

Peaking

Atmosphere

I'm at the end

I had the strangest dream last night
I dreamt that we went on the Serena Tour with Peter Frampton and Roxanne Shante
Damn, I pray some day I'll receive my eight CDs for a penny
Or even better any pennies for my CDs that you purchased
So that I can buy more vinyl even though my needle is worthless
To feel that I've got a purpose
The change ups have been disturbing
The aim was broke
But I ain't no joke
Because MCs I chain smoke
See lungs in flames
So I swing with them
But if the mic had no filter it'd kill your central nervous system
The mental serpents rips into your head and words reign loose
Submerged in brain juice get introduced
Here I am
What do you mean my ticket's invalid?
It started off erogenous and now it's getting callous
Instrumentally challenged
It grabs my balance and shakes it
But I take it, I walk through it butt-naked
Eat the tribulations, drink the disconnections
Smoke the defections, over-slept and failed the lessons
Find a friend in Jesus, he turns rocks into bread
But my man Travis did it, now he's locked in the Fed
Where the fuck is the finish line?
Innocence is defined by the black form
And that's why I lack pronunciation
When I walk amongst the fake men that swarm the time clock
Trying to find lunch break

I'm at the end of my rope again
I'm at the end of my rope again

At the end of my rope again
Searching for patterns in the grey
When my stay reaches finished
Diminished semi-dramatic anticipation is massive
When can I have it?
All of the senses are alert I claim
Towards fear for main courses
Take the tenseness for dessert
The end of my rope again
Victim stands blindfolded on the corner of 24th
And Hennepin I hunt ya and punch ya
Your brains with my bangs
I can never function with toys strictly b-boys
Headshots, vandals graffiti head trip
Had an illest fixation with Edie Sedgwick
But I'm cool now
I fled with my crew now

I keep my flow deep inside my pocket
'Cause I peep now you lost it
Him who vomits is the one that ate the jizm
So kill the plagiarism
I feel as though I'm swimming in the negative energy
Osmosis used by those with the tools who know how
To render me hopeless
Choked with a tiny opening enabling one last gasp
And one last chance to stir backlash
The end of my rope again
Suspended in mid-atmosphere
God must want me here
Treating the loophole that these birds fly through
Greetings, no
The pupil in my third eye is huge because I'm peaking
The end of my rope again

I'm at the end of my rope again
I'm at the end of my rope again
I'm at the end of my rope again

I'm at the end