

# They Call It

## Atmosphere

Don't you love it madly when it sleeps in your basement  
On some gladly-pay-you-Tuesday-for-a-hamburger-today shit?  
And don't you love the way you can relate  
To everything your favourite rapper has to say about your hatred?  
Get a hobby, now why they wanna watch me  
In some hotel lobby getting sloppy with this pillow built mommy?  
Probably never be global like 2Pac  
But the local boys will beat my shit hard in their jukebox  
Sitting here pretending I'm not tipsy  
Watching over sensitive hippies use my records for they dog Frisbees  
Be a good little fishy  
And book me a ticket to your city so your girlfriend will kiss me  
I'm the bee that came to pollinate the flower  
Make a meal, borrow a towel and take a shower  
It's called love, in return they make bread  
Pay dollars, make beds, catch buzz, give head

They call it love and I get plenty of it  
The rich kids burn it, my broke people dub it  
They call it hate and I get plenty of it  
The snakes always wanna put your name where their tongue splits  
They call it love and I get plenty of it  
Give hugs to the public, put plugs in the budget  
They call it hate and I get plenty of it  
But they know who to call when they want the party jumping

We bust into your system, search through the evidence  
Opening hoping to find why you love your residence  
Puts your fists up or put your chips up  
Advocate, act adult or get your fabric ripped up  
They said like what? Like they didn't know me  
Six foot three, ugly mug and a simple flow  
Like that? Like that! And a bottle of Jimmy Beam  
Peace, my name is Slug and I'm down with the winning team  
They wanna kill my steam, I didn't care  
Just lead me to the Phoebe with the pretty hair  
Jumping up and down with the passion of a battle  
Jester of the kingdom, see me mack 'em at the castle  
Sean is such an asshole! Nah I'm a dickhead  
Stealing cigarettes from the rest of the mislead  
Enjoy me, avoid me, do what you must do  
But man up and understand why they don't love you

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Looking through your pinhole, who you gonna insult?  
Atmosphere get up in here, yeah, where'd your grin go?  
Got a sock full of nickels and quarters  
For unsupportive cock smokers that wanna ripple these waters  
You hate to love it, keep changing up the subject

Still ain't saying nothing, we knew that you would jump ship  
Get back inside your magic pumpkin you puppet  
Cause all you got left in your life is a big 'What if?'  
No names, this pertains to a flock of you  
The fuck you gonna do when no one's watching you?  
Sweep up the fuck-ups, tighten up the lug nuts  
Let your world turn with no concern for what Slug does  
I'm not number one, I'm just my mother's son  
No regrets, show respect, what's done is done  
I understand why you're so discouraged  
Now show your love like it was when you was this moment

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"We may not do this recording again, and maybe not give it to fellas again  
So we hope you enjoyed listening to this album half as much  
As we enjoyed playing it for you, cause we had a ball"