

Trying to Find a Balance

Atmosphere

They love the taste of blood
Now I don't know what that means, but I know that I mean it
Maybe they're as evil as they seem
Or maybe I only look out the window when it's scenic
"Atmosphere finally made a good record."
Yeah right, that shit almost sounds convincing
The last time I felt a sinking contradictory as this
Was the last time we played a show in Cincinnati
"Get real." they tell me
If only they knew how real this life really gets
They would stop acting like a silly bitch
They would respect the cock whether or not they believed in it
Doesn't take much and that's messed up
Because these people do a lot of simple shit to impress us
While everyone was trying to out-do the last man
I was just a ghost trying to catch some Mrs. Pac-Man
Hello ma'am, would you be interested
In some sexual positions and emotional investments
See, I'm not insane, in fact I'm kind of rational
When I be askin', "Yo, where did all the passion go?"
East coast, West coast, down South, Midwest
Nowadays everybody knows how to get fresh
Somebody give me a big yes (YES!)
God Bless America, but she stole the B from "Bless" (Accept it)
Now I'm too fucked up to dance
So I'ma sit with my hand down the front of my pants
You can't achieve your goals if you don't take that chance
So go pry open that trunk and get those amps (You know!)

In the days of Kings and Queens I was a jester
Treat me like a God, oh they treat me like a leper
You see me move back and forth between both
I'm trying to find a balance
I'm trying to build a balance

So now I keep a close eye on my pets
Because they make most of their moves off of instinct and sense
It's eat, sleep, fuck in self defense
So straight you can set your clocks and place bets
Wait, let's prey on blind, deaf, dumb, dead
Hustle, maybe a couple will love what you said
Emcees drag their feet across a big naked land
With an empty bag of seed and a fake shake of hands
Yeah I got some last words, FUCK ALL OF YA'LL!
Stop writin' raps and go play volleyball
Gotta journey the world in a hurry
Cause my attorney didn't put enough girls on the jury
Guilty of droppin' these bombs in the city
But I'm innocent, love is the motive that's why you're killin' 'em
Guilty of settin' my fire in all fifty
But I'm innocent, blame it on my equilibrium

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Now all my friends are famous
It's either one thing or another
They all don't know what my name is
Probably know both of my brothers
The one is a hard workin' savior
The other's a hard workin' soldier
I'm just your next door neighbor
Workin' hard at tryin' to stay sober
You wait for the car at the corner
Pretend like you know what the pot is
Won't quit till I hit California
And make you my Golden State goddess