Randy Mosh

Atmosphere

As the sun sets, the moon rises with vengeance I ask you to witness what revenge is Moving mountains and inches
The business is resistance
Powerful as we evolve
Get involved, we can get it all
Altogether we could get it solved
Bosses that'll pay the cost

You gotta try now
We're no more than light
This is what you want in life
You've gotta shout now
Sleeping [?]
Is that what you want in life?

Hot Juba, black Buddha, smoother than Luther Out of the womb ruthless, deliver with no toola Rougher than loofas, clueless and ruthless considered nuisance Barren and fruitless, no power, a cup juiceless I aspire to inspire given devil's fire A sin higher, make profit like Jeremiah Turn the mercury to gold to extract worth And my circumference trying to tell me it's a flat Earth Elegant aggression, glamorous suppression Ballad of the bullet, immaculate conception And the shitty slums seeking galaxy connections Trying to follow God, hollow like a faulty log Han Solo in the Jedi, I'm unthawed Hyper-vigilant and militant, en garde Unscathed, slaves free while they unchained Life's a maze, fiends live in concaves

I would send you back to the bowels you're born from I raised a glass when you swallowed your forked tongue I recognize your counterfeit confidence Got me convinced that the crime is the consequence You're a derivative of bullshit, literal Unoriginal, that's why you're miserable We had to pick up the pieces, it wasn't difficult I guess you didn't know, your impact was minimal The opposite of opportunism Your costume is so transparent, now you're virtually invisible There's no such thing as a typical individual There's nothing left except "fuck you" on principle Seventh of September, still running the temperature Smoking like an ember, drinking like an amateur Tripping like your grandpa at the strip club without his pills Make it rain two dollar bills

Yo, peep the piece of scum, you conceded to become Competing with me is dumb, seed it deep inside the trunk You must be drinking cum, 'cuz you talk a lot like a cunt Get punched and knocked out in the crosswalk right in the front Your resistance is food for my machismo
When I push up on a fool, he's stuck on freeze mode
That ain't a full quip, riding on the Jean-Paul

I ain't got no attitude, I just got a mean soul
Everybody else telling me I needed to grow
Shut your pharmaceutical ass up, and put that weed in the bowl
Got some cancer cells to kill, now the answer from hell
So pass the bill fast, 'cuz I over pressurize my master seal
Don't over glamorize a man to kill
Don't let 'em grow up, thinking he has to actually blast to steal
And make sure they know there's more to life than just some rap skill
It's like decades later emcees get trapped still

Power to the people Don't let a coward lead you Can't preach to you if they don't know how to feed you I burnt the haystack and found the needle Then proceed to, invest the water, cows, and diesel And sour diesel, wholesale banana trucks Hotels in Panama, no dope sales, we're manning up Unplug the cord, debug the store We love the lord, but keep getting drug into war What's the gun for? If all we're doing is talking What are you doing marching when all of these humans starving? The diamond's like, shine a light, they got it right Or, we can set it off like dynamite The balance is found, Los Angeles bound In a van full of cannabis pounds We came back to stick our flag in the ground If you're down, put your damn hands to the clouds [?]

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