

# Right On

## Clarence Wheeler & The Enforcers

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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