

## Whenever

## Atmosphere

Put it under the needle and drop it on the one, boy  
Your mama say that I be rappin' in my dad voice  
Defense mech to protect me from the fuck toys  
Joysticks, see me swerve through these asteroids  
Life is good, V.G. plus  
But, yo, I still got that hunger to hold a box cutter  
Let me carve my name in your security blanket  
I'm sleepin' on a train on a sweat-stained mattress  
I'm not expectin' company, hit the floor  
If death comes for me somebody gotta get the door  
You might choke on a sucker from the liquor store  
We might get so high we don't exist no more  
I'm like smoke, I'm supposed to rise  
That's why you blow both of us towards the sky  
So close the blinds and lend me your time  
All of your enemies'll eventually die

Pen game methane, Slug said to gas the shit  
Spit flame just to keep the matches lit  
They say I'm half insane, the other half immaculate, could you imagine it?  
Whatever, I don't like to shoot 'cause I'm just way too accurate  
When they be at you they don't ever at you, that's the wackest shit  
And ain't too many bitches that can hang or even match my wits  
I mean, I've had it up to here, I'm talkin' Atmosphere  
'Cause I don't even talk to them, they say I'm too cavalier  
I'm like your greatest livin' fear when I twist the gears  
Gimme props, I ain't have to drop a bitch in several years  
I look at OGs as my only peers  
So let me know when you done playin' in the snow, the slopes for real skiers  
I'm droppin' real tears from laughin' at you weirdos  
Drag you lil'- by your earlobes  
Number one stunner, stone cold, below zero  
Too dope, I'ma need more than one kilo

Oral Krylon, I spray all my style on  
Mind brighter than them orange end zone pylons  
Two hands from the zebra man  
Instant replay says the play on the field stands  
I pack the stands with my stanzas  
My stans go bananas, it's a bona fide bonanza  
Word to Jason Alexander  
Cus D'Amato of the culture, coulda cussed out Costanza  
Fuck Trump and fuck cancer  
Fans raise they hands but they ain't got the answers  
No performance enhancers  
Six rings, piss clean, I ain't takin' no chances  
Who else could dance with the devil?  
Samba with the mamba, Macarena with ya mama  
Fuck a double entendre  
Put it plain 'til I leave this plane, I'm a problem

Quick witted, sharp tongue, I don't mince words  
Plentiful supply, use strife as my cistern  
Take it in stride but describe it uncensored  
Wadin' through the pain, love, lies and adventure  
Gotta ensure the time spent wisely  
Pops' tenure didn't outlast the Isley's

Walk soft, big stick and a slight lean  
Kept the Nikes clean when nights got unsightly  
Last real hitter alive, bitch, I might be  
Death swarmin', head forward, kept forgin'  
Never fret or let 'em see me sweat when I was left for it  
Records reflect what I rep once it get sorted  
Duckin' twelve with bench warrants to gettin' bread tourin'  
Can you dig it way deeper than the surface shit?  
What the true meanin' and the purpose is?  
Soul's fiendin' for half the breathin' we burdened with