

## **Dilated Peoples "Olde English"**

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Yeah

I'm a L.A. brawler, Gracie Academy hallway loiterer  
More shows get my pre-orders up  
Six deep, packed in a Ford Explorer  
I toured the whole world but never been to Florida

They holdin' my shit, all winter  
By the time the shit drop, I done already been there  
The game's fucked, a thousand soundalikes, it's sad  
Hard to tell the difference like they fake Louis bags

I don't fuck with that industry flow  
What I do fuck with is that industry dough  
BMI, EMI, gimme all that  
A side deal with who? Why not, where I sign at?

I used to do unto others, this the difference  
This year fuck with things in my best interest  
This ain't the new, it's the old from way back  
Click it or Ticket, man they forcin' us to stay strapped

Act like you know, right now if not ASAP  
This way was different shit, I ain't afraid to face that  
This time, made up my mind, on my grind  
On some James Brown, it's the Big Payback

Four by four, eight by eight  
Twenty by twenty bars, I demonstrate  
Four by four, eight by eight  
Twenty by twenty bars, I demonstrate

Still blastin' away  
Spit and put the cash away, passion to play  
Mashin' my way through this Babylon  
Out the gate I get up, I'm the one to gamble on

Luxury lyrics, I give free of charge  
Yeah, right, my daughters don't starve  
Holdin' me down, pride and truth  
The immaculate Dilated Peoples crew

Four by four, eight by eight  
Twenty by twenty bars, I demonstrate  
Beat this down the block and you'll be like G's  
Movin' on up like George and Louise

On the low, in the cut, all about my cheese  
My folks, came up, in these L.A. streets  
I knock and I bump, like 8:15's  
They lock, brothers up, for eight fifteens

Defari is a method of truth  
If you wanna know proper etiquette in the booth  
Hey 'Ru is divine  
Pure like sunshine, just one rhyme

Four by four, eight by eight  
Twenty by twenty bars, I demonstrate  
Four by four, eight by eight  
Twenty by twenty bars, I demonstrate

I'm on that Richard Pryor, Bruce Lee, Muhammad Ali  
Bob Marley, Jimi Hendrix, Salvador Dali  
Now we rap Langston Hughes and Maya Angelou  
Out the disco Xanadu, hip-hop for the streets

Now the beat swing numchuk style  
I'm like Jim Kelly tellin' sucker MC's duck down  
Heavy artillery with the heavenly spittery  
And third strike energy, rockin' cleverly pitchin' heat

Fernando Valenzuela, original slangster  
Lost Angels, Atzlan to beautiful danger  
Call my travel agent, have her arrange  
South America, South Africa and Southeast Asia

Then back to Mid-City we stack and get busy  
In fact, Drev's barbecue and Hustle got 'gnac  
The way I manhandle bully muscle the track  
Thank God, I never focused on hustlin' crack

It's Rakaa with that educated animal rap  
I still fight back and question when they handin' me  
scraps  
In the fresh Denim jacket with the sheepskin black  
With the "Rest in Peace, Rob One" piece on the back,  
yeah

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