

Dilated Peoples "Search 4 Bobby Fisher"

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* hard to find white label, but 2:58 long on napster

[intro: raka iriscience]

Yo.. it's like this man

Every once in a while when motherfuckers pop off at
the lip

Somebody get brought into this shit

That don't have nuttin to do with this shit right?

But none the less

You wanna start lettin off buckshots, cats gotta
retaliate

Y'all callin out ev? well you got him

[evidence]

Yo, a blonde fag took my kindness for a weakness

But instead of comin hard threw a weak diss

Twelve of his friends at first I was speechless

Is it cause you lack pussy or lack uniqueness?

It's always your type, itchy and quick to bust off

Ruin the party, "soliloquy of chaos"

In this verse, jumpin jacks a little warm up

There'll be no bullshit, there'll be no hit chorus

Diss my crew? yo, you won't go far

The truth is I'm about as much from detroit as you are

I'm rackin up points, shit cat I'm scorin

You ain't a true tiger, liar, you from warren

A trailer trash town where daddy stuck it to ya

That's why you hate your mother cause she never tried
to stop it

Twenty years later you're still out of luck

I met this chick you took home on tour, but couldn't get
it up

Alert! alert! you internet geeks

Eminem is just like you, weak between the sheets

Dr. evil, tryin to steal my mojo

I'll fuck you up, plus look better in photos

I know what it is, you envy what you hate

I'm what you used to be, you was me in ninety-eight

Hungry for props, and ready to rock

Except your stage show is so weak you always just
ready to rot

Fuck your pace walkin forth at best

(at) that rate on tour dates, hope you never run out of
breath

It's such a shame your uncle ronnie's not listed
I'm a geek? you jock fred from limp bizkit
Production time; I heard you're makin beats
But don't program the drums, don't program the keys
Don't program the bass, producer? liar!
Doin that shit's like hirin a ghostwriter
You might as well you little fake chino xl
You're target practice - strictly blast these empty shells
{*crowd roar*} it's an upset, you lose the title!
But first lose the haircut, you're bitin george michael
Next topic, time to stick the knife in
Slaughter your {daughter}, ah fuck it throw your wife
in
I'ma do 'em, do 'em 'til nothin left
The way I'm murderin you now they probably avenge
your death
You blind bitch, I'm about to rub it in
Go sell millions of records, you still don't own your
publishin
You ain't hip-hop, you pop; extra popular to little girls,
Kids, and the trenchcoat mafia
So here it comes, a blast from my crew
You bout to get chopped by a man named babu
The funniest part? let me say this 'fore I'm through
I haven't even begun to start, I saved the best for part
two

{*babu cuts and scratches these samples*}

"faggot, no comp rapper on a quest" -> ll cool j
"hi!" -> eminem, "bitch shut the fuck up!" -> eazy-e
"if you take offense fuck it, got to be that way" -> krs-
one
"i thought I oughta tell you, better yet warn" -> mc lyte
"suckers get eliminated fuckin with dilated" -> cypress
hill
"nevertheless, I'll say it again" -> slick rick(?)
"bitch!" -> n.w.a.
"soundclash with us, you flirt with disaster" -> dilated

"trick or treat..."

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