

Atmosphere

"In My Continental"

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[CHORUS]

In my Continental
Splinter off the mental
When you want the best show
Never accept anything less
Elements of purpose
True love from the first kiss
Spread it on the surface
Sit back and watch the progress

[VERSE 1: Slug]

T-t-t-t-t-teacher, teacher, how can I learn patience?
Planted in the middle and outside of your nation
Take the care to build a familiar foundation
Speak to the youth that keep the truth sacred
Free the, free the good inside your heart
Your neighborhood, it needs you to travel with your art
From New York to Cali, some day they'll all know
Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Chicago
Now I've come a long way from the younger days
When I used to look up curse words in my dictionary
If life's a game, gotta choose a side to play
If I gotta pick a position I'ma pick missionary
I've had a little bit too much to think tonight
But it's cool, I be alright, just make sure that I keep
travellin
Your reactions only reinforce the previous thoughts
You'd feel the distance even if the bridge was collapsin
Well, kudos and props and every hollow desire
That you could conjure in an instant that it takes to
breathe
I got my Duplos and blocks and Lincoln Logs for when
it's time to build
I wait patiently for them to catch up to speed
(And I'll be)

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2: Slug]

T-t-t-t-t-teacher, teacher, show me what you know
now
Load up your van with musicians and go south

Visit Atlanta, Memphis, Tulsa, Texas
Plug in the decks, check the mics, fight the wreckage
Keep the, keep the motive in your movement
Let em know where you come from and show them how
you do it

Children are the focus, give em one to grow with
Learn em how to take they minutes, turn em into
moments
See, nowadays cats think they on some next
And they sacrifice they voice just to go over heads
If I felt as if I had somethin special to tell
Why would I work against myself and hide it under my
belt?
I used to try to lace the phrases with magic tricks
Every paragraph needed translation attached to it
They saw the style, respected the craft
But all I did was confuse em, would try to get em to
laugh
Painted pictures in the primer, no one got the pulp
Found the humor, the anger and the insult
Why should I waste any oxygen
Tryin to find the in-between-the-lines that they get lost
within?
I'm out there for the craft, for the cause
The laughter, the applause, the passion for the flaws
The fact that I'ma draw some heads to what I'm feelin
Lift em all up until they try to touch the ceiling
Come on and reach the, reach the masses won by
singular
They hold you and they smile when they feel what you
can bring to the
Culture and sow it, cultivate the flow with
Breath control and he kept it whole, be-
Cause piece by piece the picture turns to puzzle
If you lose a few those that remain change into rubble
Freedom is a word not heard from those that own it
Can't fix the machine if you don't have the components
(And I'll be)

[CHORUS]

Cause we're not from this planet
We come from somewhere else
And you can't understand it
Cause you don't know yourself
But when the time is right
Our path will be unveiled
Till then you seek your light
While I sit and bite my nails

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