Right On

Dilated Peoples

Back in the days, my pops said, "Right on"
(Right on, right on)
All the street poets in the house, write on
(Write on, write on)
Black people, right on, right one
(Right on, right on)
All my niggas rollin' Chevy's on deep-dish chrome, ride on ride on
(Ride on, ride on)
I still rock the party till the needle starts skippin'
I'm trippin' like Pippen, Spice Rum sippin'
We're mentally fastest, head of all our classes
You couldn't pass us wit a rocket like NASA's
We all up in the house like cocky-roaches
Snatchin' MC's out the game like hockey coaches
Fuck it, I'll break you down like a bucket
I like the bass hittin' like a [Incomprehensible]
Close encounters of the Likwit Kind
I'm sick wit mine, writin' rhymes on picket signs
It's the J R O, you didn't know?
Goin' off in your face like a dirty pistol
You in the house of brews, crime scenes wit no clues
You walkin' home bruised, confused wit no shoes
You lose! 'Cuz you got the dilated blues
Here's some news, my DJ rock the mic and the one's and two's and I'm out
And I'm in
My words are like swords cuttin' the paper wit the pen
Yo, Dilated could never be annihilated
I waited two albums too long, somebody violated
We migrated to global positioning
All the DJ's listenin', Babu mixin' it
E-Swift yeah, the man, the myth
I pass the mic to Evidence for the assist then I'm out
And I'm in
My appetite for destruction will eat you up for dinn
Yo only one meal, get sliced to four courses
I'd take me serious, collect your man and forces
I strictly run off select input
Played yourself, don't have to shoot you in the foot
'Cuz you stepped outta bounds without making your rounds

Now you come to my town ask Rak
(Yo you on deadly ground)
These last four bars, I'ma heal all my scars
I'm a underground cat but still like money and cars
A Cali classic, that's my word, and my word's my bond
Dilated Peoples, alkaholiks, this joint's right on
My homie King T told me Big Tash, right on, so I'ma
(Right on, right on)
To all my forty-downin' homies in the house tonight
(Right on, right on)
To all the sexy-ass ladies if you feelin' alright
(Right on, right on)
To my Dilated homies that be rippin' the mic
(Right on, right on)
Whether you writin' or ridin', right on
Fresh MC's must write on
Even if you skateboardin', ride on
Some of these free stylers need to write on like my homie Tash
I got my write on late at night burst a verse until they flow right
My rhymes be action-packed, I wrote these lyrics to a strobe light
I'm Tashy, the flashy nigga jumpin' out that fast shit
Your rhymes won't impress me if you said 'em doin' back flips
I crack whips on phones, blow smoke out nose
Niggas peepin' out the style, hoes peepin' the clothes
A million flows off the slang, bizz-a-pow, bizz-a-bang
Likwit crew is in this bitch, my click be off the chain
Rap off the plane while crackin' champagne
Tash for president, you know my campaign
First things first to get y'all niggas off the street
You get twenty-five years if you part wit wack beats
You coulda came to Ev, you coulda came to Swift
That's why we escalatin' while y'all niggas need a lift
So give me two secs while I crack this Beck's
And once I drop the mic, my nigga Rak is up next and I'm out
And I'm in
I pick it up for everybody in the house that spins
My name is Rakaa, innovator of rhyme communication
Wit data like Star Trek, The Next Generation
It's dilation, fan appreciation
Connected nationwide, worldwide liquidation
Cali hard-hitters, we bump like car fenders
It's all chips
We only get boo's from bartenders
Better be sure, aim high, we top gunnin'
When we touch down, we hit the ground runnin'

Feds pull strings and watch me like Truman
But I can't front, I love L.A. like Randy Newman
To all the homies locked up writin' home, write on c'mon
(Write on, write on)
Graffiti artists around the world, write on c'mon
(Write on, write on)
To niggas rollin' on Katanas, quickly ride on c'mon
(Ride on, ride on)
To all the women out there raisin' kids alone
Right on
(Right on)
Right on
(Right on)
Yeah
Broadcastin' live from Southern California
Where we at?
Broadcastin' live from Southern California
Dilated Peoples
Represent wit tha Liks
What

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