

The Shape of Things to Come

Dilated Peoples

Ay, yes y'all
The only thing constant is change
With that, it's the shape of things to come, yeah

Yo, I'm the open-est emotions, I'm a river in straight
A crystal clean lake, yo, the essence of skin
The form of a luminescent bright light fluorescent
(You got light?)
Don't wait till it's dark to ask questions
I been sparkin' in sections and blessing mics with my presence
Since many were pre-pubescent puberty adolescent
Perhaps you need a lesson in, addressin' with respect an'
Too many feel inadequate without their little weapon

It's like I got the whole world against me, need to get intensely
A head full of headache hes and a hand full of sissies
Them so flimsy so why there one MC
There wasn't one before hasn't been one since me
A gangster of love, I come from up above
I give the mic a tug, I give the world a hug
I give the skies a kiss, I give suckers a kiss
Some people like my old styles better than this but

Yo, I'm Spacey like Kevin and some do knowledge of seven
Praise Jesus and Jah, Buddha, Allah or just Heaven
Yeah, and some like it moderate and some like a lot of it
Whichever way I go we got somethin' to get you move up out of it
Some will be statistics and some will be reverends
Dimes become pennies like dimes become eleven
To some we kind of thought of it, as teaching the dumb
Ace-One and dilated, the shape of things to come

I catch rec and tangle in circles with squares
Triangles to test if indeed you're prepared
This is the shape of things to come
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I catch rec and tangle in circles with squares
And triangles to test if indeed you're prepared
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I wax 'em I tax 'em, here's Iriscience, ask him
From Arkansas to Aspen, the futuristic jazzmen
I'm telepathic, movin' through hella traffic
I know my demographics, see how this was crafted and drafted
There's precision in the incision
I'm not Christian or Catholic or any other religion
I'm just man with a steel in his hand
I shoot the gift from blessed to spark where it land

And it landed in the sand where the pyramids blaze
And this is how the dictionary defines such a place
A polyhedron with a polygonal base
Median and common vertex, triangular face
Who came in the home and ripped the cats stole
Stripped the limestone to line they fine home

I cram to understand, their dirty deeds in song
While we bringing you the shape of things to come

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Aiyyo, I center punch punchlines, shine when it's crunch time
I back to beat box, rap battles at lunchtime
I sketch a piece and fill it in with design
Ooh no, Aceyalone, raw bright like sunshine
Platform squad, standin' on the brink
Yo I touch the world, got three but two blink
Rakaa aka Iriscience lenscrafters
And blend with hash the self defense master

Yeah, it's too bad we control fire, wind
I know that you bad you batted a thousands I remember
Who's the baddest with the apparatus tell me again
Take ahold of your heart without penetratin' the skin
See I didn't invent it, I just perfected it
I never intended to really connect with it
But once I got in it, I redirected it
Now I change the world and get respect with it and a check with it

It ain't nothin' new under the sun
Fool, I ain't afraid of the size of your gun
The flesh is weak plus they speak foul tongue
Take the breath from their lungs as they swung
And they hung and they sunk

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