Sound Is Vibration

Atmosphere

(Slug)

I'm sparked, waiting for the dark to hit Cuz once the moon gets above my apartment, I catch fits for starting shit I'm smart with it, I give it that special touch when I push it Cuz I'm also a label rep, and I can't allow no bullshit So shush kid, shush baby! Shut your eyes Lay your head back, shed the fear and let the tears crystallize I wish the flies to land upon your forehead When I extract the essence from your head and leave your body resting moored I left more dead reputations than HIV kings But for every killing there's a reason and its not just emcees, man! I'm watching C-SPAN, waiting for the first state rep To take the first step, to have to kill off to make this world perfect Well lets get shit right, right here! Right now! Right away! Atmosphere motherfucker! If I need to I could fly away I'll grind you and your weak crew into beef stew Serve you with seafood, you can't cloud my vision cuz you're see-thru (Spawn)

You need to recognize the size of the atlas You ain't as tall as half this - match this - past what you practice Obviously you can't fuck with my tactics, you bastard Thats why you breath fast bitch - no need to ask(Slug) We dug the fingernails underneath the skin of your scalp, then peeled it Sent your underdeveloped pre-school style on a field trip Now bite your tongue, this is how the mic gets done A whole tree to pick some fruit from, man! You had to choose the ripest one(Spawn) That said it all, it comes from inside, and how you ride the sound wire when it's live and the vibes feelin right Catchin' the motion given by rhythms when you hit 'em on time with lines, makin' sure your rhyme soundin' tight Your voice should travel without the babble of the average emcee so listen please use discretion when you breath sound is vibration, I choose to use it with a vision and then comes the style and precision...

(Slug)

No more longer will we hold your hands. Why? Cuz you're too damn old
Oh yea, the network called, they told me to tell ya you've been canceled
They also said big up for all the supportThanks to your devotion, they now control the world
So let your head down and eat the poison with a tall glass of Tang
I'm rising past the bang, with smile I'm flashin my fangs
I tumble over some, cuz some I don't over stand
I got the crowd respond, from now on, I know the plan(Spawn)

It's the noise it makes, to generate the passion I have It's the void it breaks, that stimulates when mics get grabbed It takes shape - escapes from these vocal chords I have Atmosphere: music makers from the Rhymesayers lab(Slug) Come now, (?) test the giants, when we apply this Vice grips to your eyelids to make you read the fine print The tyrants that gave you crisis, left you silenced Don't breath a sigh of relief 'till you hear the rescue sirens(Spawn) Supreme, be this team, we got this shit on lock Obviously we hid the key under an upscale rock So you could knock all you want to but you ain't gettin' in You could try to crash the door but you ain't gettin' in Nigga, what! My definition is raw, I got you all wishin' I'd fall, so things could get better for y'all but I'm tall, and got game, remain the same for the durationArea Code 6-1-2, my present location...(Slug)

Atmosphere... embellished with talent and the wisdom not abuse it
Blessed with insight, friends and affluences
Thats what keeps us dope, what makes us dope is the surroundings
Inspiration stems from love and stress compounding
Stamina: that is achieved over the course of time

in fact, time taught me how to breath, battle, not to court my mind defined as lyricist - the Atmosphericist

makin sure you fear this hit every time you hear this shit(Spawn): Sound is vibration

(Slug): This sound is taken (Spawn): Sound is vibration (Slug): and the ground is shaken (Spawn): Vibration is sound (Slug): yo, we found your replacement

(Spawn): Vibration is sound

(Slug): now who makes the sound?(Slug & Spawn): Now who makes the music/sound? (fades out)

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/