Hard Hitters

Dilated Peoples

You heard stories 'bout the angels of brotherly love
This is for the sisters and brothers we love
We care enough to give it uncut, straight up
With no chaser 'cause time don't wait up
It's that's why we're sending cats back to the lab worldwide
The microphone's up for grabs
That's why we're sending cats back to the lab, Evidence
The microphone's up for grabs
Yo, hunters and gatherers, Nomads in Attica
Radical terrorists and those who tally up the data
What matters most is they can boast
But scatter when toast is close
Burners pressed to your throat, you ghost
Of course, you could chose to go against the force
I'll fire straight ahead, there'll be no mission abort
We can take it to the streets or take it to court
Supreme shit get hit over your fort, open the door
We've opened up for different artists on tour
Sixty percent love, Forty percent war
Let's settle the score, most things are rot at the core
Not what they seem
Watch the two worlds you're stuck in between
Or pay the penalty, Zero strikes, Zero Felonies
Lay low hakido master, redirecting energy
I use words similar but none sound fresher than
Three of us who rap together
You heard stories 'bout the angels of brotherly love
This is for the sisters and brothers we love
We care enough to give it uncut, straight up
With no chaser 'cause time don't wait up
That's why we're sending cats back to the lab, worldwide
The microphone's up for grabs
That's why we're sending cats back to the lab, Iriscience
The microphone's up for grabs
Aiyo, you could probably find Rakaa at De Rokerij
Puffin' AK, sippin' cafe au lait
In Amsterdam chillin' in the cafe all day
Bang my shit between classes in your school hallways
You're fuckin' with expansion all access

Hard journeys make you treat your mic like a cactus
Rap iconoclast that loves to sound flash
And sticky green grass with orange and brown Hash
Take your tape up and take this on
I heard anything that does not kill will make strong
And I build one of the sickest holding this still
You need a dose of eccinacea with a little golden seal
If your boots turn up my two boots
Babu slice and dice your crew and produce hits
Misunderstandings go back to the blues but
There ain't nothing like hip hop music
You heard stories 'bout the angels of brotherly love
This is for the sisters and brothers we love
We care enough to give it uncut, straight up
With no chaser 'cause time don't wait up
That's why we're sending cats back to the lab, worldwide
The microphone's up for grabs
That's why we're sending cats back to the lab, Black Thought
The microphone's up for grabs
Yo, live everyday like it's your last
'Cause one day you'd fight, my nigga
Fuck around, son, it might be tonight 'cause figure
The likeliness of you surviving this brawl is slim
It's like scuba diving with no oxygen
Monster, when I situate my slang
Leave a nigga almost brainless once and bang
Had a crowd screamin' how they don't want your thang
Keep it the sharpest one in the game it's no secret
My style is certified , Philly-Animal rough
Runnin' things, pull more strings than gamble and huff
Cannibal hustlers taught me how to handle myself
Hit man for hire, pull a hot pick from shelf and spark
The pioneer to represent Illadelph is thought
I got these weak niggas pullin' they selves apart
Y'all know the tone the one that hold the throne
That radiate your dome like a Motorola phone, nigga
From the angels of Cali to Illadelph Crack build
Hard Hitters

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