

## Clay

## Atmosphere

When I first landed the damage was outlandish  
anguish, anxiousness, and taking it for granted  
but when I first landed I was so relieved I lost my focus  
so we exceeded recommended dosages  
now I hold the crib? that holds the soul that holds the poet skills  
exclusive it leaves illusions of unfocused flows  
I don't suppose you're taking too much time  
breaking too much mind trying to unravel the parable?  
that dismantled and left the lines in need of some assembly  
so I can find the secret key and free all the emcees  
this planet spins on a thin axis  
all axis passes won't help you to grasp the atmos'  
I mean, what did you think  
my agenda was to freestyle, smile, get paid to smoke weed,  
and grab the mic and spoonfeed?  
there's more to this than just paying the rent  
if you're riding on this song you need to ride it to the end

what could you say as the Earth gets further and further away?  
planets as small as balls of clay  
some shells get broke  
some keep their wigs closed  
some get exposed as little man big pose  
some make moves and some stay daydreamers  
but everybody seems to want some loot, food and a beemer  
well make mine hunter green with camel insides,  
10 percent tips, Mr. Pibb and some french fries  
inch by inch I take it closer to the shoulder  
but day by day it's getting harder to stay sober  
once again on the edge, head's inebriated  
movement needs motive, it's easier to be sedated  
what makes me mighty and another tiny?  
why does my psyche give a damn about whether or not you like me?  
if this crime's right I might be wrong  
I grip this mic tight because it's all I really have a grip on  
so let the losers lose and let the players play  
the difference is the day to the dust some clay, what

who's world is that? it ain't mine, and I'm grateful  
already got a plate full of clay on my table  
I'm capable of handling fate, I know this  
so do the people that get pissed when this microphonist spits  
too many get caught up in the lines that emcees thought up  
but it's clear to me the ones that fear me are the one's that outta  
I spot a blemish on your planet's existence  
I deliver subtle terror submerged in clever sentences  
instantly pissin? away the misfits  
the only residue that came of the hypothecially spew they sprayed  
when they swayed I'd have em  
half of 'em can't fathom  
where the 'Mats? from  
I may be on those  
you can ask 'em  
at last, when we get down to it  
there's more than sand and fluid  
in how I revolve and evolve  
can we solve the secrets? No.

can we take trinkets? No.  
so when the ink hits it's more than just a sequenced flow  
I can't bring you with me so I'm a leave me here  
centuries from now they're gonna study Atmosphere  
carefully I steer, I'm aware life is fatal  
when I go, I wanna go like Ho, taken by the play-dough