

Dilated Peoples "Skills"

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[chorus 4X]

"Yes" "My styles is wild"

"Our fills is all about skills"

"I get wild"

[Mr. Brady]

I got some muscle in your step

Cause yo I step behind

Steppin' lightly with no footprints oh...

I didn't know you and your peers practice

Abstinence I'ma take it well

Fuck his light bomb twice

Have a craving appetite for

Delicious Vinyl

But you make me lose my appetite

It tastes more tical

Whe I raise it up a pole

14 Shotguns for my stanza

I tell you what

Takin' small doses

Its not important it's

That's when your neck starts nodding

And your head starts turning on control the vol

Got folks on my shows

Intoxicated vibing

An when the flo' broadens

Start translating through the noggin

To those that's batlike

Putting their best work in at night

Graveyard shift

When my partners do things

To make the front of your pants wet

Be wetting when you dream

Dousing you tools with kerosene

Exploding like TNT self detonate

I'm making my way around by public transportation

That's why you hardly ever see me at

Other people's shows (why)

'Cause thats somewhere that the

Bus probably doesn't go

(fuck it up and here we go)

[chorus]

[Evidence]

I set aside time for practice
Ranging annual to daily
Rhymes classic like the captain
Album beats crash like its hailing
The agenda of failing
It's like the subway derailing
I amtrak paving the way for destinations
Yo the nation don't know half
The diction that we're spittin'
Interweaving like a ball of yarn
Formed into a mitten
I'm low-key know to flip facts from paperbacks
Or hardcovers discovery channel make you see flannel
When I'm finished call me Evidence
Always rock the mic phat
I write with my right but either handed with a bat
Yo I see through fakes
Who's styles that's not opaque
While I'm taking K from Cali to Great Lake
Yo from every rhyme I write
Cats could find a thousand quotes
There's too many skilled rappers
Out of touch like Hall and Oates
True my style's wild but didn't happen overnight
This is Evidence and Brady
Shady kids can't keep their sight

[chorus]

[Mr. Brady]

Dead nimrods get flushed like menopause
I got got sweatsuits on your skull
Trying to follow along
Way past blond, Hydroplaning
Explaining your disposition
Poll position and an excessive wind draft
Hyperventilating your cardiovasc
Tend to be the last
I'm greeting a card disk
'Cause my life is heartless\\
And I'm kind of like a surgeon when I purge it
???????? with a squeeze from my palm
It gets withered and Phyllis Diller when I'm high
I was pushed out of light sockets electrified for my
birth
ZZZbillion megahertz
Acrobatic Jackie Chan on the mic
Taking knowledge of undergrowth

With dead skin under my nails
From when your neck choked
To an artichoke mind of state of a vegetable
I guess its edible if you're a carcass
Lying there in the street gutterless
Laying minds with no skills in your your beak

[chorus]

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