

The Jackpot / Swept Away

Atmosphere

Staring over that stretch, into the horizon
With my eyes and ears closed sealed with a clear code
I'm at loss for words, but I know a lot of words for loss
Got a whole lot of excuses to curse and stomp
Fuck you very much and kiss me goodbye
Because I'm leaving on the next high
(All copulatory systems are down) ain't no sex allowed
Now all crowd around me and show me what you found
He got the truth, and she got the groove, and they rape them youth, and he's
got the proof
Now, nobody move nobody gets nowhere progress halt
It's all my fault and I don't care
Here I am behold this pale whore
Kinda sore throat blown contours to the core of hell following the course
Endorsed by the force and honey I just wanna hug your curves like a porsche
Go ahead throw them Source back issues on the fire
To fuel the flame get me high lose the blame, let me smile
Tonight's the night crack me a Lowenbrow
And touch my swollen crown when I hold it down
Well on the level of actually she found me flaccid
Skipped class to be fashionably absent
Got me thinking coffee-drinking toss my anger cross the loose-leaf life
Watch me sink into the mind-state, while I'm awake to find fate
Let the pupils dilate fly high like the crime rate
Mosquito bait baby keep me up to date who you love today
Gimme a pound and I'm on my way

"Get out my life woman; you don't love me no more"
"Shake a leg baby girl it's the jackpot"
"Get out my life woman; you don't love me no more"
"Shake a leg baby girl it's the jackpot"
"You don't love me no more" "it's the jackpot"

And now I'm mad at that imaginary line that's on the floor
What do you mean we should stay in touch what for?
Not exactly sure but I agree with your motive, the poison took hold
Because the dose was sugarcoated
The world is full of people who want nothing short of perfect
Yet they settle for less, blinded by their quest for purpose
First hit I knew it was for me it made me think here I sink now
And I don't remember why I drink
I gotta pay the phone bill, scrape off the roadkill, hold still
Here's another girl acting like king of the mole hill
Yo step with stride I got this pet named pride
And I'ma-hide him in my pocket til the day that I die
And I've got this pet peeve that I only let out to eat
Poked hole on the top of the jar so he can breath
And when he's old enough I will set him free and let him breed
Teach his kids how to build bombs and shoot speed
True indeed I'm all about the lines around the block
The good times hiphop and writing rhymes about my cock
So fuck the world fuck love fuck man and you
I hope you drown face down in your dandruff shampoo

Thank you for making me creating me sedating me taking me appreciating me
Embrasing me abrasively tasting me and waiting patiently
I promise to pay you back on the day we're free

I wanna thank you for hating me
Frustrating me escaping me sticking that stake in me and blatantly
Breaking me erasing me defacing me and replacing me
I promise to pay you back on the day we're free

She ain't happy when I'm around, she's mad when I'm gone
So I'mma drink this pint of whiskey and go pass out on the lawn
And when she leaves to go to work she'll find me in my stupor
Start my day off with an angel, wreck her morning with a loser
I'm true to the game, don't know the rules to the game
Ruin my shoes stompin through puddles and pools in my brain
I can remove my heart to shave my legs
But no matter how soft I walk I still manage to break them eggs

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Appreciating me and embrasing me abrasively tasting me and waiting patiently
I promise to pay you back on the day we're free

I wanna thank you for hating me frustrating me escaping me
Sticking that stake in me and blatantly breaking me erasing me defacing me r
eplacing me
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"Let me clear my throat"
"Kick it over here baby pop"
"And let all the fly skippers feel the beat--drop?"

Boom!
It's the way she moves that broom thats got me consumed
And it ain't' got nothin' to do with the sweepin'
It's the look on her face, that's got me displaced
Plus the fact that she's probably got no clue I'm peepin'
She's deep into routine
Cleanin off the sidewalk
Infront of the shop she works
1:15 am, me parked in the car
On the street, maybe 30 feet from the spot she sweeps
Emotions achin', who is this human?
And why's she chewin' my attention
The action, unaware, innocent, purely accident
And whom I askin this?
I'm alone, in the passenger seat of this Awaitin' my companion, but damn man
, she's got me distracted
And it's not just the fact that she's attractive
It's the whole kit-n-kabootle
From the look on her face, to her taste in shoes, to the way she moves
It inspires me to sit and doodle, so
While I write
She wipes down the tagged up picnic tables outside of the It's missin not a
spot
And here I sit once again, with a pen
And a desire to be entirely lost in a world of them ..