

## Atlas Sound

### "Brief Description"

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[Sample: "Have you heard it? Sing along.  
If you didn't hear it you're gonna hear it right now."]

[Slug]

Bam, the door way opened for me  
I saw ways and told the story  
Raw day dreams of holding glory  
Junior high,  
Hall way king  
Lockin' faggot MCs  
Beat boxin', breakin' Zulu Nation wannabees  
It didn't take long to see who would stay strong  
High school upon  
Some B-Boys put their gang bangs on  
But some kept on doing  
Step on to ruin  
Others that were pursuing the same shit we thought we  
ruled in  
But what a surprise  
The passion for being the best  
Puts a quest for allies to rest  
Dead  
In the Midwest where heads  
Is just a hand full  
In a land of gangstas  
Players, replacements, priests, banjos  
We scramble  
To break MCs that may appreciate it  
Guided by their envy insecurity and their hatred  
Separated by the gimmie props technique  
And a desire to be the tops this week  
I gotta floss the speak  
Cause talk is cheap  
Even the broke kids can afford it  
That's why I stand close and if you're dope then I'm  
supportive  
But if not  
We'll keep the mic warm  
For the next one  
Respect the artform  
And make your wishes on the stars born

Within the movement  
Fact checkin' tryin' to completely avoid all channels of  
backstepping  
From the lines of paint on the concrete  
They reside on Lake Street  
To the way we close our eyes to sleep  
And drift through Deep Space 9 type shit  
To find this  
I've been around for as long as sound  
I've been to that not so fresh faze  
And that not so serious state but I've evolved  
Metamorphed manifestate

I used to be young, dumb and full of vision  
Like it was religious rituals  
I made initial decisions  
I wanted to be a rapper world renown  
From Minneap to the Bronx  
Capture girls in crowns  
Snap, crackle and stomp  
That's what I found  
The abyss that sits in-between the one that holds the  
mic and those that  
Don't even listen  
Formed some crews  
Rocked talent shows at schools  
Saturdays on the 18 make my way down to the record  
pool  
I met a grip of people that was bullshit  
Was down with a lot of people that was bullshit  
But I pull shit from the asshole of an angel before I let  
him hassle and  
Strangle  
The love triangle between me the mic and the turntable  
Went to studios  
We want to make demos  
We want to do shows and rock our own instrumentals  
Do our own production  
Fuckin' around with this kid Kazir  
Nitwit engineer  
Barely knew his own equipment, Atmosphere  
The prefix was urban  
Wrecked shows  
Made friends made foes  
Overall we made flows  
And right now as I sit here writing this  
I'm buggin' off the people in my life that made me like  
this

Within the movement

Fact checkin'  
Tryin' to completely avoid all channels of backsteppin'  
From the lines of painted concrete  
That reside on Franklin Ave  
To the dead bird on the elevator  
To that short in your cross fader  
I never got lost later  
For efforts to pester  
Just throw your hands up in the air like a leper  
I've been to that not so fresh faze  
And to that not quite so serious state  
Metamorph manifestate

Well sometimes it rings and I don't answer it  
That's it no asterisks  
No thirst to find the circumstances  
It was planted in me deep  
It was nurtured and it grew  
Gave it sleep and nutrition  
It was efficient let it through  
There are a few that have developed when I let them in  
my spectrum  
For the rest of em  
I give them just enough to cause infection  
Not trippin' on attention  
But if you ? it's welcome  
Open arms patient charms  
I know the words and I can spell them  
Seldom is it  
When one inquisits  
Do they leave with this interest  
In fact most begin crave the business  
Bringin' me to the table  
That's it no more no less  
The love the life the stress  
Slug, the mic, the mess  
Testin'  
Yes, I've been tested and I've tested some  
I'm not sayin' I'm the best  
Believe I'm not  
Like the rest of em  
Just sayin' I'm better than you  
That's my mind state  
My rhymes take me into  
When I check one two  
I guess some do get pissed  
But intentions were to inspire  
Built the empire before I get tired  
The ones that tare me down don't know it  
But they're the same ones that build me  
Now quietly in your head say, "Yes you can feel me."

[Sample: "Asking himself, even before the curtain goes up, what am I?  
I am now 80 years old, and more, and I am determined to find precisely  
What I am, what I amount to. They tell me I am everything, they flatter  
Me everyday, of my life. I am now going to subject myself to a rigorous  
Test in order to find out really what I am. I don't care about FREEDOM? I don't  
About rule, anymore. It is of no importance to me, as such, but I must  
Find out what I am before I die."]

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