

Dilated Peoples

"Last Line Of Defense"

Visit "[Last Line Of Defense](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The last line of defense

Feel the pressure

Yo, you better plan ahead, gather your thoughts
I'm not gonna be the one wit' no chair when the
music stops

The orange agent has just moved to your block
And gone headhunting, blame Herbie Hancock
Hard to get at, yo vocally serious
Never stress myself out, treat songs like interludes
Drum patterns are primitive evidence, the derivative
Of what the late '80s and early '90s
had to give

Dilated peoples, far from tentative
Caress this microphone, stay home and take your
sedative
I know our platform is built on strong foundation
My last line of defense, I keep a ace in the hole
On patrol, so balanced with no topic
The weatherman lands at high noon, ready to drop shit
Could freestyle better or maybe rap faster
But sound clash wit us you flirt with disaster

Evidence of the war
Don't ever lose sight of this fact
The last line of defense
Evidence when it comes to blood and rap
It's lyrical combat

The Sagittarius with flows in various
Types of pipes and green to keep me hype
At thirty-thousand feet, yo my heart starts poundin'
So I rarely fly, intentional grounding
Make my rounds to towns, kill 'em in order
I'm equipped to blow shows and turn kids out
wit' corners
With ease I flow slow like growth on palm trees
And set trends more than femmes could split ends

I'm makin' power moves in fact, as I speak now

Do my best to re-enforce the motto milk the cow
Make that dough for too many the main concern
I say make the right music, then your money's earned
Share the wealth with Babu and Iriscience
My death might be a tragedy, my life will be a triumph
Go focus on the star, the man who won the Heisman
Trophy would be broken, forget it, credit the linesman

Evidence of the war
Don't ever lose sight of this fact
The last line of defense
When it comes to blood and rap
It's lyrical combat

Evidence of
Don't ever lose sight of this fact
The last line of defense
When it comes to blood and rap
It's lyrical combat

Yo critique my mic techniques live, I Carthage this
You didn't think I had what it takes in my
esophagus?
A cat like you, yo your show sounds hot for real
Of course it does, standin' still
Yo I dig your little pace, you're walkin' forth at
best
At that rate, on tour dates, I hope you never run outta
breath
I'm evidence, Mike Peretta, head commander
Both of my names like Gary Shandling, Larry Sanders

When I say now, this will take out in an instant
Wherever I go, my caravan goes like Vincent
But every Princeton, they won't follow good
So I shock this microphone and split a tree trunk to
hollow wood
The last line of defense, set your precedence
Set your standard, make it known you own your throne
Yo, the last is when you hit 'em just enough to leave a
gash
In time, the wound will heal, rest assure they'll
make it known

Who threw the heat and felt the blast
Who gave the answers and what questions are asked
Are your favorite artists boring you? That shit
don't make sense
Call evidence the last line of defense

Evidence of the war
Don't ever lose sight of this fact
The last line of defense
Evidence when it comes to blood and rap
It's lyrical combat
The last line of defense

Evidence of the war
Don't ever lose sight of this fact
The last line of defense
When it comes to blood and rap
It's lyrical combat
The last

Visit [Dilated Peoples](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.