

## Atlas Sound

### "Eddie Brikell"

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I feel that most of you soliders are flimsy  
How the hell did you get over as an emcee?  
Now the dialouge injectors they simply  
And I respect those that hold it against me  
Pay dues and make rules to break rules  
Stayed cool amongst tools and fake fools gave jewels  
to use  
From cradle to grade school to the grave  
And still wade through these pools of I love you and I  
hate you

And the turntable keeps on turnin and turnin  
Nothin can fuck with the way it goes around (x2)

First off focus, figure out why you wrote it  
What's the motvie?  
What you use to grow it?  
Where you tryin to go with it?  
Do the people want it?  
Do they need it? Or maybe they would rather that you  
keep it  
Is the party now popin? Or at least a couple of heads  
noddin?  
Does the pass or fail depend on wether or not a check?  
s gotten?  
Is it the laughter, the love, the hope?  
Is it the aspiration to make other rappers think ya  
dope?  
Is it the fans, the adoration of devils and angels?  
The hunger, you want more than left over egg rolls?  
Shit, I made a video I ain?t even got cable  
So if you ain?t down with what we doin you better lay  
low  
My future?s made of Play-Dough, past is made of stone  
Virgo playboy Slug is dumb building a home  
And it lead me to belive the 3D that I breathe,  
Through the TV and the CD be the need to grit the teeth  
A twenty-something wasteland  
Here comes the out of place spaceman  
Spread the wingspan  
Starin at the ocean

Like it was a woman  
Hopin that she?ll let me run my toes through her pink  
sand

And the turntable keeps on turnin and turnin  
Nothin can fuck with the way it goes around (x2)

Now here I sit in this cellar  
Writing my interpretations of Helter Skelter  
It goes one part hustler  
Two parts good guy  
Sounds like it should but this shit doesn?t look right  
Took my hook and pierced ya skin  
So now when I say jump you say when  
When I say now all ya?ll say where  
When I say Atmos you say phere  
You know me but just the me  
I let you see the me you need  
So you can set yourself free  
You?ll have to fuck Slug up to shut Slug up  
But for now baby please close your mouth and lift your  
butt up

And the turntable keeps on turnin and turnin  
Nothin can fuck with the way it goes around (x2)

I used to play the back of the club in study mode  
Placin bets on who would leave the set with a bloody  
nose  
Head shots used to talk a lot of shit  
Used to walk a lot of shit  
The pre-trial of accomplishment  
Before I knew that this network existed  
Just another pair of baggy pants sweatshirted misfit  
The piolt sticker bombs spell it right  
S-L-U-G don?t get it wrong that shit?s my life  
And I?m thankful for the angle the lessons learned  
I?m happy as hell for how the carosuel turned  
Smilin at the angel that stole my sperm  
Cause now maybe the legend can out live the germ

And the turntable keeps on turnin and turnin  
Nothin can fuck with the way it goes around (x2)

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