

# Tracksmart

## Atmosphere

The loveliest sound coming out to yo' system  
I spark to get y'all off to a good start  
Show me some heart, walk through my hood after dark, dodging poison darts  
Catch one in the left lung I hope the Cherokee parks by itself tracksmart  
Act like you part of this you'll find yourself victim of the rhyme bombardment  
Weak shit, I have the tolerance  
I write the best rhymes in my sleep  
Dreamland beats and freelance techniques fuckin' up the sheets  
Ink spots, puss spot niggas tryin to stop this  
Think not get ? and listen for your bank knock  
We do a lot of this activity in my city  
Get a job in my world, join a futuristic commitee  
Weak assistant of three had to be persistantly equal  
In order for it to work out in a balance  
Which comes down to a question of natural talents  
Can't keep those gifts isolated in tablets  
It's not about rap ballads, or who can flow the best  
What kind of dressing you gonna have with your life salad? (Hmmm...)  
French...yes..thank you very much..On to the next

Yo, you rappers elude me but that's nothing new  
I still stick to my duty, to kick something true  
Still if you wanna boo me we can do this in a circle of peers  
Tell your bitch to kick a beat so I can work you to tears  
I've made a full of strangers throw hands in the air (Man)  
I know you sense danger, I can see it in your stare (Man)  
Don't provoke anger when the mic's in my hand,  
Cause if I get that spark I'm quick to rip apart your plans  
Yo Ant, let's keep this one accesible  
Take the fruits that wanna test these bros and make 'em vegetables  
Just to let 'em know that the course tastes pure  
Pissed off all the local rappers so it's time to go on tour  
I'm sure, so I never break a sweat when a fate steps  
Instead I break that snake's neck and take his breath  
Half the time half of 'em don't catch the rhymes  
They need they friends with to show 'em how we wax behinds  
Please fool, hella stupid I'm assuming probably  
Couldn't even rock your own family reunion and I'm through with the politick  
et  
Rhymesayers on a mission, watch the following thinking, motherfucker!

I stick two fingers through his nostrils and a thumb through his mouth  
And swing em' like a bowling ball make 'em strike the fuck out  
Take a hook and stab it through his back and curve it around his spine and t  
hrow em out  
By the lili pads and wait for a hit on my line (Damn!)  
Cause this rap shit makes me wanna catch niggas like catfish  
Chop 'em up into steaks and sop 'em up off the plate with biscuits and rice  
I put the hand of the one that likes to hold mics in a vice  
Make sure he never writes in his life  
When it's time for me to display (Stay the FUCK out the way)  
And when its time for you to DJ you going play what I say  
The word for the day is "Fette" cash lessons  
Get ready to mash when I give the word don't ask questions  
Pack yo shit, dont smack yo bitch  
Leave peaceably cause these'll be vital elements of livin' feasibly

? the urban ? mocha latte, Saint Paul nigga rocking the uptown partay like c  
oca angel vatte  
I provide that mental rush and that physical feeling like yo' whole worlds b  
eing dusted  
Be hushed when you see me in deep thought  
Hand clutched interrupt and you just might be caught then crushed

Yo, yo, I quit fronting, really-really  
I know wrong and right, wrote my songs, shed light to promote a longer life  
When I reflect that night, I seek light in the confusion  
I stick to the music and skip the baggage of delusion  
Managed to come through and I'm in the minimalism, yo  
The damage is due it's time to climb to catch a vision  
Yo, I've had it with you, and the terms which I work cause it matter to you  
The flight's cursed, I might burst challenging who?  
Balance the mood, yo Stress, let's gather the crew,  
Commence to wreck shit then exit, I'd rather that you  
Throw your hands in the air  
And if that's too demanding you can stand there and stare