

# Atmosphere

## "Arrival"

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[Slug]

[whispered]

"I'm not really supposed to talk about this.....but..."

With the excitement of a new born  
Came to join the main event and fight against the luke  
warm  
With nothing but they word and they history  
Take a can of paint and try to decorate their dignity  
It's not what they anticipated  
Fuck, it doesn't matter. Put your fists up and instigate it  
And they can't save the planet  
Or the children of the bandits  
Or themselves god damn it  
I'm just a man that loved rap  
So much in fact  
I put every piece of myself inside these fucking tracks  
What is that, you whisper something from the back?  
You think your personal attacks  
Make up for what you lack?  
I'm just a cat searching for a clean lap  
To crash in a world hurting, waiting for they turn to take  
a nap  
Sorting through bills, fan mail and life threats  
Wondering why the postman ain't delivered my wife yet  
They call me Sean, this is Anthony  
No need to act hard cause we got extended family  
So I smile while I try to use my words wise  
Say what I meant just in case this is your first time  
Via child of the wings tired  
Smilin' like a couple of fools that the queen hired  
Can't wait for the vibrate to thicken  
So we can watch the world tip side. WAIT!  
Even the dead's getting live  
It's a little deeper, you can float, come on baby dive!  
To fall in love with this bitch  
From the petals on her flowers to the pimples on her  
tits  
Fuck the insults. And fuck the compliments  
Just wanna see the mommy free the honesty and the  
common sense  
Stop following the win that you swallow

Cause it's too simple to aim for a target sitting on a  
fence  
We do it for the candle in the sky  
Here's a toast to those who can't handle their high  
You and I, we can swim into the tide  
And watch these other children lose they mind  
(I'm doin' fine)  
And they landed safe and sound  
Better try to take 'em out before they make your  
saviors proud  
So fix your beef, quit actin' like a sheep  
Either spit your speak or sit there and git your teeth  
To spread the info to the kin folk  
Fucking with the climate on the inside of the windows  
They're here, the baby farmers gonna take it farther  
Make a mark and break apart your fake martyrs  
Planted firm, let the planet burn  
Understand the terms, you don't wanna open up this  
can of worms  
I'm trying to keep the prize on the eyeball  
But people wanna see you fly all to watch the sky fall  
Who's to blame for your lack of conviction  
I wasn't drafted, I asked for the mission  
Put your name on the list at the bottom on an empty line  
And hold in plain sight what ever gave you the right to  
question mine?  
The night prowler, gonna crawl past all the rap politics  
You can put that on your last dollar  
Wake up, it's bigger than a pay stub  
There's the door, get the money, go wash off your  
make-up

[Muffled]

And they don't need to love it  
If you don't wanna give it, keep it  
Doesn't really mean nothin'  
Come and beat it 'til it stops breathin'  
No need to even try to reason  
When they not leavin'

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