Travel

Atmosphere

[Chorus]
Yo we travel like the wind across the rotten fruited plain
We travel like the blood that surrounds your brain
Atmosphere has landed, demandin that we raise the curve
Expand the kingdom, all heads of the earth[Slug]
Once in a great while one has the heart to approach us
But usually comes up close, he didn't know who it was
The name travels further than the face
He did not recognize the profile
Only saw an mc for him to waste but no child, that ain't the case
Go find yourself a cause
I take advantage of your flawsand climb into yo drawers
Now didit damage your jaws
When it dropped and hit the pavement
It shot, thats why they keep me locked
Underneath the basement alot
Letting me out jus to eat and shit
And ever so often jus to keep me fit
They gimme a new mc to rip to pieces
Grip their neck, release is out of the question
Maybe theyll let me out if I make a good impression
So please don't make it personal when I flush me through your vains
Consider youself a big part of that great mc food chain
And take your spot in the circle with pride
Reps die, with dignity if you let em
And when they do, I respect them, welcome
The cure for your suffering, tell them it's pure
No subtle hints of weak substances cuttin it
I chuckle when evil and pride collide with judgement
Add that to your buzz and the results is malfunction
No longer should I listen to your babble
Too many coming off the deep end
Where it's steady, stream, and shallow
I have no remorse for those that drop some, they all drop
Until then Imma stay on top of heads like a bald spot[Chorus]
We travel like the wind across the rotten fruited plain
We travel like the blood that surrounds your brain
Atmosphere has landed, demandin that we raise the curve
So unravel your thoughts and come across in a verse[Slug]

Yo I sold my car to the junk yard, couldnt fuck with the insurance
Gave me forty bucks, bought a bus card and lunch at bergins
For fun I drain the essence from life forms of messes
Deal with daily stresses, and keep my mic warm with message
Ive learned how to hack my keys in the matter of arrogance and confidence
Contributing to my ego trips and accomplishments
Hes on some shit, no not yet, I'm jus follow my path
I don't eat my words as often as I swallow my laugh
Apollo is back, landed on the 4-shay, and everythings okay
According to commercials for the lowback yoplay
And I know that theres no way to say what you need to hear
So I take the long way to your brain and put some flavor in your ear
Like using a clever on cantalope, leave your plans at hope
On the shoudler with the road-kill carcasses for those skilled smart-asses
Atmosphere coming clear to the ?runway to entertain?
?blast the bag? and scoop up all the brains

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