

Clockwork (Prod. By DJ Premier)

Dilated Peoples

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
Uh-huh, sharp
That I, would like to say
Ha yes y'all
There's just one thing
Watch out
That I, would like to say
What what uh
There's just one thing
Uh, uh
That I, would like to say
Yeah, it's goin' down
There's just one thing
That I, would like to say We got tension in suspense, theme in variation
Train robbery panic, description of equation
I'm after the gold, and 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 (uh-huh)
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 (why?)
I embrace the task that give birth to tools
And keep the pressure on that turns earth to jewels How that sound?
Yeah, Dilated we're correctly holdin' the crown, it's like this
How that sound?
C'mon, yeah
Dilated we're correctly holdin' the crown
How that sound? 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 pre-vo last year
 We hit the road with Rage, Guru and Primo
 Cypress, D'Angelo, shit's Jurassic (hey!)
 Kweli and all top notch acts, keep it classic
 Bill Graham presents, "Live at the Fillmore"
 And 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?
 Huh huh, yeah, Dilated we're correctly holdin' the crown
 How that sound?
 Uh, yeah
 It's that shit you pump loud when you roll into town
 How that sound?
 Check your fuse box, my "Cosmic Slop" brings cops
 Ghetto hip-hop that your city block rocks
 Say what? I bust a you and come back (hey!)
 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 (hey!)
 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
 And tryin' to leave a legacy that you couldn't believe
 Live from D-N-D, peace to NY G's
 Rakaa Cy Young on the M-I-C
 Babs is clockwork, you could set your wristwatch
 And the real backbone of hip-hop is disc jocks
 How that sound?
 Huh, yeah yeah
 How that sound?
 No doubt Dilated platform, expansion team!
 How that sound?
 Uh uh, yo, Dilated, no doubt, worldwide connected
 Come down Mr. Selector

Songwriters

Martin, Christopher E / Wright, Shahid / Nemley, Martin / Hamilton, Arnold / Roman, Leonardo / Bolton,
 Glenn / Taylor, Rakaa / Perretta, Michael / Huston, Paul
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