

# Cats Van Bags

## Atmosphere

[Intro]

I can't scratch, cause I'm drunk  
I got bad teeth and my gums are bleeding  
Come and fucking get me, motherfucker  
Yeah, break, start the song now, fucker[Verse 1]

[Slug]

We travelin the missile, weavin' through your cornfields  
Leavin behind a trail of amature porn and orange peels  
Navagatin through this basement, the mascardes  
As our nation, practicin' my acetate, masturbation  
Watchin the expressions on the faces  
Of the ones designated to be the queens, kings, and aces  
How many miles can you put on one soul  
Before the smile starts to blend into one big bullet hole[Brother Ali]  
Shoot through it as a union, with the best of my crew  
Bumpin melodys and memories too, my heads killin me, ohh  
Stomach empty, my bladder is full  
Two year old son on Jay Birds phone Cryin, ya missin me  
And I'm starvin', I'll bite ya arm off  
Sabertooth Tiger, run the night with the sharp claws  
In ya backyard just to fuck with ya guard dog  
Throw a brick through your shit and cut the alarm off  
Bitch[Slug]  
Fuck yes, I do my best to take advantage in bouts  
With one hand over the mouth, still managin' to shout  
Theres more said, then in the lines in your forehead  
Then could ever find in fine print on the inside of that warhead  
Cross counrty, like a little lost junky  
Make them hot and jumpy, trying to get that God money  
Stearin the van through the blizzards, the fanfare  
Pivot when we visit, spit victim if you stand there[Brother Ali]  
Take a map of this picture, throw a dart at it, thats where  
We took a room back full the kids and threw a heart at it  
Angry like a hostage, Kickin like a little bitch in one of Dibs's mosh pits  
Shifitin through your city limits tryin to find the raw shit  
Thread and needle wit it, and weave a world of hate together, till we get  
'em car sick  
Face full of war paint, strapped ready for action  
Battle cracks headin, trying to seek the satisfaction of the captain[Slug]

Climbed over the side, closed his eyes  
Took a dive into his fame, inspiration for stayin alive  
Swam to the shore, stepped upon land  
Walked up to a whore, grabbed her by the hand  
And said[Chorus]

[Slug & Brother Ali]

Let the wheels spin, let the road shake  
Let the speakers blow  
Let the line in, let the kids play  
Let the people know  
Let the roof burn, let the girls love  
Let the heat flow

Let the world turn, let the curtains up  
Cats Van Bags, Yo[Verse 2]

[Brother Ali]

Lock eyes, with a thousand people at the same time  
They minds, believin this, my style of graffiti is  
Squeezin just, the mid west, sweat out of my shirt  
And leavin with my life lessons embedded in ya dirt[Slug]  
We work, move, and hustle with the rest of the Gypsies  
Spoon feed these issues to a new school of Fishies

Swimmin through a hazy shade of passion  
Here they come, the Hazleton has-been, and his chaplain[Brother Ali]

Thats them, the migrants, seasonal workers

The finest imperial wordsmiths on the circuit

Two Million smiles and runnin, stompin', trying to flee the heat  
Turn around, shootin at the monster till his knees are weak[Slug]

They call me Jesus Freak, I came to listen

Then I save you, then I make you, my favorite position

Chasin' this pidgeon down the street towards the banks

Just in case, my traffic recieves jeeps and tanks[Bridge]

[Slug]

And we wonder through the snow, so let it be known

Mama I dont know if I'ma ever be home

The revolution wont have any distribution

I love my son and my music so I gotta keep it movin'

Like[Chorus]

[Slug & Brother Ali]

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