Clockwork

Phrase

One, two, one, two, in the place to be, yes indeed
As we proceed to give you what you need
Always smokin' that 'dro weed, we have Dilated Peoples
(Set to detonate)
There's just one thing that I, would like to say
(Sharp)
There's just one thing that I, would like to say
(Yes, y'all, watch out)
There's just one thing that I, would like to say
(What, what?)
There's just one thing that I, would like to say
(Yeah, it's goin' down)
We got tension in suspense, theme in variation
Train robbery, panic, description of equation
I'm after the gold an' after that the platinum
You want what you don't have, so far neither one's happened
But I was told by my peeps, ?Play your cards right?
Spit hard, never look back, disregard hype
That goes for bad reviews, good reviews
Any press, the news, I don't watch the two, I watch for crews
Triple optic, cockpit views
Bird's eye, catch the rhythm in the words I use
I've learned to burn pain for fuel, everybody plays the fool
Sometimes the other side of the game is cruel
I'm back to school, the master rules
Born in the church where the pastor rules
I embrace the task that give birth to tools
An' keep the pressure on that turns earth to jewels
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?
(Yeah, Dilated, we're correctly holdin' the crown)
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?
(It's like this, c'mon, yeah, Dilated we're correctly holdin' the crown)
On tracks, it's like boomerang
Sometimes you gotta let shit go to watch it come back
Evidence, presumed innocent
Move in silence, tracks covered, no fingerprints
Most are hit or miss, not what this is
Type on tour that might, hit your misses
Pack the bags, load up the prevo

Last year we hit the road with Rage, Guru an' Primo
Cypress, D'Angelo, shit's Jurassic
Kweli an' all top notch acts, keep it classic
Bill Graham presents 'Live at the Fillmore'
An' after the encore, they ask for more
Fuck the IRS, I roll with I R I S
Science the best, so don't test
Exotic, attack the whack a word of advice
I got it down so cold, like ice from Jew Heights
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?
(Yeah, Dilated, we're correctly holdin' the crown)
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?
(Yeah, it's that shit you pump loud when you roll into town)
Check your fusebox, my 'Cosmic Slop' brings cops
Ghetto hip hop that your city block rocks
Say what? I bust a U an' come back
Reach under my seat for that heat that blaze tracks
Face facts, you're facin' poker faced cats
Dilated made our way through the maze, so take that
For boom bap rap brought some state of the art shit
After two L's, I'm cool like James Todd Smith
Made ya burn while the tables turn
I teach but I'm ready willin', able to learn
These cats tryin' to eat, I'm just tryin' to breathe
An' tryin' to leave a legacy that you couldn't believe
Live from D.N.D., peace to N.Y. Gs
Rakaa, Cy Young on the M I C
Babs is clockwork, you could set your wristwatch
An' the real backbone of hip hop is disc jocks
How that sound? How that sound? How that sound?
(Yeah, yeah, no doubt, Dilated platform, expansion team)
How that sound?
Yo, Dilated, no doubt, worldwide connected
Come 'cross, me selector

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