

# Clockwork

## 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!

[Ev] Set to detonate  
{\*scratch: "there's just one thing"\*}  
[Ev] Uh-huh, sharp  
{\*scratch: "that I, would like to say"\*}  
[Ev] Ha yes y'all  
{\*scratch: "there's just one thing"\*}  
[Ev] Watch out  
{\*scratch: "that I, would like to say"\*}  
[Ev] What what uh  
{\*scratch: "there's just one thing"\*}  
[Ev] Uh, uh  
{\*scratch: "that I, would like to say"\*}  
[Ev] Yeah, it's goin down  
{\*scratch: "there's just one thing"\*}  
{\*scratch: "that I, would like to say"\*}

[Evidence]  
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

[Rakaa Iriscience]  
"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

{\*scratched: "How that sound?"\*}  
[Rak] Yeah, Dilated we're correctly holdin the crown, it's like THIS  
{\*scratched: "How that sound?"\*}  
[Rak] C'mon, yeah  
[Rak] Dilated we're correctly holdin the crown  
{\*scratched: "How that sound?"\*}

[Evidence]  
On tracks, it's like boomerang  
Sometimes you gotta let shit go to watch it come back  
{\*Babu scratch\*} 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 wack a word of advice  
I got it down so cold like ice from Jew Heights

{\*scratched: "How that sound?"\*}  
[Rak] Huh huh, yeah, Dilated we're correctly holdin the crown  
{\*scratched: "How that sound?"\*}  
[Rak] Uhh.. yeah  
[Rak] It's that shit you pump loud when you roll into town  
{\*scratched: "How that sound?"\*}

[Rakaa Iriscience]  
Check your fusebox, my "Cosmic Slop" brings cops  
Ghetto hip-hop that your city block rocks  
Say WHAT? I bust a U 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 DND, 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

{\*scratched: "How that sound?"\*}  
[Rak] Huh, yeah yeah  
{\*scratched: "How that sound?"\*}  
[Rak] No doubt Dilated platform, expansion team!  
{\*scratched: "How that sound?"\*}  
[Rak] Uhh uhh, yo, Dilated, no doubt, worldwide connected

Come down Mr. Selector