Bottle Rocket

Evidence

[Evidence]
Yo the rhyme excursions touch minds like brain surgeons
Feel the lyric tear gas even on clean versions
No profanic goddammit
Hard like granite to the utmost
I'm butter on rye, always high but play the low post
I stretch to go the distance yo my lungs are mad elastic
I'm dope on plastic like Flex, and always keep it....classic
Expressions in the facial, I'm on ?racial?
>From Caribbean rhythms I hit em wit a battered flow pattern
The circle Saturn twice
I'm nice on ice
The line slice your dome and separate rhymes from poems
My life, ain't tryin to see no Grammy or Oscar
Best believe the styles will rub off like ?pastas?
On people, yo check Dilated, Evidence
The influential rock rhymes in sequential format
You see the doormat if you acting disaccordingly
Something to the effect of Fat Boys in Disorderly's
[Madchild]
I'll take you from He-Man to She-Ra
Battle Cat to Kringa
Medieval messanger, west coast avenger
Take you to the street, battle me that's a fuckin sin
Go one round wit Madchild, you'll be suckin wind
Snappin handcuffs just from deconcentration
Then I broke out the bus, the mental hospital patients
On the weekend pass, but I still come sick
Psychopathic, you're dealin wit a deranged lunatic (right)
Soon to kick ya teeth in and then go bezerk
Even Van Gogh looked at me, and said "You're one piece of work"
So I said "Lend me an ear" 'cause I'm the state of the art
First I'll feast on your brain and rip your body apart
There's a part of your heart stuck in between my fangs
Wrap a rope 'round your neck and you still couldn't hang
'cause you're way off track you need realignment
Murdering masterpieces in solitary confinement
[Everlast]
I keep your backside open like the English Channel

I rock the sure shot, I keep it hot like flannel
I'll survey your panel, put my foot up in your anal

You think it can't happen, kid 'cause I'm rappin?
Ain't no gun clappin, cut the jaw-jackin
Let the joints get shot and see who wear this knot
Then kick off your shoes jump off my jock
And check the new style Whitey Ford's prune to rock
'cause once upon a time, not long ago
Before hip hop was made for the radio
An MC show had to cold rock the masses
Used to wear a Kangol wit the clear Gazel glasses
So bang bang boogey, up jump the party
Someone clapped off, and scattered everybody
Drunk off Bacardi, high off the trauma
It's death from above, the livest dive bomber
In the squadron, I break formation
I get New York love like my name's King Sun
I T La Rock Bells till they break the dawn
Steady puff L's, I fight hell like Spawn
My moves are animated, my crew's reinstated
While you cats suspensions are up in my deminsions
We can ease tensions or we can get rowdy
So I'ma keep it on the love and do my Duty like Howdie
[Divine Styler]
Direct your short term plan, rigidalize rhyme boards wit the hoards
I'm satan dynasty killer
Reveal the cause wit the sling on down
Venom spit regurgitate death scripts I sound
Cylinder never python, Prevail Madchild
Physical justice can't rush this for now
Move faker the game time set back so don't sweat that
God don't test that, too much infinite to get at
Face the fields
Swollen Members got the iller drills
And if you wit the rhyme steel
Bust the revealings in my feelings of these dealings
I went to represent shield
I build three phases of death, the illsuion
Is the sweat that you reflect
When you feel the veil
Divine Styles circum navigate nine circles of hell
You keep on you don't stop 'cause a nigga never stay still
Whatta whattta whatta whatta whattta what I'm sayin is-is that
You-you ain't ready for that chill

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