

Dilated Peoples "Soundbombing"

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My man.. he said.. could he create a soundbomb?
Say that's a good question

* evidence, I'm bringin it *
* rakka, iri-science, rapid-fire how I transmit *
* we got catash with that west coast rhymin, bombin.. *

Yes I can.. yes I can..

[evidence]

Most want what they don't have, especially in this game
But on the other side of the rainbow -- yo' shit's exactly
the same

I aim one eye closed, so now you've been exposed
To my scope, an infrared target at night you glow
Got the chance, took it, hype tape that's what they tellin
me

Soundboming in stereophone audio fidelity
Flows get took, a simple plan, best-sellin book
And people in the clutch open they mouth too much
I drop bars so hard, the code explodes
And bells ring like don king fights ain't worth the dough
Sounds from tones, and licks from quincy jones
Backdrop, my microphone so I can chop down clones
I pull, expand, boom bap, no high hats
To hide behind the fact your wack vocal's off track
Droppin verses like this, a pleasure for me to do
Signin off, dilated platform, j-rock and babu

[iriscience]

It's the return of iri-stealth, the intelligence plane
I'm picked up by radar, but too late, here comes the
rain

I make you feel wingtip audiomatics
I travel the map to any part of the planet
Now word on the street is y'all suckers want static

Since most kids are spoiled these days, I let em have it
Land on stage, I see the mic and I grab it
Get the crowd movin side to side, like I panned it
Had to multiply my crew (well that's math)
Subtract or divide your crew (well that's wrath)

What I put inside the bleeds (oh that's hash)
Oh you want a new dick to ride? (go ask tash)
For the dj's, I keep a microphone in my palm
And for the people paranoia's a weapon so stay calm
For the toys, I take flight again for soundbombing
One-nine-nine-nine like sadat x and common

[tash]

Ahh, catashtra, the gunner from the crew that drunk
the beer up
Keep your distance from my mic, this alki style'll fuck
your ear up
But cheer up!! that's the way the bottle spills
Dj's they think I'm shady cause they know I steal the
wheels
Cause tash kick the real, kick it with niggaz with no
deals
Y'all fools ain't got no skills, y'all need to peep my
homey phil
Peep the barbershop, peep defari while you at it
Dj j-rock, babu, and rhettmatic
Cause that's the type of shit catash be pumpin in the
volvo
Where homies hittin me up like, "nigga what's up with
that solo? "
I tell em that the object of my whole project
Is mic domination, so it takes concentration
Peep what I'm facin, facin r&b the guns
Are you in it with the heart or are you in it for the funds?
Cause tash got the style that's dangerous as mountain
climbin
(yo what you doin to em tash?) right now I'm
soundbombing

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