

## Substance Abuse

### Atmosphere

When you die what you own on Earth won't be coming with you  
So all that fat shit you've got, I ain't trippin that ain't an issue  
If you've got vibes, on a cool level we can talk, but if you live lies  
through material-fertilized eyes and fantasize then walk  
I use my vocals like chalk to sketch the picture you can see it  
See unfold what I thought in my mind when I free it  
Did the swallow get caught? Yo, does your throat feel tight?  
Do you see what can happen when Atmosphere grabs the mic?  
Just a word for you it's funny and I think you caught its fever  
All that shit you watch on TV has made you a believer  
You don't have to like me, bitch, cause I don't really like you either  
I don't care if you're rich, I had your girl, and I'mma leave her  
Word, I'm eager, to disrespect the petty thoughts of many reps  
As I take steps and climb and leave footprints on your mind  
I've designed my own lifestyle words and vowels instead of rifals  
And hang out with rhyme pals who tower like the Eiffel...

A lot of things change and some things don't  
A lot of people fall off and some say they won't  
That's right (That's right)  
That's right (That's right)  
Cause we'll fuck up your life like a crack pipe

It's the TC's original b-boy Extreme  
So when a nigga calls next you better pick your team  
I hit the seam like double stitch, twitch and get bent  
A Rhymesayer, nothing less than one hundred percent  
You cats are far from inventive, cool and calm  
I destruct an angled emcee before the touch of dawn  
My wand be makin niggas go poof with smoke  
Nothing left but Adidas, X ain't no joke  
I'm not out to get the quote of the month  
Fuck a stunt  
I'd rather grab the microphone and give you what you want  
Opposite of a flaunt cause my shits bang hard  
Yeah, you bust, but I'm black jack you pulled the wrong card  
There may be one too many I give you plenty like excessive  
If you're wack and grab the mic you end up in a state of depressive-  
-Ness yes, couldn't pass the test with a calculator  
Rhymes like piranha, beat designed by the ANTinator  
A hater? Never, I just wait till you're tired  
And then I give your ass a ticket cause that last shit's expired  
Better yet tired, cause your position's been terminated  
Wack niggas bug me like pests and get exterminated

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(Yo yo yo)  
Wanted to see if it was alive, started poking it (Pokin it!)  
How could it survive when you're chokin it? (Chokin it!)  
When I can get a firm grip, I'm holdin it (Holdin it!)  
And when I'm broke, I wear my girls deodorant  
Wait, did I say my girl? I meant my pimp

Cause she's the one with the money, and she walks with a limp  
And honey, if you wanna purr you gotta register with her  
Cause she gets ninety-five percent before any events occur  
Sir, your self-imploding ego is adorable  
Word, but your immature stee-lo is ignorable  
I don't know, maybe I'm just getting too old to flow  
How much more must I invent before you seek retirement?  
Repent and tell God that you feel shitty bout your actions  
Bent in the back and I can only blame my passions  
Well rounded relapses kept me at a fraction  
When the wind died I found myself spread across the Tascam  
How much thought did you put into that verse you brought?  
What made you think I wasn't gonna mock? Put a fucking tube sock  
In that hole because I think it started to leak  
Take two dicks and call me in a week

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Cause we'll fuck up your life like a crack pipe  
Asswipe!

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Asswipe!