

Triple Optics (prod. by Evidence & Beni B)

Dilated Peoples

Put out one of my eyes and I still got two
Put out the second one and I can still see you I 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 possessor 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 megalopolis
We never fall tho, turntables might wobble, Babu
Drop the obelisk on this, guaranteed hot shit, triple optics
Put 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 move
Put 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 door
Put 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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