to be entirely lost in a world of them ..