

# Good As Gone

## Dilated Peoples

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DJ Premier on the beat

DJ Babu on the cut

(You know the saga, who liver)

(Sacrifice my light but I won't give in)

(That's why I'm driven, blessed with the God given)

(See with your eyes dilated for the for the sake of the G's)

I was getting buried alive

Heard the dirt hit the coffin top, I barely survived

But I broke through my grave ripped the pine box seal apart

Head first yelling "maggot break, funkadelic art"

Fear is a dark side fair-weather friends fly, Hitchcock

Same birds scatter when the end stop

Couple let their guards down, figure they was there for certain

Talking about "time to pull the plug and close the curtain"

Eyes wide, bug like, [?] and Lazarus

I thought that y'all were...nevermind, material still hazardous

Hazmat, clutching their chests like asthmatics

For mathematics, a natural dash of black magic

Salute to new voices flexing power advancing

The ballot's a modern branding, classic sound clashing

Took heavy fire, survived the crash landing

Smiled to walk away from the wreckage, the last standing

They thought that it was gone for good

They figured it was good as gone

Rakaa:

They thought that it was gone for good

They figured it was good as gone

(You know the saga, who liver)

(Sacrifice my light but I won't give in)

They thought that it was gone for good

(See with your eyes dilated for the for the sake of the G's)

Evidence:

Devise a plan and I execute it 'til I'm undisputed

If the record never stated, I've been showing most improvement

At a time where my peers declined, I used it as a booster

Used the dedication as a plus, I ain't used to losers

Lock the randoms from the safe, then I change the combination

Then I set the pace and settle down, then I lay the conversation

Juvenile blind, made me think, is this a new beginning?

Kept an older frame of mind when I've been spraying all these feelings

So God bless us, cut from different cloths and different textures

Different walks of life, some act, some are directors

Some are extras, and those aren't easy to find

And I ain't easily defined, what's fame? A thin line

I been thinking walking over the edge but keep blinking

Taking two steps back to my zone for no reason

Call it comfort, that is not the best for my heart

Not the best way to end and not the best way to start

Good as gone

Rakaa:

[Verse 3: Evidence & Rakaa]

I was out of mind and sight  
Dark clouds all around me, trying to find the light  
I took flight with the dot dot legs dangling  
Cliff-hanging never docking my spot  
I stand by what I say, 'cause I'm easy to find  
Dates posted every day of the year in bold lines  
The more that I roam the more that I'm free  
The more I'm in Rome the more that I'm me  
The more I'm at home, the more that it's stress  
The moral is, we be touring it best  
I'm not the same old run of the mill  
Who keeps running until, the feet tell him "put the runners to rest"  
I've seen the last come first  
I've seen the first, last  
I double majored in life  
Some of the worse passed  
Back to school learning secrets that the Earth had  
Sat in coach and studied business before my first class