

Hence forth, step within my psychoanalysis
 callouses upon my mind make me strain for my lines
 out I ripped it, squееееееzed the brain: it made some liquid
 drained it in a cup and then I sipped it
 Atmosphere! The mic let me clutch it
 thoughts take flight so fit the Slug in your pipe and take a puff kid
 fuck it! I heat it like a tea pot - steam hot
 upon the roof: shoot a marble with the verbal slingshot
 take aim, here I came, I'm the same
 Back in '86, I'da tag my name upon your window pane
 stained the mind: a deep shade of residue
 voices within the head make choices multiple
 multiply Spawn, Slug a little buzz
 and Atmosphere the scuds, cuz here come the judge
 blasted; so past the kid a mic so we can paint this
 image of the gifted-anxious, to flip the language
 it's the noun meltdown from the outer-shell
 now smell the burning flesh fresh from the hell-bound
 and come on down here, this mind path, I'm half-
 mathematic Atmospheric staff with the rhyme craft
 comin to capture, your after-laughter
 while I'm hangin from this rafter, I have to rip this rapture
 cuz the cramps in my stomach, dismantle
 when I tamper wit your amplify, you damn-you die...

Why try?

The sky presents an eternally unfolding spectacle:
 One moment puffs of cumulous clouds get across it
 and next a billowing thunderhead
 perhaps 10 miles high looms over the horizon
 probing the structure of the sky...

Why try?

Cause I can read an emcee from front to back
 from the cover to the classified - I've pacified
 my mind with my rhyme skills - I climb hills
 and leap, foolish twitch with a single bound
 sending tingles down your spine, designed to swing a pound
 this ax_handle_tripled inch_spike_protruding
 from the tip of my mic distrubuting fuckin headshots
 shots to your head, now your're knee-deep, you need sleep
 as you trutch thru the sludge and the slugs and the bird shit
 we swarm with the bees and diseases
 and even if your deejay was Jesus, you could never fuck with these kids
 I've swarmed with the bees and diseases
 and even if your deejay was Jesus, you could never fuck with these kids

Yea muthafucka! you know who you fuckin with
 you know what kind ass whooping comes with this
 your whole crew could get some of this,
 your wack ass fuck kids is what the subject is
 roughnecks live, for only a second
 then they give oblivion's, what you've stepped in
 your reps token, should have been lookin
 I'm sick of you bitch-ass crews when:
 you tried take what's not your but 'cha couldn't
 take mine, your fake rhymes - spit them you shouldn't

what will it be now? another victory
ayo who will it be now? it's Spawn that emcee
complete, a true champ - stamped that on my essence
amped shootin presence, fattenin each fuckin sentence
when its time, then it's time to go
that's what I know, be rippin mics at every show we flow
but who's got my back though?

Stress, Beyond, ANT, the Slug

so you bests be on your way before there's trouble...