

Let Me Know That You Know What You Want Now

Atmosphere

Do you want respect, or do you want truth?

Life's too short to be afraid of the dark
And we don't stop after making the mark
Separate your chest from your heart
To help everybody wag your tail with a lot less bark
Put the costume angst away
I was born on the year of the razorblade
I'm in the back corner of a one way train
This storm ain't nothing but Sunday rain
Let's go

(Do you want respect, or do you want truth?)
Get a taste of your soul when you hold breath
(Do you want respect, or do you want truth?)
We act like we got a whole lot of road left
(Do you want respect, or do you want truth?)
So don't mind if I drive with the top down
(Do you want respect, or do you want truth?)
Let me know that you know what you want now

Earthbound, aim for the soft spot
So much purpose I walk like a molotov
Shot glass, rock hard, penetrate nonstop
Cops on the way with the bomb squad
Now let it be known
We're trying to get ahead before we get a headstone
But a rich man still face death alone
That's why we turn up the touch and connect the tone
Get shown

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Dashboard ain't clean as it was
Back before I first took the last seat on this bus
But the children dance when we beat the drums
And they still understand why we speak in tongues
All city, American built
A pocket full of cash take care of the guilt
The crabs all crash in a barrell of milk
But when they clear the snow I'mma steer the Seville
It goes, look for the sign, wait for the right time
A lifetime to outlive the night time
And when the paint chips fall
Gonna find my name on the wall with the crown in the skyline
I keep bad on the back of my mind
I'm an average guy, I just happen to fly
Supernatural high and I'm laughing inside
One nation with a capital I
Come on

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Everybody wanna be the next to blow
So let it flow, so fresh it grow
Just to let you know I could let you go, ho ho
Millenium Do-Re-Mi-So-Fa-La-Ti-Do-Do

Everybody's difficult, everybody's simple
We all on death row, we all gon' tip toe
I run with kleptos, I still wear big clothes
Hold my dick the way you hold your crystals
Pissing in the middle of nowhere
Fishing in a lake full of frozen tears
I'm like a polar bear from the Southside of over there
I disappear into the open air, Atmosphere
Get a taste of your soul when you hold breath
We act like we got a whole lot of road left