

Atmosphere f/ Mr. Gene Poole

"Tracksmart"

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[Mr. Gene Poole] The loveliest sound coming out to yo' system I spark to get y'all off to a good start Show me some heart, walk through my hood after dark, dodging poison darts Catch one in the left lung I hope the Cherokee parks by itself tracksmart Act like you part of this you'll find yourself victim of the rhyme bombardment Weak shit, I have the tolerance I write the best rhymes in my sleep Dreamland beats and freelance techniques fuckin' up the sheets Ink spots, puss spot niggas tryin to stop this think not get ? and listen for your bank knock We do a lot of this activity in my city Get a job in my world, join a futuristic committee Weak assistant of three had to be persistantly equal in order for it to work out in a balance which comes down to a question of natural talents Can't keep those gifts isolated in tablets It's not about rap ballads, or who can flow the best what kind of dressing you gonna have with your life salad? (Hmmm...) French...yes..thank you very much..On to the next [Slug] Yo, you rappers elude me but that's nothing new I still stick to my duty, to kick something true Still if you wanna boo me we can do this in a circle of peers tell your bitch to kick a beat so I can work you to tears I've made a full of strangers throw hands in the air (Man) I know you sense danger, I can see it in your stare (Man) Don't provoke anger when the mic's in my hand, cause if I get that spark I'm quick to rip apart your plans Yo Ant, let's keep this one accesible Take the fruits that wanna test these bros and make 'em vegetables just to let 'em know that the course tastes pure Pissed off all the local rappers so it's time to go on tour I'm sure, so I never break a sweat when a fate steps instead I break that snake's neck and take his breath Half the time half of 'em don't catch the rhymes they need they friends with to show 'em how we wax behinds Please fool, hella stupid I'm assuming probably couldn't even rock your own family reunion and I'm through with the politicket Rhymesayers on a mission, watch the following thinking, motherfucker!

[Mr. Gene Poole] I stick two fingers through his nostrils and a thumb through his mouth and swing em' like a bowling ball make 'em strike the fuck out Take a hook

and stab it through his back and curve it around his spine and throw em out by the lili pads and wait for a hit on my line (Damn!) Cause this rap shit makes me wanna catch niggas like catfish chop 'em up into steaks and sop 'em up off the plate with biscuits and rice I put the hand of the one that likes to hold mics in a vice Make sure he never writes in his life When it's time for me to display (Stay the FUCK out the way) and when its time for you to DJ you going play what I say The word for the day is "Fette" cash lessons Get ready to mash when I give the word don't ask questions Pack yo shit, dont smack yo bitch leave peaceably cause these'll be vital elements of livin' feasibly ? the urban ? mocha latte, Saint Paul nigga rocking the uptown partay like coca angel vatte I provide that mental rush and that physical feeling like yo' whole worlds being dusted Be hushed when you see me in deep thought hand clutched interrupt and you just might be caught then crushed [Slug] Yo, yo, I quit fronting, really-really I know wrong and right, wrote my songs, shed light to promote a longer life When I reflect that night, I seek light in the confusion I stick to the music and skip the baggage of delusion Managed to come through and I'm in the minimalism, yo the damage is due it's time to climb to catch a vision Yo, I've had it with you, and the terms which I work cause it matter to you the flight's cursed, I might burst challenging who? Balance the mood, yo Stress, let's gather the crew, Commence to wreck shit then exit, I'd rather that you Throw your hands in the air and if that's too demanding you can stand there and stare

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