

Sound Is Vibration

Atmosphere

I'm sparked, waiting for the dark to hit
Cause when the moon gets above my apartment
I catch fits for starting shit
I'm smart with it, I give it that special touch when I push it
Cause I'm also a label rep, and I can't allow no bullshit
So shush kid, shush baby! Shut your eyes
Lay your head back, shed the fear and let the tears crystallize
I wish the flies to land upon your forehead
When I extract the essence from your head
and leave your body resting Moorehead
I left more dead reputations than HIV kills
But for every killing there's a reason and it's not just MC's, man!
I'm watching C-SPAN, waiting for the first state rep
To take the first step, to have to kill off to make this world perfect
Well lets get shit right, right here! Right now! Right away!
Atmosphere motherfucker! If I need to I could fly away
I'll grind you and your weak crew into beef stew
Serve you with seafood
You can't glide by vision cuz you're see-through

You need to recognize the size of the atlas
You ain't as tall as half this - match this - past what you practice
Obviously you can't fuck with my tactics, you bastard
Thats why you breath fast bitch - no need to ask

We dug the fingernails underneath the skin of your scalp, then peeled it
Sent your underdeveloped pre-school style on a field trip
Now bite your tongue, this is how the mic gets stung
A whole tree to pick some fruit from, man!
You had to choose the ripest one

That said it all, it comes from inside, and how you ride
the sound wire when it's live and the vibes feelin right
Catchin' the motion given by rhythms when you hit 'em on time
with lines, makin' sure your rhyme soundin' tight
Your voice should travel without the babble of the average emcee
so listen please use discretion when you breath
sound is vibration, I choose to use it with a vision
and then comes the style and precision...

No more longer will we hold your hands
Why? Cause you're too damn old
Oh yea, the network called
They told me to tell ya you've been cancelled
They also said big up for all the support
Thanks to your devotion, they now control the world
So let your hair down and eat the poison with a tall glass of Tang
I'm rising past the bang, with smile I'm flashin my fangs
I tumble over some, cuz some I don't over stand
I got the crowd respond, from now on, I know the plan

It's the noise it makes, that generates the passion I have
It's the void it breaks, that stimulates when mics get grabbed
It takes shape - escapes from these vocal chords I have
Atmosphere: music makers from the Rhymesayers lab

Come now, (?) test the giants, when we apply this

Vice grips to your eyelids to make you read the fine print
The tyrants that gave you crisis, left you silenced
Don't breath a sigh of relief 'till you hear the rescue sirens

Supreme, be this team, we got this shit on lock
Obviously we hit the gear under upscale rocks
So you could knock all you want to but you ain't gettin' in
You could try to crash the door but you ain't gettin' in
Nigga, what! My definition is raw, I got you all
wishin' I'd fall, so things could get better for y'all
but I'm tall, and got game, remain the same for the duration

Area code 6-1-2, my present location...

Atmosphere...embellished with talent and the wisdom not abuse it
Blessed with insight, friends and influences
Thats what keeps us dope, what makes us dope is the surroundings
Inspiration stems from love and stress compounding
Stamina: that is achieved over the course of time
in fact, time taught me how to breath, battle, not to court my mind
defined as lyricist - the Atmosphericist
makin sure you fear this hit every time you hear this shit

Sound is vibration
This sound is taken
Sound is vibration
And the ground is shaken
Vibration is sound
Yo, we found your replacement
Vibration is sound
Now who makes the sound?