

Randy Mosh

Atmosphere

As the sun sets, the moon rises with vengeance
I ask you to witness what revenge is
Moving mountains and inches
The business is resistance
Powerful as we evolve
Get involved, we can get it all
Altogether we could get it solved
Bosses that'll pay the cost

You gotta try now
We're no more than light
This is what you want in life
You've gotta shout now
Sleeping [?]
Is that what you want in life?

Hot Juba, black Buddha, smoother than Luther
Out of the womb ruthless, deliver with no toola
Rougher than loafas, clueless and ruthless considered nuisance
Barren and fruitless, no power, a cup juiceless
I aspire to inspire given devil's fire
A sin higher, make profit like Jeremiah
Turn the mercury to gold to extract worth
And my circumference trying to tell me it's a flat Earth
Elegant aggression, glamorous suppression
Ballad of the bullet, immaculate conception
And the shitty slums seeking galaxy connections
Trying to follow God, hollow like a faulty log
Han Solo in the Jedi, I'm unthawed
Hyper-vigilant and militant, en garde
Unscathed, slaves free while they unchained
Life's a maze, fiends live in concaves

I would send you back to the bowels you're born from
I raised a glass when you swallowed your forked tongue
I recognize your counterfeit confidence
Got me convinced that the crime is the consequence
You're a derivative of bullshit, literal
Unoriginal, that's why you're miserable
We had to pick up the pieces, it wasn't difficult
I guess you didn't know, your impact was minimal
The opposite of opportunism
Your costume is so transparent, now you're virtually invisible
There's no such thing as a typical individual
There's nothing left except "fuck you" on principle
Seventh of September, still running the temperature
Smoking like an ember, drinking like an amateur
Tripping like your grandpa at the strip club without his pills
Make it rain two dollar bills

Yo, peep the piece of scum, you conceded to become
Competing with me is dumb, seed it deep inside the trunk
You must be drinking cum, 'cuz you talk a lot like a cunt
Get punched and knocked out in the crosswalk right in the front
Your resistance is food for my machismo
When I push up on a fool, he's stuck on freeze mode
That ain't a full quip, riding on the Jean-Paul

I ain't got no attitude, I just got a mean soul
Everybody else telling me I needed to grow
Shut your pharmaceutical ass up, and put that weed in the bowl
Got some cancer cells to kill, now the answer from hell
So pass the bill fast, 'cuz I over pressurize my master seal
Don't over glamorize a man to kill
Don't let 'em grow up, thinking he has to actually blast to steal
And make sure they know there's more to life than just some rap skill
It's like decades later emcees get trapped still

Power to the people
Don't let a coward lead you
Can't preach to you if they don't know how to feed you
I burnt the haystack and found the needle
Then proceed to, invest the water, cows, and diesel
And sour diesel, wholesale banana trucks
Hotels in Panama, no dope sales, we're manning up
Unplug the cord, debug the store
We love the lord, but keep getting drug into war
What's the gun for? If all we're doing is talking
What are you doing marching when all of these humans starving?
The diamond's like, shine a light, they got it right
Or, we can set it off like dynamite
The balance is found, Los Angeles bound
In a van full of cannabis pounds
We came back to stick our flag in the ground
If you're down, put your damn hands to the clouds
[?]

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