

# Clockwork

David Buckley

One, two, one, two, in the place to be, yes indeed  
As we proceed to give you what you need  
Always smokin' that 'dro weed, we have Dilated Peoples  
(Set to detonate)  
There's just one thing that I, would like to say  
(Sharp)  
There's just one thing that I, would like to say  
(Yes, y'all, watch out)  
There's just one thing that I, would like to say  
(What, what?)  
There's just one thing that I, would like to say  
(Yeah, it's goin' down)  
We got tension in suspense, theme in variation  
Train robbery, panic, description of equation  
I'm after the gold an' after that the platinum  
You want what you don't have, so far neither one's happened  
But I was told by my peeps, ?Play your cards right?  
Spit hard, never look back, disregard hype  
That goes for bad reviews, good reviews  
Any press, the news, I don't watch the two, I watch for crews  
Triple optic, cockpit views  
Bird's eye, catch the rhythm in the words I use  
I've learned to burn pain for fuel, everybody plays the fool  
Sometimes the other side of the game is cruel  
I'm back to school, the master rules  
Born in the church where the pastor rules  
I embrace the task that give birth to tools  
An' keep the pressure on that turns earth to jewels  
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?  
(Yeah, Dilated, we're correctly holdin' the crown)  
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?  
(It's like this, c'mon, yeah, Dilated we're correctly holdin' the crown)  
On tracks, it's like boomerang  
Sometimes you gotta let shit go to watch it come back  
Evidence, presumed innocent  
Move in silence, tracks covered, no fingerprints  
Most are hit or miss, not what this is  
Type on tour that might, hit your misses  
Pack the bags, load up the prevo

Last year we hit the road with Rage, Guru an' Primo  
Cypress, D'Angelo, shit's Jurassic  
Kweli an' all top notch acts, keep it classic  
Bill Graham presents 'Live at the Fillmore'  
An' after the encore, they ask for more  
Fuck the IRS, I roll with I R I S  
Science the best, so don't test  
Exotic, attack the whack a word of advice  
I got it down so cold, like ice from Jew Heights  
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?  
(Yeah, Dilated, we're correctly holdin' the crown)  
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?  
(Yeah, it's that shit you pump loud when you roll into town)  
Check your fusebox, my 'Cosmic Slop' brings cops  
Ghetto hip hop that your city block rocks  
Say what? I bust a U an' come back  
Reach under my seat for that heat that blaze tracks  
Face facts, you're facin' poker faced cats  
Dilated made our way through the maze, so take that  
For boom bap rap brought some state of the art shit  
After two L's, I'm cool like James Todd Smith  
Made ya burn while the tables turn  
I teach but I'm ready willin', able to learn  
These cats tryin' to eat, I'm just tryin' to breathe  
An' tryin' to leave a legacy that you couldn't believe  
Live from D.N.D., peace to N.Y. Gs  
Rakaa, Cy Young on the M I C  
Babs is clockwork, you could set your wristwatch  
An' the real backbone of hip hop is disc jocks  
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?  
(Yeah, yeah, no doubt, Dilated platform, expansion team)  
How that sound?  
Yo, Dilated, no doubt, worldwide connected  
Come 'cross, me selector

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