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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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