

Travel

Atmosphere

We travel like the wind across the rotten fruited plain
we travel like the blood that surrounds your brain
atmosphere has landed demanding that we raise the curve
expand the kingdom, all heads of the earth

Ay, yo, once in a great while
When one has the heart to approach us
We usually conduct flows
He didn't know who it was
And the name travels further than the face
He did not recognize the profile
Only saw an emcee for him to waste
With no child
That ain't the case
Go find yourself a cause
I'll take advantage of your flaws
And climb into your drawers
Now did it damage your jaws
When it dropped
And hit the pavement and shocked
That's why they keep me locked
Underneath the basement a lot
Lettin me out just to eat and shit
And every so often just to keep me fit
They give me a new emcee to rip
To pieces
Grip the neck
Release is out of the question
Maybe they'll let me out if i make a good impression
So please don't take it personal
When i flush me through your veins
Consider yourself a big part
Of that great emcee food chain
And take your spot in the circle with pride
Rep with dignity if you let em
And when they do, i respect em
Welcome the curious-suffering
And tell them it's pure
No subtle hints or weak substances cuttin it
I chuckle when an eager with pride collide with judgement
Add that to your buzz
And the result is malfunction
No longer shall i listen to your babble
Too many comin off the deep end
With a steady stream of shallow
I have no remorse for those that drop
Someday i'll drop
Until then i'ma stay on top
Of heads like a bald spot

(Slug)

Ay, yo, we travel like the wind across the rotten fruited plain
We travel like the blood that surrounds your brain
Atmosphere has landed demanding that we raise the curve
Expand the kingdom, all heads of the earth
We travel like the wind across the rotten fruited plain
We travel like the blood that surrounds your brain

Atmosphere has landed demanding that we raise the curve
So unravel your thoughts, and come across in a verse

Yo, sold my car
To the junk yard
Couldn't fuck with the insurance
Gave me forty bucks
Brought a bus card and
Lunch at Perkins
For fun i drain the essence
From the life forms of messes
Deal iwth daily stresses
And keep the mic warm with message
I've learned how to hide my keys
In a matter of variance and confidence
Contributing to my ego trips and accomplishments
'He's on some shit..'
No, not yet. i just follow my path
I don't eat my words as often as i swallow my laugh
Apollo is back
Landed on the foche
And everythings okay
According to the commercials for the Low-Fat Yoplait
And i no that there's no way
To say what you need to hear
So i take the long way through your brain
To put some flavor in your ear
Like using a cleaver on canteloupe
Leave your plans at home on the shoulder with the
roadkill carcasses of no skill smartasses
Atmosphere coming through to the midst of entertainment
Plastic bag in hand to scoop up all the brain shit

We travel like the wind across the rotten fruited plain
We travel like the blood that surrounds your brain
Atmosphere has landed demanding that we raise the curve
Expand the kingdom, all heads of the earth