

## Flesh

## Atmosphere

"Get off the mic and get off the coke!"  
"On the count of three"  
"1...2..."  
"one for the cuervo, two for line"  
"Get off the mic and get off the coke!"  
"Get off the coke!"

We came here to slit your throat  
You came here to sniff some coke  
Kid don't fall like all the rest  
Cuts through soul and cuts through flesh

When they started to scream  
I thought I might, geez, singin  
"Everything good ain't as good as it seems"  
Get ripped like flesh, you got kitten's pride  
I'll make a mess on your set and your dress  
Handle my business, or handle your princess  
When I was younger, was no different  
It's all effort, taste the sweat  
Screamin at the earth, cause she don't hate me yet  
Slug HAS to give a fuck, I know better  
MAN, I'm just a rapper on luck  
Still stuck in the same mind state I grew up  
Still paranoid, still waitin to duck, What  
Tryin not to get caught in the plague  
Got a lot to say before your dumb ass walks away  
Load up one verse, let it boom  
Like a gunburst and left your head sun burnt

Can I... run up in your settlement  
Should I... bring wash like the government  
The flow is dangerous as unguarded children  
Runnin the streets in a project buildin'  
So desensitized, got no feelings  
Numb to the world, 6'4, with the 5 foot ceilings  
The math is inaccurate, broken dialect, English ambassadors  
Henesey fifth to the lips and the blunt of this  
Weed call, great food, seutures, we feelin it  
I be porno whipped, house looking show ownership  
When we know he just a worker  
Makin five fifty somethin, barely controlling shit  
Keep frontin, I'ma hurt ya  
Now your face getting scraped by asphalt  
Off a somersault, flesh wound  
Bring in a bag of salt

Surprise y'all, come to bed  
My nut stains look like wet Wonderbread  
White and thick, I don't ever bite my lip  
Give a damn if you like my shit  
The box is full of foxes  
Standin topless, lickin the splotches  
Here kid, want to sniff some coke?  
Rhymesayers Entertainment, we ship the dope  
Your dick's short and funny like Piscopo  
Give it up, man, how you gonna stick the dough

Pay me anyway, and you can have that tramp  
I can get another lady any day  
They gonna ban my shit like Joe Camel  
Come off like a sandal, spittin the flow ammo  
Believe it, get a pack of Whitecastle Cheesesticks  
And PEEP the remix

Smart for the whips, fiddle frame parchment  
March for the clique, Jughead motor like a mineark on the power cables  
Chewing through the ?? My slang letter dopeman pretty  
No free pony rides, no basket of kittens  
No Playdoh fun bags to reep for Christening  
Little courts rainbows, Pegasus and Wizards  
Just me shoving caine in the gash in your throat with the premise  
Middle of New York with a sack full of action  
Cash with the school kids toke crack with magnums  
Def Jukie, jet black, black lungs, black hoodie  
Both crushin with a musket pressed to the musk of the budget  
And I'm a must of the crunk shit  
YOU GET DOWN  
You don't know the meaning of dope anyhow  
You probably think I'm a joke by now  
But we got more clay and more coke then y'all

"Good God!"

"Oh my God"

"God, God"

"God Damn!"

"God helped me change" - "Pray to God that you could be like us" - "God damn  
...damn" - "Oh my"

"Lord!"

"CUT!" - "God Knows!"

"GOD GOD GOD"

"Oh Lord"

"Dear God" - "and damn it"

"God Damn!"

"Good Lord"