

# Cuando Limpia El Humo

## Atmosphere

Patterned around the thought and the will  
We shattered the sound of perpendicular noise  
Now gather 'round, blueprints to rebuild  
On top of that, I found I'm gettin' sick of your voice  
Retentive, the Earth makes me tend to introvert  
And I've presented the worth of these kicks and this wrinkled shirt  
Ingested verse for seconds and a big dessert presented  
Thirst with sprinkles of dope indisbursed  
When you burst, it won't be an accident  
It'll be a worldwide web of heads takin' this shit back again  
(6-1-2) Now find the emergency exits  
'Cause I'ma snap a spine to make an example of the skeptics  
(Atmosphere) I don't care if you know me or you hate me  
Just come check out the show and travel back home safely  
Lately, a weird thought ocured to me  
What if I was to grab the mic, which one of y'all would service me?  
(Watch the rhythm) Inventions to rock the restless and kill your ego  
Your whole karma's vibin' off the vex  
It's best if you take a hard look at what you're givin' me  
('Cause your name and your rank don't mean shit to me)

Stars and Stripes are like cars and bikes  
They're just vehicles you steer to ride other peoples fears  
Stars and Stripes are like nails and spikes  
They're just tools that you use against the physical rules

Put down your weapon son Put down your weapon son  
Put down your weapon son  
Would you put down your weapon?

I heard a grip of little voices in a thousand heads  
Calling me out of my rest to come and plow your steps  
An elder once told me to always use precision  
(Discretion and vision when you start the ignition)  
'Cause any engine is highly delicate and what you got to say  
Is irrelevant if you're talking for the hell of it  
I smell some shit, check your sole, brotha  
did you step in it, now who suffers from my control deficite?  
I can't go out like you ('cause you lack dopeness)  
I'll break your whole crew down to (a bunch of wack poets)  
Shrapnel gets lodged under your clavicle  
When your man exploded, Atmosphere concoctin' antidote shit  
Fuck 'em and the record deal that they rode in on  
When Shawn is in his vocal groove I come to choke your truth  
Broke your screws now its open and loose and its ?  
(Beyond came along and stabbed a DJ in the foot)  
The spokes bend and buckle (and the wheel collapses)  
There ain't no need to even ask whether or not you feel the Atmos  
I'm peelin' back heads performing brain surgery'  
And sewing 'em back up (There, now you've heard of me)

When the smoke clears, you won't be able to choke tears  
When the smoke clears, when the smoke clears  
Put down your weapon sir Put down your weapon sir  
Put down your weapon sir  
Put down your weapon

As I sit here with my head between my hands  
Attention span focused on trying to read the plans  
I can't shake the thoughts that it might be in vain  
So I play the radio while I drive me insane  
(I travel like the wind) I travel like Avis  
I feel as if I've been to hell and back and I ain't even been to Vegas  
Pages and pages of notebooks dedicated  
To separatin' snake skin and amputatin' fake lips  
(Underestimated) But when you heard me, your masculinity went girly  
And your whole crew broke out early  
(Self-preserved) Avoidance is the first choice  
Calculated: Step the fuck away when you hear this voice  
Moist, thats how we leave 'em rendered  
Either the brain or the pubic region, depending on your gender  
And if you're a female head (no disrespect intended)  
Unless you step to me on the mic, you must be sheddin' your placenta  
I wear the honor of an emcee's past  
Where I wonder "Is this wasteland encased in cheap glass?"  
Reflected to find the status where you stand  
(You're just another victim with a mic in your hand)

When the smoke clears, you won't be able to choke tears  
When the smoke clears, when the smoke clears  
When the smoke clears, you won't be able to choke tears When the smoke, Smoke