

Opinions May Vary

Dilated Peoples

Ayo, pardon my French, fuck anybody not fucking with this (Fuck!)
Start up the disc, suicide, cut up your wrist
Like a cheap watch, your weed spot something like this
Local dime bags from some dirty nickel dime slicks
Dice shook with shady hands, why gamble that risk?
Dealing feces go, go examine that shit
Like man, you are sick
But you are not as sick as the niche
Of these niggas not even quarters but dying to get rich
Will lie to their click, cheat, steal to survive in this bitch
Then fight with their chick, same time deny he a snitch
The lie on his dick, but ain't nobody buying that shit
They just waiting to find him driving when they ride in they whip
Clyde with the dip, them ballers gonna fly when they hit
Defy gravity, super conductor from the slip (Ghetto)
They all mad at me, ain't nothing y'all do from the rip (Come on!)
It's all strategy, you need a vacation then trip (Gangrene!)

Fuck y'all doing? It's only right that I address this
Why ask what? Why ask what?

Existentialist in my temple, I shook the world with Etch-a-
Sketch force, then sketched a masterpiece with a pencil
That's how lead fires, ink that black, crispy outlines, UFO, ancient aliens,
is how their head flies
With my red eyes, heavy squinting just to let light in
Learn the handshake, step right in
ATF, DEA wanna check my pen
It can stick a fiend's heart and jumpstart adrenaline
At minimum it's a spark, backyard like a national park
Animal sightings, heavy lighting but the flashes are dark
Everyone's an expert until the classes start
Ask them who the best is then watch the clashes start
I'll smack animated stars out your head
With the Chaka Zulu, Sun Tzu strategy one two
Boom bip, rescue the princess and jump the broomstick
Lunatic, on that dark side of the moon shit

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Spray words and let the krylon drip
Crowd surfing, bitches tugging on my jersey made the nylon rip
Dance over rhythms like a fly on shit
Keep the yarmulke diagonal
Play the avenue, real verse like a 48 bar
A capella feature from Maganoo
With Timbo on a bow flex
The spliff that I finesse resemble Kotex
Hold down the west Ferraris jet
My vision is slightly tinted due to the lens on the Cartie specs
ODB face, elephant briefcase
Sweepstakes, I'm on the grill like Geno with the cheesesteaks
Stay with a pigeon like reed space, cooking the freebase
Hard to get it off my clothes, take my jacket to the laundromat
It still leaves a discrete trace, Camaro got metallic windows, leather finish
without a pimple

Bitches swanging off the phallic symbol, lick off a shot through the roof
Blow out his shingle, peel off bumping "Latin Lingo"

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Are you number one? Depends who you asking
Who, who, who? That's for owls in the Aspens
Why do rappers rap in past tense? It's veteran
They think De La Soul and David Letterman
That wasn't fact checked but I go off
Got a fat check, where's deep end? And dove off
Weekends were...down by the beaches blurred
They come and go, but you could never put a leash on a bird
You never know if you never go out of the zone where you comfortable
Where you come from?
I sing the role of the unsung out the dungeons of rap
Where cats don't make it back and run from
I got a gun and arose to the world
I come undone, shooting all under the sun
I'm gassing, stingers, bulletproof wallets
Money on top of my heart if they want it