

Atmosphere, The Arrival

[Slug]

[whispered]

"I'm not really supposed to talk about this.....but..."

With the excitement of a new born

Came to join the main event and fight against the luke warm

With nothing but they word and they history

Take a can of paint and try to decorate they dignity

It's not what they anticipate

But, fuck, it doesn't matter. Put your fists up and instigate

And they can't save the planet

Or the children of the bandits

Or themselves god damn it

I'm just a man that loved rap

So much in fact

I put every piece of myself inside these fucking cracks

What is that, you whisper something from the back?

You think your personal attacks

Make up for what you lack?

I'm just a cat searching for a clean lap

To crash in a world hurting, waiting for they turn to take a nap

Sorting through bills, fan mail and life threats

Wonderin why the postman ain't delivered my wife yet

They call me Sean, this is Anthony

No need to act hard cause we got extended family

So I smile while I try to use my words wise

Say what I meant just in case this is your first time

Via child of the wings tired

Smilin' like a couple of fools that the queen hired

Can't wait for the vibrate to thicken

So we can watch the world tip side. WAIT!

Even the deads gettin live

It's a little deeper, you can float, come on baby dive!

To fall in love with this bitch

From the petals on her flowers to the pimples on her tits

Fuck the insults. And fuck the compliments

Just wanna see the mommy free the honesty and the common sense

Stop followin the win that you swallow

Cause it's too simple to aim for a target sittin on a fence

We do it for the candle in the sky

Here's a toast to those who can't handle their high

You and I, we can swim into the tide

And watch these other children lose they mind

(I'm growing tired!)

And they landed safe and sound

Better try to take 'em out before they make their saviors proud

So fix your beef, quit actin' like a sheep

Either spit your speak or sit there and git your teeth

To spread the info to the kin folk

Fuckin with the climate on the inside of the windows

They're here, the baby farmers gonna take it farther

Make a mark and break apart your fake martyrs

Plans act firm (?), let the planet burn

Understand the terms, you don't wanna open up this can of worms

I'm tryin to keep the prize on the eyeball

But people wanna see you fly all to watch the sky fall

Who's to blame for your lack of conviction

I wasn't drafted, I asked for the mission

Put your name on the list at the bottom on an empty line

And hope in plain sight what ever gave you the right to question mine?

The night prowler, gonna crawl past all the rap politics

You can put that on your last dollar

Wake up, it's bigger than a paste of

There's the door, get the money, go wash off your make-up

[Muffled]

And they don't need to love it
If you don't wanna give it, keep it
Doesn't really mean nothin'
Come and beat it 'til it stops breathin'
No need to even try to reason
When they not leavin'