## **Triple Optics (Remix)**

## **Dilated Peoples**

Put out one of my eyes and I still got two

Put out the second one and I can still see youI affect your chemistry and macro molecules

Cells, and groups of cells called tissues

Organs, organ systems, organism

Population, communities, eco-systems

Forks in the road in the valley of decision

Prophets and charlatans both speak visions

So this descendant of African survivors

So-called Indian tribes and the Korean war-child

Birth name rocka peeps named me Iristyle

Or Iriscience possesor of the secret file

A student on these L.A. blocks

Ever since I first saw the train and ran from ??

A tripl optomotrist mental megalolopolis

We never fall tho, turntables might wobble, Babu

Drop the obelisk on this, guaranteed hot shit, triple opticsPut out one of my eyes and I still got two Put out the second one and I can still see you, triple optics (x2)I say make moves, or watch your paper trail

And right before the...absorb the vapor trail

On my mark engage in sub-conscious

Better than the many successful club launches

You blast, I blast, and then what?

Ends in automatics if we don't blast fast enough

For use of ferrians tearin up various areas

I rock slow but crack them sound barriers

Its IriStealth, the intelligence played

Invisible to radar, from the clouds I make it rain

Swoop down survey if they Chase like Charlie

Back up, I syncranise three eyes like Bob Marley

And see triple optic, tho you use therm-optics

To camouflauge yourself with elements and objects

I rock projects y'all the township youth

I make the people listen, boogie down, and movePut out one of my eyes and I still got two Put out the second one and I can still see you, triple optics (x2)Well, I study, stock pile, and buil(d) for a while

The colorful bomber creates a devastate style

We redefine the state of the art as we go

And bust ends egos and super egos

I grab you with my talons and fly you to the mountains

Where you can meditate on it a harmony imbalance

In audio, video, spiritual wars

I move like the spook who sat by the doorPut out one of my eyes and I still got two Put out the second one and I can still see you, triple optics (x2)

## Songwriters

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