Onemosphere

Atmosphere

Atmosphere... Atmosphere.... Atmosphere

Atmosphere and maybe you don't like us
But of all the stars in the sky believe we're one of the bright
est
My life is as trite as your favorite rap record
And I'm posessed with that insight that enables me to laugh bet
ter
From the last letter back to the A come around my way
Out of the wrapping paper with out the fucking holiday
Can't never be captured but they can toy with my shell
But only after they walk a mile backwards through b-boy hell
From hear on out the sun rises at noon thirty
And didn't quit pressing till the whole f-ing room heard me
Soon the birdy will fly with or with out the wings
As straight as the equator, as nosy as the outscenes
Let the poppers pop let the breakers break
Make the dj's and the assholes and all the rappers snakes
Well most rap writers are wierdos now a days
So I hang out with myself and a rafter and a belt
Every chapter that I happen to skim
Appears if it must of been written by me or the brothers grim

And the moral to the story comes equipped with a sting
Once again I'm picked for the wrong fucking team (fucking team)

Now I'm sleeping on floors of temporary friends
But I'm keeping the store front as clean as I can
And I'm sweeping the sky for today's revelation
And I'm needing some time and some proper ventillation
And I'm building a house for everyone to hold
And I'm filling your mouth with the keys to my soul
And your spitting me out piece together the puzzle
You got to get it all out while your learning how to juggle
And the bricks weigh more then they led you to believe
Remember never let nobody leave you to believe
September was the first time I had to breathe
So I learned to hate harvest, started at a trick up it's sleave
Not fucking with the jones'es, I guess that I been jones'en so
much
Nothing gets noticed but the mess
And I'm smokin' my stress through and empty beer can
And it goes one Minnesota, two Minnesota, three
And Atmosphere.....