

# Dungeons and Dragons

## Atmosphere

This is Don Newkirk from Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Yeah, handsome. Yeah, you know what I'm sayin?  
Six-one-two, writers never die, writers never die.  
Yeah, yeah, lavish I never had it  
I get too happy doin atmospheric damage  
to your amateurish madness  
Check your current status

Kinetic responses were heard frequent in the past  
with speakin lashes in the tongues of father's demons semen  
Somehow catered to the whims of later stood  
check the you shoot like stormtroopers the arising Darth Vader hood  
Gave a good thumbs up type of scream  
to symbolize the arrival cause we've arised from the dream  
With a red beam that fastens to my chest  
wearin' a string of beads of sweat  
decorating this helmet that shelters and protects my laptop  
The brain contains the game and the fast talk  
More traffic than the average vagrant's favorite drag spot last stop  
To catch a breath for twenty miles  
Cause this field is filled with more snakes than MC's that fake their freestyles  
Your optimism is far from natural caught the label of asshole  
cause I'm twice as tight as the rest this rappin's vaginal  
Stand clear, cause when my shit comes the big fun  
Pushin' up in and out of your bitch system like a piston  
Glistening, in the twilight, hill top, with his ability stability  
and shoot my spunk on your soliloquy  
The children see right through the smoke screen  
the mist around your soul provoking, your own choking

Dungeon after dungeon, dragon after dragon

In 97 the haters smash the tribe of set  
New ward, what are the most important things in life?  
To crush enemies? To see them driven before you?  
Or to hold the head of opponent MC's, in your bare hands  
Haha

I'm a co-founder, and one that likes to lounge on  
Overcrowded spots so I can find someone to clown on  
I hound dog, sniffin' out the unwanted  
I said I'd let you live, but I never could keep a promise  
With a lot of shit in my cottage  
Come to my store, tryin to fight get fucked, like Marcellus Wallace  
The BE calls it, anybody wanna, wander, on to the stage and try ta cha cha  
Blah blah, that's all I'm hearin from the opposition  
Just a buncha cockys dissin, ya kiddin  
Wanna battle, huh?  
Last two times mc's were found dead in a fast food line  
Mash you, I'mma mash you (Who, them?)  
Yeah, that crew  
Separate the bitches like a capsule cause they fragile  
Knock em off the saddle make 'em flip to the leaves  
and they'll wake up paralyzed like, Christopher Reeves  
Take a breath, here quick take one more  
Before you finally realize that ya layin' in the morgue

This is the core, of the underground  
Listen cause I'm sayin' somethin' now  
The BE, only one allowed

Dungeon after dungeon, dragon after dragon

Steel is not strong  
Flesh is strong  
You understand me, boy?  
Watch, watch this, you you, come here, come here,  
come to me, come to me, witness this

I'm kind of conservative when it comes to this rap shit  
because when I glance across the surface all the words is written backwards  
And actions speak, much louder than your heavy rotations  
I'll rock a crowd that's never heard of us, on any occasion  
No longer patient you got my cranium achin  
Prepare my awareness and start to measure up these square pegs  
To figure out which crescent wrench it's gonna take  
to beat this stake into my skull,  
to numb, and dull this headache  
Fiberglass rappers leave with cracked brains  
Shattered names line the hallways with all the ways I can contain  
under lids, locks in a two headed dog, with a sawed off  
It's where Ant makes the breaks to get your rocks off  
Molotov toss, into the ring of lost causes  
formerly known as MC's (Southside lost provisions)  
Cause it's more cost-efficient to kill the bad apple then save the core  
then to nature let it run it's course, of course  
You cross me, spread my wings and leave you stranded on this planet  
(Cross me, spread my wings and leave you stranded on the planet)  
You cross me, spread my wings and leave you stranded on this planet  
Dungeon after dungeon, dragon after dragon after dragon

Dungeon after dungeon, dragon after dragon

In 97, smash the tribe of Set, all the snakes  
slitherin amongst the base, amongst the temples smashed