

## Atmosphere

### "Earblister"

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Spawn:

Yo, grab a pencil  
Three pads and a notebook  
You're still shook  
Like below zero  
Paintin' murals  
By the train track  
It's 'nuff skills that you lack  
So fuck you, your crew  
and your backpack  
I'm phat

Slug:

Atmosphere, my man yo  
I spent a better portion  
of my years as a vandal  
I'm too hot to toy with  
These b-boys get lifted  
off the scent that I consume  
I catch a buzz until I bug  
from sniffin' marker fumes  
Now slug is comin' with this  
motherfuckin' verbal psychosis  
And I'm allergic to your flow bitch  
runnin' is my nose itch  
the Dimetapp addict  
I rhyme this phat at shit  
I bust hinges  
And tag the bus benches  
I'll let your mom rub her  
nipples on my retina  
Before I try to see ya  
I flow just like diarrhea, shit  
I might just beat ya if your  
skills is prominent  
But if you're wack won't even  
waste my time vomiting  
I wanna raid your ego  
Elated by this cannabis

So I'ma grab a sharp jagged stick  
and I'ma stab you in the pancreas

Can't read ya's south side  
one big fat contract  
I said yea cause I was  
buzzed from the contact  
I ransacked this Amtrak  
And even if your man's wack  
I give that kid his credit  
if his heart is in it  
Plus I rip apart the cynics  
my vibe is optimistic  
I gotcha twisted in the brain  
More game than mystic lake  
So tell me who's the snake bitch  
I'm spacious  
All you fuckin' fake kids  
Make me wanna break shit  
so take this

Chorus (Slug):  
It's plain to see  
You can't change me  
Cause I'm a b-boy for life  
It's plain to see  
You can't change me  
Cause I'm a b-boy for life

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