

# Atom

# Cannibal Ox

[Vast Aire]

Yo, I ain't superstisious but these niggaz is nice

[Cryptic]

A lot of cats pop shit, I pop apocalypse  
Toppin propaganda force fed to the populace  
My thoughts run the gamut from outstandin to preposterous  
On top of this I move posteriors  
Brother impoverished the +pac shuries+  
My process: accomplish through percevierence  
Every man's not my brother regardless of appearence  
Apprehension clouds the spirit  
Tension prepares us for ascension  
And at his best is when he breaks conventions  
A convenient covenant coveted for conception  
We're all from the same mold: spores and bacteria  
Those woulda fear me others would thaw hysteria  
A claustrophobic nuerosis in this masquerade ball of fake glasses and big no  
ses  
Mollasses splashes explosive flows  
Two exposed pinnocheos growin nose  
Composed of compost compositions  
Those clothes are gettin a little close fittin  
I stop this shit and I'm over-confident  
The script's compliments of my frozen mic dominance  
A passively aggressive testament is how I'm reppin shit

[Vast Aire]

Watch Vast murder the track effortless  
Like God's on my side and he answered my Christmas list  
After the first couple of bars I start to smell fear  
That's when I take them there so they can breathe Aire  
You're so secure with your insecurity  
Perfect world of piety I swat flies when they bother me  
Some say I touch hearts like Kano  
Now every time you see a mic you just say no  
Some write with words, I write with matters  
As my soul is brushed free Vast Aire dusty  
In the coldest winters we thought husky  
They be like, "I don't know his name but he aim like Wayne Gretsky"  
That's funny, cause I don't play hockey  
I play horse on the mic and watch em all copy  
Left hooks left from shoochin etch-a-sketching  
Give me an entry line I'll take a mile if you let me  
I'm not a bum, I'm a nomad, off dome  
Thoughts have no home, the page is ours to roam  
Cats be on some fantasy shit like Cinderella  
Well we'll see if the shoe fits after the accapella  
And the nascent's claimin sonnin  
What's the penalty for that? He might never come back  
And the atomic pressure won't lessin  
After you've learned your lesson  
Mister sits in a track? Yeah that's a bucket I see  
Like a farmhand cuttin a little piggie

From the author I'm also the farmer stupid

I shoot a arrow at you and my name ain't Cupid

[Alaska]

Yo I'm mindless with this art  
(?) while this heart gets brave  
And a blade that's well polished and sharp  
Intending to reinvent two spinning wheels in line  
Just to enjoy the bumpy lives and improve upon its design  
I take time, every plate circle's complete, love it  
I've learned even tardy birds come to eat from it  
Early bird gets the worm but that early worm finds a spot  
In the early bird's stomach and can't escape from it  
Pity the odd jocks of live stock graze amongst our mind crop  
Beast of burdon murdered their minds one  
Climbin nations leave these regions unexplored  
Liberty torch the truth with sandy floors on beach shores  
Destroy atomic gracelands def-  
Definitine situations a complex edifice  
Mother nature broken fucked by offspring's wreckless neglegance  
Disruptive corruptive residence of birthin now pessimists  
Found willingly bound in the back of yellow (?)  
Clearly, pity anti mobius strip theories  
Dennis Leary, Miller, and menacing cynicism visions  
Would an oppressed bet givin his position on life's mission

[Vordul Megala]

Now listen how sick is these niggaz?  
Atoms to illest, (catepillars/ cat pillars), And don't choke guns  
Smoke onions crying with no funds no fun trying  
To get by still Vordul do it and rap music  
Tell death do us wet your noodle  
With raps in the pot hard boil the rap gargoyles  
Stoned at night on top of buildings Gothic  
Like Bruce in the blue suit let's get it poppin  
Watch it drop outa the sky in the ridin hampton where some get tackled  
Hooks that grapple right on your Adam  
Got you chokin off the rhyme potents  
Stay focused while you villians stay jokin  
Serious on the mic get ignorant  
Delivering the rap vocals for the new mellinnium  
We're from illeum marchin in atomic garments  
Bombin all the nonsense.....  
Yo, you cats ain't ready for this, heavy abyss  
Thoughts that travel through the tunnels of scripts  
My mic holds one in the clip and fo's packed under the dic  
Spit rhino acapells gunnin your shit  
Your rap plug's stuck in your whips fuckin with this  
Over these el-pro percussion hits  
We love to rip, love to sip, love to rep Jux to Def  
Yeah, Atoms...