# Brief Description

## Atmosphere

If you didn't hear it you're gonna hear it right now."]
[Slug]Bam, the door way opened for me
I saw ways and told the story
Raw day dreams of holding glory
Junior high,
Hall way king
Lockin' faggot MCs
Beat boxin', breakin' Zulu Nation wannabees
It didn't take long to see who would stay strong
High school upon
Some B-Boys put their gang bangs on
But some kept on doing
Step on to ruin
Others that were pursuing the same shit we thought we ruled in
But what a surprise
The passion for being the best
Puts a quest for allies to rest
Dead
In the Midwest where heads
Is just a hand full
In a land of gangstas
Players, replacements, priests, banjos
We scramble
To break MCs that may appreciate it
Guided by their envy insecurity and their hatred
Separated by the gimmie props technique
And a desire to be the tops this week
I gotta floss the speak
Cause talk is cheap
Even the broke kids can afford it
That's why I stand close and if you're dope then I'm supportive
But if not
We'll keep the mic warm
For the next one
Respect the artform
And make your wishes on the stars born
Within the movement
Fact checkin' tryin' to completely avoid all channels of backstepping
From the lines of paint on the concrete

They reside on Lake Street
To the way we close our eyes to sleep
And drift through Deep Space 9 type shit
To find this
I've been around for as long as sound
I've been to that not so fresh faze
And that not so serious state but I've evolved
Metamorphed manifestate
I used to be young, dumb and full of vision
Like it was religious rituals
I made initial decisions
I wanted to be a rapper world renown
From Minneap to the Bronx
Capture girls in crowns
Snap, crackle and stomp
That's what I found
The abyss that sits in-between the one that holds the mic and those that don't even listen
Formed some crews
Rocked talent shows at schools
Saturdays on the 18 make my way down to the record pool
I met a grip of people that was bullshit
Was down with a lot of people that was bullshit
But I pull shit from the asshole of an angel before I let him hassle and strangle
The love triangle between me the mic and the turntable
Went to studios
We want to make demos
We want to do shows and rock our own instrumentals

Do our own production
Fuckin' around with this kid Kazir
Nitwit engineer
Barely knew his own equipment, Atmosphere
The prefix was urban
Wrecked shows
Made friends made foes
Overall we made flows
And right now as I sit here writing this
I'm buggin' off the people in my life that made me like this
Within the movement
Fact checkin'
Tryin' to completely avoid all channels of backsteppin'
From the lines of painted concrete
that reside on Franklin Ave

To the dead bird on the elevator
To that short in your cross fader
I never got lost later
For efforts to pester
Just throw your hands up in the air like a leper
I've been to that not so fresh faze
And to that not quite so serious state
Metamorph manifestate
Well sometimes it rings and I don't answer it
That's it no asterisks
No thirst to find the circumstances
It was planted in me deep
It was nurtured and it grew
Gave it sleep and nutrition
It was efficient let it through
There are a few that have developed when I let them in my spectrum
For the rest of em
I give them just enough to cause infection
Not trippin' on attention
But if you ? it's welcome
Open arms patient charms
I know the words and I can spell them
Seldom is it
When one inquisits
Do they leave with this interest
In fact most begin crave the business
Bringin' me to the table
That's it no more no less
The love the life the stress
Slug, the mic, the mess
Testin'
Yes, I've been tested and I've tested some
I'm not sayin' I'm the best
Believe I'm not
Like the rest of em
Just sayin' I'm better than you
That's my mind state
My rhymes take me into
When I check one two
I guess some do get pissed
But intentions were to inspire
Built the empire before I get tired
The ones that tare me down don't know it
But they're the same ones that build me
Now quietly in your head say, "Yes you can feel me."

[Sample: "Asking himself, even before the curtain goes up, what am I? I am now 80 years old, and more, and I am determined to find precisely what I am, what I amount to. They tell me I am everything, they flatter me everyday, of my life. I am now going to subject myself to a rigorous test in order to find out really what I am. I don't care about FREEDOM? I don't about rule, anymore. It is of no importance to me, as such, but I must find out what I am before I die."]

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