

4:30 am

Atmosphere

So Tootsie Roll the fuck back to your seat cause I don't like you

Hey Spawn tell me a joke

Hahahahaha

Hey yo Spawn, what you doing?

Hahahaha!

I sever heads just to sharpen my skills

Zoom in on braids like a John Carpenter kills

Surprise, that's the element, your confidence is delicate

Never recuperates, I leave your mutant sell of it

Break the victim down to a jelly consistency

The brain twisted spits, now tell me who gets with me

I felt they were listening and the smell of fear amps me

Sweet tooth, room full of candy wrappers, I get antsy

Mission activated, attention captivated

Vocals ring bring the so-called king unstages assassinated

You're nice, where you from?

That's the question I ask

Distraction got struck pull their heart out their ass

To blast this nuclear, when the crew appears

So sheek shelter, the only helpful advice

Is that you should steer clear of the exits

I take reps and make messes

Broken, when the spot closes we're off to breakfast

Invested breath, skills, adrenaline

Refill the guth into my hut to build with the pentagon

From Henipen to Lexington the first section conquered

Laid seeds in the soil, preeped to props and on 'em

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Can't expect everyone to see shit the way I see it

Can't expect anyone to be dope the way I be it

So be it, atmospherly stew like sunbeams

To snap you like a bungee when the Sayers takes the country

Hungry, and this emptyness makes me grumpy

Take an emcee, stuff him between some bread cheese and lunch me

It's just a snack, rely on Ant to thrust a track

Into the mind as I slip behind the whack and crush his back

Must react, if we don't we have no work

So I stomp them, let a steam remove remains upon the astroturf

Now who's eager? To be made a believer?

It wakes the dead when I shake a rival's head until his teeth hurt

Need jerk, when I yank your brain into a beaver

And melt the weak channels in your receiver

You need to keep your beaver in your pants

Fuck your leisure and your plans

I wear a Van Halen T-shirt

Bust a stance and crush your plans

It's all inside the flows balance, we figure well

Your style has the personality of a speak-and-spell

You need development to reach the plateau I'm at

So take a fat step back so I don't mistake you as a bat

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