

New Song

"Clockwork"

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One-two one-two in the place to be, yes indeed
As we proceed to give you what you need
Always smokin that 'dro weed, we have.. Dilated..
Peoples!

[Ev] Set to detonate
{*scratch: "there's just one thing"*}
[Ev] Uh-huh, sharp
{*scratch: "that I, would like to say"*}
[Ev] Ha yes y'all
{*scratch: "there's just one thing"*}
[Ev] Watch out
{*scratch: "that I, would like to say"*}
[Ev] What what uh
{*scratch: "there's just one thing"*}
[Ev] Uh, uh
{*scratch: "that I, would like to say"*}
[Ev] Yeah, it's goin down
{*scratch: "there's just one thing"*}
{*scratch: "that I, would like to say"*}

[Evidence]
We got tension in suspense, theme in variation
Train robbery panic, description of equation
I'm after the gold, and after that the platinum
You want what you don't have so far neither one's
happened
But I was told by my peeps play your cards right
Spit hard, never look back, disregard hype
That goes for bad reviews, good reviews (uh-huh)
Any press, the news, I don't watch the two, I watch for
crews

[Rakaa Iriscience]
"Triple Optic" cockpit views
Bird's eye, catch the rhythm in the words I use
I've learned to burn pain for fuel
Everybody plays the fool sometimes, the other side of
the game is cruel
I'm back to school, the master rules
Born in the church where the pastor rules (why?)

I embrace the task that give birth to tools
And keep the pressure on that turns earth to jewels

{*scratched: "How that sound?"*}
[Rak] Yeah, Dilated we're correctly holdin the crown,
it's like THIS
{*scratched: "How that sound?"*}
[Rak] C'mon, yeah
[Rak] Dilated we're correctly holdin the crown
{*scratched: "How that sound?"*}

[Evidence]
On tracks, it's like boomerang
Sometimes you gotta let shit go to watch it come back
{*Babu scratch*} Evidence, presumed innocent
Move in silence, tracks covered, no fingerprints
Most are hit or miss, not what this is
Type on tour that might, hit your misses
Pack the bags, load up the pre-vo last year
We hit the road with Rage, Guru and Primo
Cypress, D'Angelo, shit's Jurassic (hey!)
Kweli and all top notch acts, keep it classic
Bill Graham presents, "Live at the Fillmore"
And after the encore, they ask for more
Fuck the IRS, I roll with I-R-I-S
'Science the best, so don't test
Exotic, attack the wack a word of advice
I got it down so cold like ice from Jew Heights

{*scratched: "How that sound?"*}
[Rak] Huh huh, yeah, Dilated we're correctly holdin the
crown
{*scratched: "How that sound?"*}
[Rak] Uhh.. yeah
[Rak] It's that shit you pump loud when you roll into
town
{*scratched: "How that sound?"*}

[Rakaa Iriscience]
Check your fusebox, my "Cosmic Slop" brings cops
Ghetto hip-hop that your city block rocks
Say WHAT? I bust a U and come back (hey!)
Reach under my seat for that heat that blaze tracks
Face facts, you're facin poker faced cats
Dilated made our way through the maze, "so take
that!"
For boom bap rap brought some state of the art shit
(hey!)
After two L's, I'm +Cool+ like James Todd Smith
Made ya burn while the, tables turn
I teach but I'm ready willin able to learn

These cats tryin to eat, I'm just tryin to breathe
And tryin to leave a legacy that you couldn't believe
Live from DND, peace to NY G's
Rakaa Cy Young on the M-I-C
Babs is clockwork, you could set your wristwatch
And the real backbone of hip-hop is disc jocks

{*scratched: "How that sound?"*}
[Rak] Huh, yeah yeah
{*scratched: "How that sound?"*}
[Rak] No doubt Dilated platform, expansion team!
{*scratched: "How that sound?"*}
[Rak] Uhh uhh, yo, Dilated, no doubt, worldwide
connected

Come down Mr. Selector

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