

## Meshuggah

### "Right On"

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[J-Ro]

Back in the days, my pops said "Right on"

(Right on, right on)

All the street poets in the house, write on

(Write on, write on)

Black people, right on, right one

(Right on, right on)

All my niggas rollin Chevy's on deep-dish chrome, ride

on ride on

(Ride on, ride on)

I still rock the party till the needle starts skippin

I'm trippin like Pippen, Spice Rum sippin

We're mentally fastest, head of all our classes

You couldn't pass us wit a rocket like NASA

We all up in the house like cocky-roaches

Snatchin MC's out the game like hockey coaches

Fuck it, I'll break you down like a bucket

I like the bass hittin like a ?

Close Encounters of the Likwit Kind

I'm sick wit mine, writin rhymes on picket signs

It's the J-R-O, you didn't know?

Goin off in your face like a dirty pist-ol

You in the house of brews, crime scenes wit no clues

You walkin home bruised, confused wit no shoes

YOU LOSE! Cuz you got the Dilated blues

Here's some news, my DJ rock the mic and the one's

and two's

And I'm out

[E-Swift]

And I'm in

My words are like swords cuttin the paper wit the pen

Yo, Dilated could never be Annihilated

I waited two albums too long , somebody violated

We migrated to global positioning

All the DJ's listenin, Babu mixin it

\*Babu Cut\* "E-Swift" Yeah, the man, the myth

I pass the mic to Evidence for the assist

Then I'm oooooout

[Evidence]

And I'm in

My Appetite For Destruction will eat you up for dinn

Yo only one meal, get sliced to four courses

I'd take me serious, collect your man and forces

I strictly run off select input

Played yourself, don't have to shoot you in the foot

Cuz you stepped outta bounds without making your rounds

Now you come to my town

Ask Rak (Yo you On Deadly Ground)

These last four bars, I'ma heal all my scars

I'm a underground cat but still like money and cars

A Cali classic, that's my word, and my word's my bond

Dilated Peoples, Alkaholiks, this joint's Right On

[Tash]

My homie King T told me "Big Tash, right on"

So I'ma (right on, right on)

To all my forty-downin homies in the house tonight

(Right on, right on)

To all the sexy-ass ladies if you feelin alright

(Right on, right on)

To my Dilated homies that be rippin the mic

(Right on, right on)

[J-Ro]

Whether you writin or ridin, right on

Fresh MC's must write on

Even if you skateboardin, ride on

Some of these freestylers need to write on like my homie Tash

[Tash]

I got my write on late at night

Burst a verse until they flow right

My rhymes be action-packed, I wrote these lyrics to a strobe light

I'm Tashy, the flashy nigga jumpin out that fast shit

Your rhymes won't impress me if you said em doin backflips

I crack whips on phones, blow smoke out nose

Niggas peepin out the style, hoes peepin the clothes

A million flows off the slang, bizz-a-pow, bizz-a-bang

Likwit crew is in this bitch, my click be off the chain

Rap off the plane while crackin champagne

Tash for president, you know my campaign

First things first to get ya'll niggas off the street

You get twenty-five years if you part wit wack beats

You coulda came to Ev, you coulda came to Swift

That's why we escalatin while ya'll niggas need a lift

So give me two secs while I crack this Beck's  
And once I drop the mic, my nigga Rak is up next  
And I'm out

[Iriscience]

And I'm in

I pick it up for everybody in the house that spins  
My name is Rakaa, innovator of rhyme communication  
Wit Data like Star Trek: The Next Generation  
It's Dilation, fan appreciation  
Connected nationwide, worldwide Likwidation  
Cali hard-hitters, we bump like car fenders  
(It's all chips) We only get boo's from bartenders  
Better be sure, aim high, we top gunnin  
When we touch down, we hit the ground runnin  
Feds pull strings and watch me like Truman  
But I can't front, I Love L.A. like Randy Newman

[J-Ro]

To all the homies locked up writin home, write on c'mon  
(Write on, write on)  
Graffiti artists around the world, write on c'mon  
(Write on, write on)  
To niggas rollin on Katanas, quickly ride on c'mon  
(Ride on, ride on)  
To all the women out there raisin kids alone  
Right on (right on) right on (right on)  
Yeah!

"Broadcastin live from Southern California" [E-Swift]

Where we at?

"Broadcastin live from Southern California" \*Cut up by  
Babs\*

Dilated Peoples

"Represent wit Tha Liks"

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