

# Shotgun

## Atmosphere

You motherfuckers ain't on my shelf  
I should jump back and try to french kiss myself  
The boy fell in the well and lived to tell  
Put my voice in the mix, make the winter melt  
I'm the best thing since a fresh loaf of sliced bread  
Sitting on the bed between a pair of nice legs  
I'm sex, white flag, ice bag, wipe rag  
I'm twice the mess but a fraction of the price tag  
Back stage in a rat cage  
But when I bend these bars, everybody get to gas face  
They said it was dead, in that case  
I'ma get revenge, I'ma make rap pay  
Now run and tell the sun I'm turning up the light  
I might arrive on the plane, train, bus or bike  
You can fuss and fight, but it's just despite  
Cause it functions right when I cup this mic  
No feedback, ease back, let the beat crack  
But Uncle Sam said he wanna see tax  
Make the beeswax, no relax  
Run around the map and leave tracks  
You can call me Sean like nothing's wrong  
I'm the early dawn, I'm the dirty bum  
My thoughts get drawn on a JumboTron  
If your jaw don't drop you can hum along, come on!

[Chorus: 2X]

Shotgun, the raw one  
We the hot sauce on y'all's tongue  
We don't stop till it's all done  
So turn it up till the cops come You get lost in how awesome I is  
You watching like you bought stock in my biz You caught that sickness sitting on shit  
You'd be better off frying up some littler fish  
I'm a big catch, whoo! Sweet Jesus  
Walk on the trash, keep clean as a fetus  
Rip the beef into child size pieces  
You talk cheap, now you need to get your teeth fixed  
I don't recognize you or your toy crew  
Go ahead, step aside now, let my noise through  
Grew and spread like Kudzu  
Didn't need a gun to put a +Slug+ in your guts  
Move over chauffeur, I roll the coaster  
I got older and badder and bolder  
Who's the host with the monster?

Birds fly to Minnesota just to land on my shoulders  
No pressure, it don't get desperate  
No special effects, just sweat and spit  
So fresh, still make it seem effortless  
Breath smell like breast milk and peppermint  
Got put on a permanent good foot  
Huh, got more flavor than a cookbook  
So take a look at what you couldn't have took  
If I forgot anything, we'll just put it on the hook, c'mon  
[Chorus: 2X]You ain't gon' be shit  
I'm the best kept secret  
Anyone can see it  
If I say it loud enough, maybe you'll believe it[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>