

Atlas Sound

"4: 30 Am"

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(Anonymous)

Why don't you get the fuck back to your seat 'cause I
don't like you!

(Slug)

Hey Spawn tell me a joke
Hahahahaha
Hey yo Spawn, what you doing?
Hahahahaha!

(Slug)

I sever heads just to sharpen my skills
Zoom in on braids like a John Carpenter kills
Surprise, that's the element, your confidence is
delicate
Never recuperates, I leave your mutant sell of it
Break the victim down to a jelly consistency
The brain twisted spits, now tell me who gets with me
I felt they were listening and the smell of fear amps me
Sweet tooth, room full of candy wrappers, I get antsy
Mission activated, attention captivated
Vocals ring bring the so-called king unstages
assassinated
You're nice, where you from?
That's the question I ask
Distraction got struck pull their heart out their ass
To blast this nuclear, when the crew appears
So sheek shelter, the only helpful advice
Is that you should steer clear of the exits
I take reps and make messes
Broken, when the spot closes we're off to breakfast
Invested breath, skills, adrenaline
Refill the guth into my hut to build with the pentagon
From Henipen to Lexington the first section conquered
Laid seeds in the soil, preeped to props and on'em???

(Spawn)

It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?
It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?
It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?
It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?

(Slug)

Can't expect everyone to see shit the way I see it
Can't expect anyone to be dope the way I be it
So be it, atmospherly stew like sunbeams
To snap you like a bungee when the Sayers takes the
country
Hungry, and this emptyness makes me grumpy
Take an emcee, stuff him between some bread cheese
and lunch me
It's just a snack, rely on Ant to thrust a track
Into the mind as I slip behind the whack and crush his
back
Must react, if we don't we have no work
So I stomp them, let a steam remove remains upon the
astroturf
Now who's eager? To be made a believer?
It wakes the dead when I shake a rival's head until his
teeth hurt
Need jerk, when I yank your brain into a beaver
And melt the weak channels in your receiver
You need to keep your beaver in your pants
Fuck your leisure and your plans
I wear a Van Halen T-shirt
Bust a stance and crush your plans
It's all inside the flows balance, we figure well
Your style has the personality of a speak????
You need development to reach the plateau I'm at
So take a fat step back so I don't mistake you as a bat

(Spawn)

It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?
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