

Tracksmart

Atmosphere

The loveliest sound coming out to yo' system
I spark to get y'all off to a good start
Show me some heart, walk through my hood after dark, dodging poison darts
Catch one in the left lung I hope the Cherokee parks by itself tracksmart
Act like you part of this you'll find yourself victim of the rhyme bombardment
Weak shit, I have the tolerance
I write the best rhymes in my sleep
Dreamland beats and freelance techniques fuckin' up the sheets
Ink spots, puss spot niggas tryin to stop this
Think not get ? and listen for your bank knock
We do a lot of this activity in my city
Get a job in my world, join a futuristic committee
Weak assistant of three had to be persistently equal
In order for it to work out in a balance
Which comes down to a question of natural talents
Can't keep those gifts isolated in tablets
It's not about rap ballads, or who can flow the best
What kind of dressing you gonna have with your life salad? (Hmmm...)
French...yes..thank you very much..On to the next

Yo, you rappers elude me but that's nothing new
I still stick to my duty, to kick something true
Still if you wanna boo me we can do this in a circle of peers
Tell your bitch to kick a beat so I can work you to tears
I've made a full of strangers throw hands in the air (Man)
I know you sense danger, I can see it in your stare (Man)
Don't provoke anger when the mic's in my hand,
Cause if I get that spark I'm quick to rip apart your plans
Yo Ant, let's keep this one accesible
Take the fruits that wanna test these bros and make 'em vegetables
Just to let 'em know that the course tastes pure
Pissed off all the local rappers so it's time to go on tour
I'm sure, so I never break a sweat when a fate steps
Instead I break that snake's neck and take his breath
Half the time half of 'em don't catch the rhymes
They need they friends with to show 'em how we wax behinds
Please fool, hella stupid I'm assuming probably
Couldn't even rock your own family reunion and I'm through with the politick
et
Rhymesayers on a mission, watch the following thinking, motherfucker!

I stick two fingers through his nostrils and a thumb through his mouth
And swing em' like a bowling ball make 'em strike the fuck out
Take a hook and stab it through his back and curve it around his spine and t
hrow em out
By the lili pads and wait for a hit on my line (Damn!)
Cause this rap shit makes me wanna catch niggas like catfish
Chop 'em up into steaks and sop 'em up off the plate with biscuits and rice
I put the hand of the one that likes to hold mics in a vice
Make sure he never writes in his life
When it's time for me to display (Stay the FUCK out the way)
And when its time for you to DJ you going play what I say
The word for the day is "Fette" cash lessons
Get ready to mash when I give the word don't ask questions
Pack yo shit, dont smack yo bitch
Leave peaceably cause these'll be vital elements of livin' feasibly

? the urban ? mocha latte, Saint Paul nigga rocking the uptown partay like c
oca angel vatte
I provide that mental rush and that physical feeling like yo' whole worlds b
eing dusted
Be hushed when you see me in deep thought
Hand clutched interrupt and you just might be caught then crushed

Yo, yo, I quit fronting, really-really
I know wrong and right, wrote my songs, shed light to promote a longer life
When I reflect that night, I seek light in the confusion
I stick to the music and skip the baggage of delusion
Managed to come through and I'm in the minimalism, yo
The damage is due it's time to climb to catch a vision
Yo, I've had it with you, and the terms which I work cause it matter to you
The flight's cursed, I might burst challenging who?
Balance the mood, yo Stress, let's gather the crew,
Commence to wreck shit then exit, I'd rather that you
Throw your hands in the air
And if that's too demanding you can stand there and stare