

Barlow Gary**"Atom"**

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[Vast Aire]

Yo, I ain't superstitious but these niggaz is nice

[Cryptic]

A lot of cats pop shit, I pop apocalypse
Toppin propaganda force fed to the populace
My thoughts run the gamut from outstandin to
preposterous
On top of this I move posteriors
Brother impoverished the +pac shuries+
My process: accomplish through percevience
Every man's not my brother regardless of appearence
Apprehension clouds the spirit
Tension prepares us for ascension
And at his best is when he breaks conventions
A convenient covenant coveted for conception
We're all from the same mold: spores and bacteria
Those woulda fear me others would thaw hysteria
A claustrophobic nuerosis in this masquerade ball of
fake glasses and big noses
Mollasses splashes explosive flows
Two exposed pinnocheos growin nose
Composed of compost compositions
Those clothes are gettin a little close fittin
I stop this shit and I'm over-confident
The script's compliments of my frozen mic dominance
A passively aggressive testament is how I'm reppin shit

[Vast Aire]

Watch Vast murder the track effortless
Like God's on my side and he answered my Christmas
list
After the first couple of bars I start to smell fear
That's when I take them there so they can breathe Aire
You're so secure with your insecurity
Perfect world of piety I swat flies when they bother me
Some say I touch hearts like Kano
Now every time you see a mic you just say no
Some write with words, I write with matters
As my soul is brushed free Vast Aire dusty
In the coldest winters we thought husky

They be like, "I don't know his name but he aim like
Wayne Gretsky"
That's funny, cause I don't play hockey
I play horse on the mic and watch em all copy
Left hooks left from shookin etch-a-sketching
Give me an entry line I'll take a mile if you let me
I'm not a bum, I'm a nomad, off dome
Thoughts have no home, the page is ours to roam
Cats be on some fantasy shit like Cinderella
Well we'll see if the shoe fits after the accapella
And the nascent's claimin sonnin
What's the penalty for that? He might never come back
And the atomic pressure won't lessin
After you've learned your lesson
Mister sits in a track? Yeah that's a bucket I see
Like a farmhand cuttin a little piggie
From the author I'm also the farmer stupid
I shoot a arrow at you and my name ain't Cupid

[Alaska]

Yo I'm mindless with this art
(?) while this heart gets brave
And a blade that's well polished and sharp
Intending to reinvent two spinning wheels in line
Just to enjoy the bumpy lives and improve upon its
design
I take time, every plate circle's complete, love it
I've learned even tardy birds come to eat from it
Early bird gets the worm but that early worm finds a
spot
In the early bird's stomach and can't escape from it
Pity the odd jocks of live stock graze amongst our mind
crop
Beast of burdon murdered their minds one
Climbin nations leave these regions unexplored
Liberty torch the truth with sandy floors on beach
shores
Destroy atomic gracelands def-
Definitive situations a complex edifice
Mother nature broken fucked by offspring's wreckless
neglegance
Disruptive corruptive residence of birthin now
pessimists
Found willingly bound in the back of yellow (?)
Clearly, pity anti mobius strip theories
Dennis Leary, Miller, and menacing cynicism visions
Would an oppressed bet givin his position on life's
mission

[Vordul Megala]

Now listen how sick is these niggaz?

Atoms to illest, (catepillars/ cat pillars), And don't
choke guns
Smoke onions crying with no funds no fun trying
To get by still Vordul do it and rap music
Tell death do us wet your noodle
With raps in the pot hard boil the rap gargoyles
Stoned at night on top of buildings Gothic
Like Bruce in the blue suit let's get it poppin
Watch it drop outa the sky in the ridin hampton where
some get tackled
Hooks that grapple right on your Adam
Got you chokin off the rhyme potents
Stay focused while you villians stay jokin
Serious on the mic get ignorant
Delivering the rap vocals for the new mellinnium
We're from illeum marchin in atomic garments
Bombin all the nonsense.....
Yo, you cats ain't ready for this, heavy abyss
Thoughts that travel through the tunnels of scripts
My mic holds one in the clip and fo's packed under the
dic
Spit rhino acapells gunnin your shit
Your rap plug's stuck in your whips fuckin with this
Over these el-pro percussion hits
We love to rip, love to sip, love to rep Jux to Def
Yeah, Atoms...

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