

Lari White F/ Travis Tritt

"Road Atlas"

Visit "[Road Atlas](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Expanding time man I'm needle whistled breeze at
cactus edge
Teehee giggle shrieks the greedy beasts but guess
why rap is dead
Hence this pen is atlas
Backing this ball of madness
Cracked and dead
Set in math and headin fast
To crash this anti-accident
With heads and monster markers
Dueling friends and Brutus' secrets
Sleepless months the hunter seeks the meekest fueled
on foolish weakness
Let's move to move to the peaks of mars
Ain't seen the ocean's deep yet
Sing the pros and cons of congress
We're the only beast that regressed
With songs about thongs dog as long as we keep the
beat fresh
And drool before this crippled pope
And droolin speech it's greed fest
These thugs need to think hard
Scarred murderers with weak hearts
And stars sellin souls for dough
Misleadin folks like we god
There's an ethos
Learn to read think seek the release of enoch
Not the fable feeble knee knockin locked label
weasels that greed bought
Stock options and say so netards bob to j-lo
And playdoh freezing from mock copped rocks that
they copped from jayho
Can't wait to repay these snake a-holes that claim they
slang they yayo
But ate souls from Harvey section eight to Agatite and
Hazel
With satan in the waitin room your favorite toon and
baby cradles
Gotta stay in Scripture pray it hits ya
Cause on this rip death's an angel
Sickenin as fake Christian grins and pagans spinnin in

bank rolls
Makes us grim and stay stone and strays kids from the
way home
It's simple subtle suckled since infancies slithering
fables
Whispering winter upon it's finger tips just to skin this
maple

I sing of that harvest
I sing of that breeze
And stingin footprints and fingernails
And deep inhale this sleep
I must admit though
When it flips snow
Rain or hail I tweek
It's the bad knees in the jealous rebel in you telling you
that it's me
I sing of that harvest
I sing of that breeze
And stinging footprints and fingernails
And deep inhale this sleep
I must admit though
When it flips snow
Rain or hail I tweek
It's the bad knees in the jealous rebel in me telling me
that it's me

I seen it all the saw sings
The carpenter's not real
I led my teeth along your long desert
And measured what I can steal
Saw nothing of worth
Some furniture along the way I guess I shaped
Stainless orphan he said
I'm the dust this table must be my name
Stained glass hand grooves in the handle
Man I seen it all I mean it
Ask any handsaw that's a handsaw
Man naw I leave paintbrushes bleedin
Busy describing what I'm a paint when I'm a paint but
why am I paintingâ€!
I'm table oasis with no places left set to eat at
Ego clinks his teeth on his shovel
Hand me to me to reap the feedback
Right as rusty nails slightly tapped rings peels of
lightning see that's
The problemâ€!
He's a plumber and of no use to the screwy nails
Pretending he's pretending he's pretending
Jesus coming gunnin demons runnin ummin to see the
Son at summit

Feedin this greedy media beast sleepin with these
youngins in it's stomach
Turns mine signed turn mime now it's gimmicks in his
mic check
Ripping nothing on purpose
To purpose this image in our likeness
Like like
I guess these little rich bitches must think we like stress
Right right
From fondulac to Iraq and back it's life's test
and life's ledge and red lights and dead mice and
what nike says
And trife heads and meth pipes white dreads and at
life's ledge
We read it right they wrote it wrong
And left all of these mics dead
Couldn't see the writing on the wall
Through all the ballers at the hype fest
Spittin eat drink be merry dog cause tomorrow your life
ends
And it's as real as that solo serpent
Rollin for dough low in his nice benz

Visit [Lari White F/ Travis Tritt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.