

Guaranteed

Dilated Peoples

Expand and dilate, so by the end of the night
When we put down the mic
Thinkin' D-Dilated Peoples brings heat
That's guaranteed heat for sure, a pure mix-ture
Some try to do the same but they style ain't pure
A carbon copy, that's right, Rak, it comes out so sloppy
Plus far from crisp, so I leave you wit this Yo, to me it don't matter how dope you write or look
MC's without a voice should write a book
You heard me properly, claimin' that shit you didn't, oh really
My crew's more dedicated than Rocky training in Philly
Put your gloves on, about to get more than, can't withstand
The comp they left baffled coffee shops in Amsterdam
I never got redemption from an honorable mention
So my lyrics hug the beat wit the tightest suspension Don't fear on turns, of course floor the corners
Yo, that's my drive, got tracks like beehives
You can't pass my gate, a great mistake, you paid the cost
You bigger than me? You screaming, "Shorty no mas"
Yo, some think I'm clever
Others think I'm the one who makes too many references to
Whether or not I'm feelin' this beyond words explain
Yo, you set up a battle outdoors and pray for rain Attention ladies and gentlemen Expand and dilate, so by the
end of the night
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Plus far from crisp, so I leave you wit this Ai yo, you speak like who you hang wit
And piece like who you paint wit
Everything is merging, no matter who you bank wit
Imagery battle hymns, political poetry
Platform show, by now maybe you know
Who don't scheme, but knows more lines than Coke fiends
Closing dark plates, it's hot and smoking
Sneaky green slow flow, thought provoking Leaves mics, turntables and stages broken
Dilated y'all, irisciece y'all, wide awake
Babu revolve while Rakka rocks the break
Revolution is a cycle to turn, vital to learn
Next time other neighborhoods are liable to burn

Toys meet the same fate steppin' in range
Ain't your folks hollering at you 'bout playin' wit flame?
Can't be contained, front row's insane
Alchemist load the track, Irisci, bullet train
Attention ladies and gentlemen
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Plus far from crisp, Babs, leave 'em wit this

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