

## Atoms Family

### "Small Violins"

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[Intro]

You know what's this? It's the world's smallest violin

[Verse 1]

(Alaska)

It's like this when my mic hits your scalp like nightsticks

And mites bit so I can turn on the light switch

Do you mind with my rhyme shit?

Create a climate that's timeless and climb cliffs

Obstacles become goals

Thanks to impossible flows

The ranks are my apostles who grow

Why you posture for gold?

You perpetrate for platinum

Serve the fake for satisfaction

Resurrect

For respect

With my mic check

Don't write checks my ass can't cash

If hip hop's dead then I'm a necrophiliac

Digging out backs and feeling tracks when I rack

Full Metal Jacket rapid tacks

Stanley Kubrick with two clicks for faggots on some  
bullshit

My twenty-one gun salute says, "fuck you"

Have you fools swinging from your neck like truck  
jewels

I play the background

My rap sounds lay the smackdown on you whack  
clowns

With pen hits

Blending with tremendous

Vengeance, sentence, weapons

Implemented with aggression

Just to teach a lesson

That Alaska's a bastard

Whose genetic patterns spelled backwards spells  
disaster for the masses

(Kasm)

It takes forty seconds to percolate my sensation

Reduce the census mention  
In the state I meant to mingle  
Case and passions are a bliss  
Special shripulation  
Split if the issues react  
Thought the boy inverted  
Up you, Mr. Wizard, tissue paper  
Situated  
Systematic  
Pistol-packing  
Crystal-cracking  
Mental-lacking  
False picture painting  
Second going on third generation imitation  
Soon enough, it'll be disintegrated  
With the syntom crates  
Hand golf, milk carton, missing children  
Kissing buildings  
Listen pilgrim  
Let's bark  
Plenty fill  
In the dark  
Many will  
Trends start  
And they will  
And it kills my ears  
When I listen to them  
I'm dissin' fluid  
All you want to be  
Mr. Glue, principal  
Simon spend, swing now  
Surreal  
Cerebral  
It's not for real  
It's just surreal  
Furina  
Curiosity drilled the life into the black cat  
Purina  
Shake 108-9877  
Sit dependent round the shriff  
Like pensive spaces, arenas  
The air of the addict  
Dust particles  
Bust colorful  
Plus parts tickle touch mark spickle emcees  
Lose darts, single pop  
Ice pickle shelf  
Nice and dark  
Knock on nocturnal lark  
I be touch shark bite, sharp light, ginsu, pen you, swim  
through, menu, men knew me

Past life, bliss, god, this pride  
I blast off  
Like alien tongues, no failure is spun, I listen to the  
songs of whales when I'm done  
And sail to the sun (sail to the sun, sail to the sun)

[Chorus]

This environments, the violets  
And fighting violence  
Small violins playin' sad songs  
Tryin' kids  
Every closed eyelid ain't sleepin'  
Every man ain't even  
Some of us are odd  
Some of us think we're god  
Some are lost in the fog  
We refuse to be a cog  
In the machine killin' man  
Atoms fam  
Sabotage without a plan  
When the oven gets too hot  
We jump back in the fryin' pan

[Verse 2]

(Windnbreeze)

Upon ingestion of this rhyme  
Your mind'll lose its focus  
Ostics kaleidoscopic  
And the lights flash strobic  
Close, tight rhymes  
Cause minds to feel claustrophobic  
As we walk the fine line between emcee kind and  
spoken poets  
And most hold it between their molar and incisor  
And I thrust my head in disgust  
But some use their heads and discuss  
These rhymers, and utilize the rhyme as fertilizer  
"what's this the bomb?"  
Shit, I'm the timer  
Mission: slowly ticking, never repetitive  
Slowly approaching close to u negative  
You, negatives  
Location of u zeros is my destination  
Not for prolonged stays, but to ignite the rhyming  
detonation  
Listen, my position's parallel to time  
I can't be stopped, slowed, contained, or explained  
when I rhyme  
So accept it that I'm the exception to the rule  
And I rule, so accept it, fool  
A dispersal of your molecules is imminent

Beware the quotes of intelligence  
That float with the elegance of flights of pelicans  
And I'll be brief, tight  
Mental boxing and a fight  
Where?  
In the underwood, body blows  
Lefts and rights  
Your glass jaw shattered beyond mending  
The timer reverses towards ten, now slowly ascending

(Cryptic One)

Swift like the golden leopard  
And I'm stabbing westward  
Thawing breath down my chest  
So I'm under pressure  
Through the passin' it in gift  
My gems, well treasured  
To those who diss it  
I'm the standard to which they measure  
You can never get  
With the proper etiquette  
Spittin' out rhetoric  
With incomplete measurements  
Your whole style, I prefaced it  
I better than replenished the jazz  
Intent to step on stage, with your lyrical deficit  
Your incongruence was my best defense  
Raw toward geographies, all my natural residents  
Many righteous men have labeled me heaven sent  
My evidence is how I represent, on a constant  
True it's been said that you're one of the illest yet  
But how you gonna shine, when you're standing in  
chasm's silhouette

[Chorus]

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And fighting violence  
Small violins playin' sad songs  
Tryin' kids  
Every closed eyelid ain't sleepin'  
Every man ain't even  
Some of us are odd  
Some of us think we're god  
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Sabotage without a plan  
When the oven gets too hot  
We jump back in the fryin' pan

And I ain't lyin' man...

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