WND

Atmosphere

It's summer, and I'm chillin on my steps with my little crew
Just like the videos, just like all the little rappers do
We voice love to the heads we know that walk past
Sunshine and smilin, Livin out of a shot glass
And I talk fast when it comes to girls
Hey baby I'm just a nut tryin to fuck a squirrel
Maybe we could shut the world up
Let some slug into your life
Suddenly she hypes an eyebrow up, like
''What do you mean?'' and I start buggin like
''If I was to fallowed you home would you keep me
Would you feed me, would you pet me
Would I fuck you till your sleepy?''
She said I'm creepy, and walked off
Too late, I already got off on the fact you even stopped
You knew I'd treat you like an object
You knew I was a rapper, you knew it was the trend
For us rapper men to disrespect women infront of friends
Nonetheless; here comes that kid Sean that I used to be cool with
Went to school with, now this kid is talkin fool shit
Gettin supper touchy with his lips about
how I stuck his bitch supposedly
What the fuck is this supposed to be
Sean's got nuts, hes alone, I'm wit crew
Now tell me what the fuck I'm supposed to do
I spew. Look (???) makes believers of cartoons
And I happen to know your bitch sleeps in until the afternoon
Honestly, my man, you don't bother me
Cause Everybody bleeds, now go and ask your seed who his father be

I'm like ''What, What'' (I'm like) ''What Kid What''
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Now Sean kicked my ass, I ain't gonna lie, ain't gonna laugh
It wasnt fun, but fuck 'em, I'ma get my gun
Shit like that gets done in the world of rap
If they pushin on ya vibe, you just a pussy if it slides
So I sprint up three flights, Get into the feet whipe on the door
Draggin dirt and blood on the rug, and the wood floor
Couldn't believe my squad just stood there and watched
Word to God, this boy tellin me to blame it on my cock
I'm amped, and I'ma shoot every motherfucker out there
I'm ill, and I'm gonna prove that shit when I get back downstairs
Into the bedroom, my passion aimed at the closet
Visualizing the top shelf, thats where the shoebox is
I push the top up, enough to fit my hand in
Reach into the box in a frenzy, realizing that it's empty
Hand rests in the box, head festers in an open stun
Then I remember, I don't even own a gun

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Writers Never Die
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