

Bottle Rocket

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]