

Atmosphere

[Slug]Hence forth, step within my psychoanalysis  
 callouses upon my mind make me strain for my lines  
 out I ripped it, squeezed 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, 'cause here come the judge  
 blasted; so pass 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  
 'cause the cramps in my stomach, dismantle  
 when I tamper with your amplifier, damn you die...  
 Why try?  
 The sky presents an eternally unfolding spectacle:  
 One moment puffs of cumulous clouds scatter across it  
 and next a billowing thunderhead  
 perhaps 10 miles high looms over the horizon  
 probing the structure of the sky...  
 Why try?  
 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 you'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 dj was Jesus, you could never fuck with these kids  
I've swarmed with the bees and diseases  
and even if your dj was Jesus, you could never fuck with these kids  
[Spawn]Yea muthafucka! you know who you fuckin with  
you know what kind of 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 tooken, 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  
yo who will it be now? it's Spawn that emcee  
complete, a true champ - stamp 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 best be on your way before there's trouble...

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