

# Atmosphere, 1957

Atmosphere  
Miscellaneous  
1957

[Slug]

Hence forth, step within my psychoanalysis  
callouses upon my mind make me strain for my lines  
out I ripped it, squeezeed the brain: it made some liquid  
drained it in a cup and then I sipped it  
Atmosphere! The mic let me clutch it  
thoughts take flight so fit the Slug in your pipe and take a puff kid  
fuck it! I heat it like a tea pot - steam hot  
upon the roof: shoot a marble with the verbal slingshot  
take aim, here I came, I'm the same  
Back in '86, I'da tag my name upon your window pane  
stained the mind: a deep shade of residue  
voices within the head make choices multiple  
multiply Spawn, Slug a little buzz  
and Atmosphere the scuds, cuz here come the judge  
blasted; so past the kid a mic so we can paint this  
image of the gifted-anxious, to flip the language  
it's the noun meltdown from the outer-shell  
now smell the burning flesh fresh from the hell-bound  
and come on down here, this mind path, I'm half-  
mathematic Atmospheric staff with the rhyme craft  
comin to capture, your after-laughter  
while I'm hangin from this rafter, I have to rip this rapture  
cuz the cramps in my stomach, dismantle  
when I tamper wit your amplify, you damn-you die...

Why try?

The sky presents an eternally unfolding spectacle:  
One moment puffs of cumulous clouds get across it  
and next a billowing thunderhead  
perhaps 10 miles high looms over the horizon  
probing the structure of the sky...

Why try?

[Slug]

Cause I can read an emcee from front to back  
from the cover to the classified - I've pacified

my mind with my rhyme skills - I climb hills  
and leap, foolish twitch with a single bound  
sending tingles down your spine, designed to swing a pound  
this ax\_handle\_triple inch\_spike\_protruding  
from the tip of my mic distrubuting fuckin headshots  
shots to your head, now your're knee-deep, you need sleep  
as you trutch thru the sludge and the slugs and the bird shit  
we swarm with the bees and diseases  
and even if your deejay was Jesus, you could never fuck with these kids  
I've swarmed with the bees and diseases  
and even if your deejay was Jesus, you could never fuck with these kids

[Spawn]

Yea muthafucka! you know who you fuckin with  
you know what kind ass whooping comes with this  
your whole crew could get some of this,  
your wack ass fuck kids is what the subject is  
roughnecks live, for only a second  
then they give oblivion's, what you've stepped in  
your reps token, should have been lookin  
I'm sick of you bitch-ass crews when:  
you tried take what's not your but 'cha couldn't  
take mine, your fake rhymes - spit them you shouldn't

what will it be now? another victory  
ayo who will it be now? it's Spawn that emcee  
complete, a true champ - stamped that on my essence  
amped shootin presence, fattenin each fuckin sentence  
when its time, then it's time to go  
that's what I know, be rippin mics at every show we flow  
but who's got my back though?

[Slug]

Stress, Beyond, ANT, the Slug

[Spawn]

so you bests be on your way before there's trouble...