

## **DJ Vadim "Eddie Brikell"**

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f/ Atmosphere

I feel that most of you soldiers are flimsy  
how the hell did you get over as an emcee  
now the dialogue injectors they simply  
and I respect those that hold it against me  
paid rules and made 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 the pools of  
I love you and I hate you

[Chorus: 2x]

and the turntable keeps on turnin and turnin  
nothing can fuck w/ the way it goes around  
first off focus, figure out why you wrote it  
what's the motive, what you use to grow it  
do the people want it, do they need it  
or would they rather that you keep it  
is the party not poppin, or atleast a couple of heads  
noddin  
does the pass or fail depend on whether or not a  
check's gotten  
is it the laughter, the love, the hope

is it the aspiration to make other rappers think you're  
dope

is it the fans, the adoration of devils and angels

the hunger, you want more than left over eggroll

shit, I made a video, I ain't even got cable

so if you ain't down w/ what we do 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 believe the 3D that I breathe

thru the tv and the CD be the need to grit the teeth

a 20 something wasteland, here comes the out of place  
space man

spread the wingspan, staring at the ocean like it was a  
woman

hoping that she'll let me run my toes thru her pink sand

[Chorus: 2x]

Now here I sit in this cellar

writing my interpretations of Helter Skelter

it goes 1 part hustler, 2 parts good guy

sounds like it should, but the shit doesn't look right

took my hook and pierced your skin, so now when I say  
jump

y'all say when, when I say now all of y'all say where

when I say Atmos, you say phere

you know me, but just the me I let you see

the me you need to so you could set yourself free

you'll have to shut slug up to fuck slug up

but for now baby close your mouth and lift your butt up

[Chorus: 2x]

I used to play the back of the club in study mode

placing bets on who would leave the set w/ a bloody  
nose

(headshots) headshots used to talk alot of shit

used to walk alot of shit, the pretrial of accomplishment

before I knew that this network existed

just another baggy pants sweat shirted misfit

the pilot sticker bombed spell it right S-L-U-G

don't get it wrong, that shit's my life

and I'm thankful for the angles, the lessons I've  
learned

I'm happy as hell for how the carrousel turned

smile at the angel that stole my sperm

cuz now maybe the legend can outlive the germ

[Chorus]

and the turntable keeps on turnin and turnin

nothing can fuck w/ the way it goes around

and the turntable keeps on turnin and turnin

nothing can fuck w/ edie brikell

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