

# In My Continental

## Atmosphere

In my Continental  
Splinter off the mental  
When you want the best show  
Never accept anything less  
Elements of purpose  
True love from the first kiss  
Spread it on the surface  
Sit back and watch the progress

T-t-t-t-t-t-teacher, teacher, how can I learn patience?  
Planted in the middle and outside of your nation  
Take the care to build a familiar foundation  
Speak to the youth that keep the truth sacred  
Free the, free the good inside your heart  
Your neighborhood, it needs you to travel with your art  
From New York to Cali, some day they'll all know  
Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Chicago  
Now I've come a long way from the younger days  
When I used to look up curse words in my dictionary  
If life's a game, gotta choose a side to play  
If I gotta pick a position I'ma pick missionary  
I've had a little bit too much to think tonight  
But it's cool, I be alright, just make sure that I keep travellin  
Your reactions only reinforce the previous thoughts  
You'd feel the distance even if the bridge was collapsin  
Well, kudos and props and every hollow desire  
That you could conjure in an instant that it takes to breathe  
I got my Duplos and blocks and Lincoln Logs for when it's time to build  
I wait patiently for them to catch up to speed  
(And I'll be)

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T-t-t-t-t-t-teacher, teacher, show me what you know now  
Load up your van with musicians and go south  
Visit Atlanta, Memphis, Tulsa, Texas  
Plug in the decks, check the mics, fight the wreckage  
Keep the, keep the motive in your movement  
Let em know where you come from and show them how you do it  
Children are the focus, give em one to grow with  
Learn em how to take they minutes, turn em into moments  
See, nowadays cats think they on some next  
And they sacrifice they voice just to go over heads  
If I felt as if I had somethin special to tell  
Why would I work against myself and hide it under my belt?  
I used to try to lace the phrases with magic tricks  
Every paragraph needed translation attached to it  
They saw the style, respected the craft  
But all I did was confuse em, would try to get em to laugh  
Painted pictures in the primer, no one got the pulp

Found the humor, the anger and the insult  
Why should I waste any oxygen  
Tryin to find the in-between-the-lines that they get lost within?  
I'm out there for the craft, for the cause  
The laughter, the applause, the passion for the flaws  
The fact that I'ma draw some heads to what I'm feelin  
Lift em all up until they try to touch the ceiling  
Come on and reach the, reach the masses won by singular  
They hold you and they smile when they feel what you can bring to the  
Culture and sow it, cultivate the flow with  
Breath control and he kept it whole, be-  
Cause piece by piece the picture turns to puzzle  
If you lose a few those that remain change into rubble  
Freedom is a word not heard from those that own it  
Can't fix the machine if you don't have the components  
(And I'll be)

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Cause we're not from this planet  
We come from somewhere else  
And you can't understand it  
Cause you don't know yourself  
But when the time is right  
Our path will be unveiled  
Till then you seek your light  
While I sit and bite my nails