

## Atmosphere

# "Vowel Movement"

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i talk circles around the brain matter of folds,  
it's just a reminder of who came fatter with flows,  
an rhymes to snatch the essence outcha skin without  
damagin' you pupils,  
cause you'll need all your vision to see this lyricsism,  
with ridiculous precision i rid this division of emcees,  
take head, fake snead, to relieve they positions,  
get lost i toss kids a snack when they flow is wack,  
your crew is on my dick, i'm lettin' you hold my sack,  
i'm suposin' thats the reason for ya treason,  
ear's bleedin is what the atmosphere leavin' kid,  
i season shit, oh jesus it's the slug influence,  
fuck your crew bitch ya ego is a nuisance,  
i loosen up the screws on your goose neck,  
now ya handle bars is stripped,  
if you was smart you'd quit,  
cause true heads get lothogic with ur shit,  
my man you do not know the boundaries,  
your circumference got sketchy in the center when you  
found me,  
from around these parts regardless of where these  
parts is,  
I start shit cause thats where my heart is,  
i've been dubbed the design never intended for the  
weak mind,  
i transit pass that cheap line responsible for ur  
confidence,  
brainwash hence since you grabbed the mic all i can  
hear is rinse cycles,  
clean your lint screen, keep your low balance, keep  
your low balance,  
you've got no talent therefore, you are no challenge,  
so why do you wanna mic if you do not know how to use  
it?  
why do you want the mic if you don't know how to use  
it?  
i'm not here just to talk shit kid i do shit,  
rhymesayers always regular with vowel movement,  
why do you want the mic if you don't know how to use  
it?  
tell me why do you want the mic if you don't know how  
to use it?

i'm not here just to talk shit kid i do shit,  
rhymesayers always regular with vowel movement,  
i talk circles around the brain matter of folds,  
it's just a reminder of who came fatter with flows,  
an rhymes to snatch the soul outcha skin w/o damagin'  
your ear drums,  
so you can hear your fear when atmosphere comes,  
near done spawn grabbed the silverware an cups,  
i'll grab the emcee out the oven lets sit down an tear  
shit up,  
cause most of 'em are like pastry's with creamy  
centers,  
you get stuck between my dentures when you feel me  
enter,  
feel cemente the point be in your destination equation,  
base intentsion's on the fact that we leave facial  
ebbrasion's  
rhymesayers take your station's  
competitions tryna shed life,  
the competition may as well of grabbed a dead mic,  
getcha head right before your head get's left for this  
dam,  
cause i get amped when kids rant,  
with averageness they just can't match the antics,  
the atmos. never placid takes more than practice,  
so fuck with my fontic acrobatics,  
cronic wackness, that the diaognosis i've obstolled,  
this current phasurence was determinded in a crazy  
spin,  
take the spacey grin an flip it upside,  
cause nuff died when sjug applied fist to this mic,  
device is priceless think twice if you wanna piece of  
this,  
get you ferverous check your fahrenheit i'm tearing  
mics,  
crews get lost within thoughts of how we do sit,  
rhymesayers always regular with vowel movement,  
so why do you want the mic if you don't know how to  
use it?  
why do you want the mic if you don't know how to use  
it?  
i'm not here just to talk shit i do shit,  
rhymesayers always regular with vowel movement,  
why do you want the mic if you don't know how to use  
it?  
tell me why do you want the mic if you don't know how  
to use it?  
i'm not here just to talk shit kid i do shit,  
rhymesayers always regular with vowel movement,  
rhymesayers always regular yes, yes, with vowel  
movement yes, yes,

yes, yes, rhymesayers always regular with vowel  
movement, bitch!

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