

# Bottle Rocket

## The Evidence

Yo the rhyme excursions touch minds like brain surgeons  
Feel the lyric teargas - even on clean versions  
No profanit goddamnit hard like granite to the utmost  
I'm butter on rye - always hired to play the low post  
I stretch to go the distance yo my lungs are mad elastic  
I'm dope on plastic like Flex I always keep it classic  
Expressions in the facial I'm more racial from caribbean rhythms  
I hit 'em with a battered flow padded with circles added twice  
I'm nice on ice the line slice your dome  
And separate rhymes from poems  
My life....

Ain't tryin to see no grammy or oscar  
Best believe these styles will rub off like pastas  
On people yo check Dilated Evidence  
The influential rock rhymes in sequential format  
You'll see the doormat if you acting disaccordingly  
Something to the effect of fatboys and disorderlies

I'll take you from he man to shira  
Battlecat to cringer  
Midevil Messenger, westcoast avenger  
Take it to the street battle me? That's a fucking sin  
Go one round with Mad Child you'll be sucking wind  
Snapping handcuffs just for de-concentration  
Then I broke out the bus - a mental hospital patient  
On a weekend pass but I still come sick  
Psychopathic you're dealing with a deranged lunatic  
Soon to kick your teeth in, and then go berserk  
Even Van Gogh looked at me and said you're one piece of work  
So I said lend me an ear, cause I'm the state of the art  
First I'll feast on your brain, then rip your body apart  
There's a party of heart stuck inbetween my fangs  
Wrap a rope 'round your neck, and you still couldn't hang  
'Cause you're way off track, you need realignment  
Murdering masterpieces in solitary confinement

I'll keep your backside open like the english channel  
I rock the sure shot, I keep it hot like flannel  
I'll survey your panel with my foot up in your anal  
You think it can't happen? Kid, cause I'm rappin'?  
Ain't no gun clappin' cut the jaw jackin'  
Let the joints get shot and see where it's not  
Then kick off your shoes jump off my jock  
And check the new style Whitey Ford's prone to rock  
Once upon a time, not long ago  
Before Hip Hop was made for the radio  
An MC show had to co-rock the masses  
Used to wear a kangol with the clear gazelle glasses  
So bang bang boogie up jump the party  
Someone clapped off and scattered everybody  
Drunk off bacardi, high off the trauma  
It's death from above the livest dive bomber  
In the squadron I break formation  
I get New York love like my name's Ken Son  
??At tea?? they rock bells till they break the dawn  
Steady puffin owl's and fight hell like spawn  
My moves are animated my crew's reinstated

While you cats suspension's up in my dimensions  
We can ease tensions or we can get rowdy  
So I'ma keep it on the love and do my duty/doody like howdy

Direction short term plan regionalize rhyme boards  
With the hordes - I'm satan dynasty killer  
Refill the chords with the sling on down  
Venom spit regurgitate def scripts I sound  
Cylinder never python, prevail Mad Child  
Physical justic can't rush this for now  
Move fake of the game time set backs don't sweat that  
God don't test that - too much infinite to get at  
Space to fills all the members got the illa drills  
And if you with the rhyme skill  
Bust the revealings of my feelings of these dealings  
Will the represent shall  
I build three phases of death  
The illusion is to sweat that you reflect  
When you feel the veil  
Divine Styles circumnavigate nine circles of hell  
You keep on you don't stop 'cause a nigga never stay stale  
WudaWudaWudaWudaWudaWudaWhat I'm saying is is that...  
You ain't you ain't ready for that shit [echoes]