

Atmosphere

Marc E. Bassy

You gon' see my top back when I'm flying by in my 65
Ace of spades pulled up while I drive
Girl, that's your sound, turn me up one more time
Ooh I like that baby, let the top go down, throw your hands up
higher

Ooh you a Westside girl when the sun goes down make you come alive
Nothing left to do but smoke and drive
And I got this special feeling, put this in your life
Nothing left to do, sit back and ride

And let the wind blow through your hair
The world's on fire but we don't care
And nothing left for us to feel
Yeah it's different in this atmosphere

One good thing about LA traffic when it hit that stop
You come over from the passenger and you climb on top
And I feel like I'm Billie and you're Gloria
And even at home yeah girl Ima reach that spot

Ooh I'm a Westside boy, Ima drop that top every chance I got
Make a good view for the angels that we lost
And don't ever think that you'll be forgot
But right now baby, this moment here is all we got

So let the wind blow through your hair
The world's on fire but we don't care
And nothing left for us to feel
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See the mirrors painted of the heroes lookin' from the sky
LA baby, where you live, and you dream, and you die
Gotta get it, I gotta, I gotta, I gotta, can't lie, no no
Nothing left to do, sit back and ride

And let the wind blow through your hair
The world's on fire but we don't care
And nothing left for us to feel
Yeah it's different in this atmosphere