

Mr. Slow Flow

Dilated Peoples

Yeah.. PMD, E-V
Mr. Evidence.. Aiiyyo

From out the dark, a voice that you heard before
Not one to sell out, how did I remain this raw?
Cause my style's rugged, step past you amateurs
You little peons, you wanna aim at P? I aim at y'all
Get real, you know P, put the "B" in ball
I did it to death, back agin, you stuck in the store
C'mon, what's ya rap handle? Gimme a sec
Lemme think... nah! Never heard of y'all
You on your grind? You better grind some more
Check it, you on your hustle? You better hustle some more
I flex a rhyme on a rapper, then proceed to wreck
by breakin this mic in half, then put him in the yolk and snap his neck
When five-oh rolls, they say what's the M.O.
Another rapper was hit, by Mr. Slow Flow
So who these dudes messin up? Show 'em the door
If you ain't spittin hardcore, then say no more

"So much to say but I still flow slow" - [Rakim]

Uh, code name E-V, rappin fanatic (yea!)
'07 Slow Flow, blackout addict
Record mode, set the EQ to Dolby
Low-key? Nah, with PMD they can't hold me
All these sirens they drop on these songs are false alarms
I'm the perfect storm after the calm
Only few things for sure like my maker I'ma meet
And in my life I'ma eat ten spiders while I sleep (hahaha)
I mean, the game's fucked for starters
Radio's week (y'know?), we buyin music at Starbucks (wow)
We live lies but tryin to see heaven
Denial, no plane ever hit Trade Center 7 (Think about it)
Learned from vets and they ain't war heroes
They blue collar, drive in (Taxis) like Deniro
Right now I'm on my J-O, issue payroll
Six figures, tryin to add another zero

(Watch it!)

I used to be Ice-T "Reckless" (RECKLESS)
Wildin out until 3, then eat breakfast
Mid-City's finest, dreams precious
Hustle 'til I'm breathless (outta control!)
They say, "Rakka, ease off the clutch and drive slow"
Rev pumps the brakes, I accelerate a live show (Go!)
The race is fair and square, the tortoise and hare
I don't just smoke trees, I put a forest in the air
I swing swords of steel, I'm hard to kill
Blessed with skill, never ever stress a deal (NO!)
Bringin big business corporate checks in still
(Strictly Business) (Never Personal) catchin feelings
The fame that brought dollars, the dollars that bought fame
(The Release Party) celebrates the breaking of chains
Hip-hop to the WORLD from black and brown areas
I flow slow but CRACK them sound barriers

Mr. Slow Flow

When five-oh roll, they say what's the M.O.
Another rapper was hit, by Mr. Slow Flow

"By Mr. Slow Flow" [scratched]
[Ev] That's what they call me this year