

Atmosphere, Tracksmart

(Mr. Gene Poole)

Lovin' this sound comin out to yo system

I spark to get yall off to a good start. Show me some heart, walk through my hood after dark, dodgi

Ink spots. Puss spot niggas tryin to stop this think not (get big not..?) and listen for your bank knock
It's not about rap ballads or who can flow the best
what kind of dressing you gonna have with your life salad? French
yes..thank you very much..On to the next

(Slug)

Yo you rappers eludin' but that's nothin' new.
I still stick to my duty, to kick something true.
Still if you wanna boo me we can do this in a circle of peers
tell your bitch to kick a beat so I can work you to tears

I've made a full of strangers throw hands in the air
I know you sense danger I can see it in your stare
Don't provoke anger when the mic's in my hand
cause if I get that spark i'm quick to rip apart your plans

Yo Ant, let's keep this one accesible
Take the fruits that wanna test these bros and make em' vegetable
just to let em know that the course tastes pure
Pissed off all the local rappers so it's time to go on tour

I'm sure, so I never break a sweat when a fate steps
instead I break that snake's neck and take his breath
Half the time half of em don't catch the rhymes
they need they friends with to show em how we wax behinds

Please fool, hella stupid i'm assumin'
probably couldn't even rock your own family reunion
and i'm through with the politicket.
Rhymesayers on a mission, watch the following thinkin', motherf**ka

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I stick two fingers through his nostrils and a thumb through his mouth and swing em' like a bowling
Take a hook and stab it through his back and curve it around his spine and throw em out by the lili
Cause this rap shit makes me wanna catch niggas like catfish,
chop em up into steaks and sop em up off the plate with biscuits
and rice. I put the hand of the one that likes to hold mics in a vice,
make sure he never writes in his life.

When its time for me to display(stay the f**k out the way),
and when its time for you to dj you gon' play what I say.
The word for the day is Fette cash lessons.

Get ready to mash when I give the word don't ask questions
Pack yo shit, dont smack yo bitch, leave peacebly
cause these'll be vital elements of livin' feasibly.

? ? ? the urban ? ? mocha latte, Saint Paul nigga rockin the uptown partay
like coca angel vatte, I provide that mental rush and that physical feelin like yo whole worlds being

(Slug)

Yo yo I quit frontin' really really
I know wrong and right, wrote my songs, shed light to promote a longer life. When I reflect that nigh
Managed to come through and i'm in the minimalism yo the damage is due it's time to climb to catc
cause it matta to you, the flight's cursed, I might burst
challengin who? Balance the mood, yo Stress let's gather the crew,
commence to wreck shit then exit. I'd rather that you,
throw your hands in the air and if that's too demanding you can stand there and stare.