

Atmosphere, Edie Brikell

I feel that most of you soliders are flimsy
How the hell did you get over as an emcee?
Now the dialouge injectors they simply
And I respect those that hold it against me
Pay dues and make rules to break rules
Stayed cool amongst tools and fake fools gave jewels to use
From cradle to grade school to the grave
And still wade through these pools of I love you and I hate you

And the turntable keeps on turnin and turnin
Nothin can fuck with the way it goes around (x2)

First off focus, figure out why you wrote it
What's the motive?
What you use to grow it?
Where you tryin to go with it?
Do the people want it?
Do they need it? Or maybe they would rather that you keep it
Is the party now popin? Or at least a couple of heads noddin?
Does the pass or fail depend on wether or not a check's gotten?
Is it the laughter, the love, the hope?
Is it the aspiration to make other rappers think ya dope?
Is it the fans, the adoration of devils and angels?
The hunger, you want more than left over egg rolls?
Shit, I made a video I ain't even got cable
So if you ain't down with what we doin you better lay low
My future's made of Play-Dough, past is made of stone
Virgo playboy Slug is dumb building a home
And it lead me to belive the 3D that I breathe,
Through the TV and the CD be the need to grit the teeth
A twenty-something wasteland
Here comes the out of place spaceman
Spread the wingspan
Starin at the ocean
Like it was a woman
Hopin that she'll let me run my toes through her pink sand

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Now here I sit in this cellar
Writing my interpretations of Helter Skelter
It goes one part hustler
Two parts good guy
Sounds like it should but this shit doesn't look right
Took my hook and pierced ya skin
So now when I say jump you say when
When I say now all y'all say where
When I say Atmos you say phere
You know me but just the me
I let you see the me you need
So you can set yourself free
You'll have to fuck Slug up to shut Slug up
But for now baby please close your mouth and lift your butt up

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I used to play the back of the club in study mode
Placin bets on who would leave the set with a bloody nose
Head shots used to talk a lot of shit
Used to walk a lot of shit
The pre-trial of accomplishment
Before I knew that this network existed

Just another pair of baggy pants sweatshirted misfit
The piolt sticker bombs spell it right
S-L-U-G don't get it wrong that shit's my life
And I'm thankful for the angle the lessons learned
I'm happy as hell for how the carosuel turned
Smilin at the angel that stole my sperm
Cause now maybe the legend can out live the germ

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