

Atlas Sound

"Round & Round"

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[chorus:]

Round and round upside down
Livin my life underneath the ground (x 4)

I never had the skills that it took to sell weed
I was too generous too understanding to your needs
As far as school I lacked the motivation for the
occupation preparation
Guess I'll never catch that bacon
I need to find a duty doin sales or some shit
'cause I was always good at talking people into dumb
shit
Fuck it. Just program some drums
I'll be honest to myself and take the wealth if it comes
Run baby run baby run
Because this metro is destined for ruin
Let go of that echo baby what are you pursuing
Priorities are twisted head's not on straight
I think I'm gonna pop a bottle stop and take a long
break
And find time to reflect
I need to take a second quit breakin my neck
Tryin to get this fat pay check
Because money is the root of all evil
Ay yo most people are evil so I'm on the roof shootin at
bald eagles
Adrenaline, mescaline, ephedrine and apple sauce
Aint nowhere to hang a platinum record on these
padded walls
Every man's a faggot and all women are sluts
So Immuh ho out my love for all of ya'll to shake your
butts and

[chorus]

Somewhat exotic how a lot of these cats went about it
And when they got crowded let the boundaries clouded
I doubted if they only knew how I was comin through
Probably be the oasis they was runnin to
Fashion the lifestyle around the bashings and lifestyles
Of entities you don't know much less trust

Judgment judgmental the soldier with the common
pencil
So say wussup when you see me on the bus man
Ay yo the worst is yet to come
In fact it's on it's way you better go and get you some
Before there aint no more today and hey
I'll be just fine tryin to bust rhymes
Got my eye on my son and my hand on my
Nine O'clock. The clock stops
For everybody that you know that got shot
And eight o'clock the seconds get hesitant
For every cat that went in an accident
And seven o'clock time stands still
For every man killed by the planet's build
Consumed by the elements: water, earth, wind, fire
When I die I wanna go like that
Fuck the devil's developments

[chorus]

Run away, come away from the land of Sodom and
Gomorra
Run away, come away from the land of the sinking
sands
(x 4)

[chorus]

Never heard from and hardly seen

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