

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