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 missle, weavin' through your cornfields
Leavin behind a trail of amature porn and orange peels
Navagatin through this basement, the mascarades
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
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