

# Dilated Peoples, Ear Drums

(watch your eardrums pop)

(watch your eardrums pop) (pop) (pop)

[ verse 1: evidence ]

I got 61 keys with delays

I'm vocally blown, but never thrown into the maze

With no amp, I found my way out the first time round

Then - never went back without my bloodhound

I vow to hit the beat right

The crowd - light em up, so I don't see night

Mark the spot with the x, people in debt

Make promises with beats on discettes

(yo, you feelin him yet? )

Then make some noise with your voicebox

One word, four syllables, unorthodox

Describes my style best, I attack, never rest

Cause in my sleep a metronome click beats on my chest

Till I wake, shit - automate my mix

Total control of where my highs and kicks should fit

You don't stop till executed the plot

While bab' sets up shop to make your (eardrums pop)

(watch your eardrums pop)

[ verse 2: iriscience ]

The deejays in effect, keep holdin it down

Dilated, we're correctly holdin the crown

Plus we keep a set of keys to that golden sound

It's that shit you bump loud when you roll in the town

It's the art of showdowns, I'm quick to show clowns

I bring it like, "sucker, where's your threshold now? "

His life under pressure in the eye of the storm

To find the root I take it to the hive of the swarm

I execute like grandmaster roc raida

Congratulations, brother, you swingin a hot fader

& from l.a. I spit rocks sedated that leave craters

Some are less than, some equal, but none greater

Duck, you gunplay, I'm lovin the sunrays

Used to party friday, saturday, and pray on sunday

But I figured out in life that there's more than one way

That's why I'm doin things I always knew I'd do one day

I've seen many lands and tasted the best crop

I witnessed many cultures express through hip-hop

I'm buildin with that science that de la dropped

That means it might blow up, but it won't go pop

(watch your ear)

(watch your ear)

(watch your ear)

(watch your eardrums pop)