

## Atlas Sound

### "Cate Van Bags"

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(Slug)

We're travellin' a missile  
Weavin' through your cornfields  
Leaving behind a trail of amateur porn and orange  
peels  
Navigating through this basement  
that masquerades as a nation  
Practicing my acetate masturbation  
Watching the expressions on the faces  
of the ones designated to be the queens, kings, and  
aces  
How many miles can you put on one soul  
before the smile starts to blend into one big bullet  
hole?

(Brother Ali)

Shoot through it as a unit with the best of my crew  
Pumpin' melodies and memories too  
My head's killin' me (ew)  
Stomach empty, my bladder is full  
Two year old son with Jaybird  
Phone dry and missing me (?)  
And I'm starvin' I'll bite your arm off  
Saber tooth tiger, run the night with the sharp claws  
In your back yard just to fuck with your gaurd dogs  
Throw a brick through your shit, come cut the alarm off

(Slug)

Fuck yes  
I do my best to take advantage in bouts  
Put one hand over the mouth  
Still managing to shout  
Theres more said within the lines of your forehead  
Then they could ever try to fineprint on the inside of  
that warhead  
Cross Country  
Like a little lost junkie  
Make 'em hot and jumpy  
Trying to get that God money  
Steering the van through the blizzards, the fanfare  
Pivot when we visit  
Spit victim if you stand there  
(Brother Ali)

Check your map of this picture, throw a dart at it  
That's where  
We took a room back for the kids and through a heart  
at it  
Angry like a hostage  
Kickin' like a little bitch in one of Dibbs' moshpits  
Shifting through your city limits, trying to find the raw  
shit  
Thread a needle with it and weave a world of heads  
together  
'Til we get em carsick  
Face full of war paint, strapped ready for action  
Battle cry just trying to seek the satisfaction of the  
captain (?)  
(Slug)  
Climbed over the side, closed his eyes  
Took a dive into his famed inspiration for staying alive  
Swam to the shore  
Stepped upon land  
Walked up to a whore  
Grabbed her by the hand and said  
Hook:  
Let the wheels spin, Let the room shake, Let the  
speakers blow  
Let the light in, Let the kids play, Let the people know  
Let the roof burn, Let the girls love, Let the heat flow  
Let the world turn, Let the curbs up, Cats Van Bags Yo!  
(Brother Ali)  
Lock eyes with a thousand people at the same time  
They mind believe in us  
My style of graffiti is  
Reason just the midwest sweat out of my shirt  
And leavin' with my life essence imbedded in your dirt  
(Slug)  
We work move and hustle with the rest of the gypsies  
Spoon feed these issues to a new school of fishies  
Swimmin' through a hazy shade of passion  
Here they come, the hazled and has been'd  
and his chaplin  
(Brother Ali)  
Thats them the migrant seasonal workers  
The finest imperial wordsmiths on the circuit  
two million smiles and runnin'  
Stompin' tryin to flee the heat  
Turn around shootin' at the monster 'til he's knees are  
weak  
(Slug)  
They call me Jesus Freak  
I came to listen  
Then I save you  
Then I make you my favorite position

Chasing this pidgeon down the street towards the  
banks  
Just in case my my traffic recieves Jeeps and tanks  
(Both)  
And we wander through this soul  
So let it be known  
Mama I dont know if I'm a ever be home  
The revolution wont have any distribution  
(Slug)  
I love my son and my music so I gotta keep it movin like  
Hook

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