Absolute Beginner "Atoms All Stars"

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[Kasm]

Time will tell

Let my rhymes swell

Move in a citadel

With Cannibal Ox 12

Hung off a cliff

Drink the water but never fell

Now I speak to infidels

About the integrity of cells

Search for unity

What seems to be a bottomless well

To open people's minds

Feel like casting a spell

Thinking I'm powerless

In this world all by myself

A musician

What's called magician

[Accidentally before my health]

Always want to move forward

The last thing we want his hell

My man say, "Hell, where we at right now?"

With a voice like a death knell

Propositions, predictions

We won't be living well

Until we grow, have to make weed, and the rest

We could kill

That's ill

How far away that is

Won't want to buy a cell

Where abstract knows no property

Could have you locked up in a cell

Oh, hell

Apocalypse that could all be for the better

Nuclear weather that we fear

Could have our children workin' together

[Alaska]

Shit, I'm looking down my nose at y'all Hopin' y'all don't think you're dope at all Don't be conceited, then I'll be that I've been nice too long Now it's time for me to be that

Total domination

I'm impatient with the conversation

Lacing most tapes, [you see clean]

They should be in the budget

Be given out for free

Of an example of how not to emcee

In the superstar seminar (background: "Don't even fuck with me")

Titled "Don't Fuck With Me"

Luckily, got a sunny disposition

[Pot to missin?]

But try dissin', you'll be posthumous

You spittin' in garbage writtens

Let's bury the hatchet

In the back of half of faggots

Parasitic maggots

Alaska automatics

From 3-point land with the L in my hand

And I don't think you understand

My brain goes deep like Janet Jackson

Porno action, so you can get my vibe like Toni Braxton

With the ass on the cover

You rock a [master cover]

Your inadequacies

Alaska sees through that shit

Most crews are backwards

Couldn't fill my shoes

If you my exact words

Got some whack herbs that

Don't deserve to touch mics

Don't know what emcees look like

I think my shit's the best

And most times you prove me right

[Crypic One]

This graffiti

Vandalous, scandalous

Hip Hop's evangelist

Spreadin' my gospel through the use unheard

languages

See, my third vision, yo, it's used efficiently

While you swim in the sea of artistic insufficiency

Yo, lyrically, you [whippets], be tryin' to dance

First, learn to crawl, then walk, slowly advance

Cuz only the enhanced mind of a few individuals

Can proceed directly to the use of complex lyricals

And, of course, you're forced to digest the pitifuls

Served on silver platters, compact and digital

While we whip up miracles for Hip Hop's survival My culinary arts based on plates and vinyls

And currently, you're currency seeking
Like Gary Oldman, [toll] feeding
And Romeo's bleeding
And that's the sole reason
That I'm forging destiny
Another victim's stricken
By the Atoms Family complexity

[Vast Aire]

You will, and shall receive a headless execution
For not following the Atoms
Nebular constitution, these
Poems are living documents, so when I die
My ionic generation collects the pie
Let's question the "Dead End" sign on the road to
prosperity
Offend Vast, offend God, that is double jeopardy

Offend Vast, offend God, that is double jeopardy
After I devour your planet through vanity
A cold asteroid will become your "Manifest Destiny"
And de facto segregation is applied
When one must be separated from the mic until the day of independence

And your representative of beginner, barely got his feet wet

And tested, while blood flowin', heart muscle arrested Due towards your process, Whatcha mean I can't knock it?

If you sell false realities to put money in your pocket This is not reasonable

[And I'll tell ya,] "Try to limit this elastic clause" Without probable cause

Be-cause

Postcards from the edge
Throw em from the tips of icebergs
Usin' higher imagination
Like a nation of Steven Spielbergs
And if, your if had any thought in it
You'd plead the fifth
Or remain guilty until proven innocent

[WindNBreeze]

Yo, people like the essence of puss
Messing the flux up
Pessimist
Lessen the clutch
Separate messenger sepulcher epitaph
You suffer from lack of laugh bliss
God aftermath
You have to graph the turbulence
Of your subservient
Purple pin dinosaur

Final pause dying to sign up on your

Security blanket

Minus stuffy sinus

Mindless timeless flows

Your whoobies gone

You find what?

Your so called purities

Sank the ship you be floating on

The line is drawn

You mollusks get pelted from selling the soul of a swan

Enveloped in total equations beyond

The behavior of bonds broken, no Psalms spoken

Soak in the moat or the pond poking

Pads of lily sass oh really?

You don't have to fascinate the past debate

To fasten the snake skin belt

Its smoother to grasp the grape skin welch

Purer than Puritan ways peeps are on some knit

Serving the light

Pendulum spinning 'em until

Women in prison hit menopause

Cats scratch with metal paws

Tentatively swimming in rainbow flesh

The same ole guests

The men'll pause

You need iron gauze

You're crying for more gauze pads

I saw sad faces

Leaving sad traces

Disappear like Casper with a cat's purr

Deep crescendo

Windnbreeze, Atoms Fam, body catch blur, see pen

glow poly

(polyconcepteroid)

[Vordul]

Trapped in cold days

My rap flows insane

New York the Cold Vein

Got nothin' but fiends and broke names

Stay frozen in the Apple

We chosin' to blow brains

You niggaz is no-name

Whack, tryin' to flow in the rap game, I flow pain

That kills detach [drills] and crack grills

The fine line design, that's rap [hills]

Swallowing cat pills

I shine for long, with mad skills

Hold [laws], my nigga rides, still live, peace [out the

laws]

I know it's hard trapped inside, and can't watch the

stars

You made it this far, and still here
Live niggaz pushin' through cold fear
365 in it, the whole year
Stress on my brain, I blow tears
You know life, we flow spears, livin'
Niggaz drink the O.E. liquid
And paint rap visuals tight vivid
It's like critics wanna bite the "dittick"
I still rotten, and swing hooks like I'm Riddick
Bo-a constrict ya whole rhythm
Niggaz is trapped in prison
Relax the system
I act with vision
Fly in the sky, live pigeon

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