

Atmosphere

"Cate Van Bags (Get Live Mix) (feat. Brother Ali)"

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(Slug)

We're travellin' a missile

Weavin' through your cornfields

Leaving behind a trail of amateur porn and orange
peels

Navigating through this basement

that masquerades as a nation

Practicing my acetate masturbation

Watching the expressions on the faces

of the ones designated to be the queens, kings, and
aces

How many miles can you put on one soul

before the smile starts to blend into one big bullet
hole?

(Brother Ali)

Shoot through it as a unit with the best of my crew

Pumpin' melodies and memories too

My head's killin' me (ew)

Stomach empty, my bladder is full

Two year old son with Jaybird

Phone dry and missing me (?)

And I'm starvin' I'll bite your arm off

Saber tooth tiger, run the night with the sharp claws

In your back yard just to fuck with your gaurd dogs

Throw a brick through your shit, come cut the alarm off

(Slug)

Fuck yes

I do my best to take advantage in bouts

Put one hand over the mouth

Still managing to shout

Theres more said within the lines of your forehead

Then they could ever try to fineprint on the inside of
that warhead

Cross Country

Like a little lost junkie

Make 'em hot and jumpy

Trying to get that God money

Steering the van through the blizzards, the fanfare

Pivot when we visit

Spit victim if you stand there

(Brother Ali)

Check your map of this picture, throw a dart at it

That's where
We took a room back for the kids and through a heart
at it
Angry like a hostage
Kickin' like a little bitch in one of Dibbs' moshpits
Shifting through your city limits, trying to find the raw
shit
Thread a needle with it and weave a world of heads
together
'Til we get em carsick
Face full of war paint, strapped ready for action
Battle cry just trying to seek the satisfaction of the
captain (?)
(Slug)
Climbed over the side, closed his eyes
Took a dive into his famed inspiration for staying alive
Swam to the shore
Stepped upon land
Walked up to a whore
Grabbed her by the hand and said
Hook:
Let the wheels spin, Let the room shake, Let the
speakers blow
Let the light in, Let the kids play, Let the people know
Let the roof burn, Let the girls love, Let the heat flow
Let the world turn, Let the curbs up, Cats Van Bags Yo!
(Brother Ali)
Lock eyes with a thousand people at the same time
They mind believe in us
My style of graffiti is
Reason just the midwest sweat out of my shirt
And leavin' with my life essence imbedded in your dirt
(Slug)
We work move and hustle with the rest of the gypsies
Spoon feed these issues to a new school of fishies
Swimmin' through a hazy shade of passion
Here they come, the hazled and has been'd
and his chaplin
(Brother Ali)
Thats them the migrant seasonal workers
The finest imperial wordsmiths on the circuit
two million smiles and runnin'
Stompin' tryin to flee the heat
Turn around shootin' at the monster 'til he's knees are
weak
(Slug)
They call me Jesus Freak
I came to listen
Then I save you
Then I make you my favorite position
Chasing this pidgeon down the street towards the

banks
Just in case my my traffic recieves Jeeps and tanks
(Both)
And we wander through this soul
So let it be known
Mama I dont know if I'm a ever be home
The revolution wont have any distribution
(Slug)
I love my son and my music so I gotta keep it movin like
Hook

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