Dilated Peoples, Search For Bobby Fischer

[Intro: Rakaa Iriscience]
Yo.. it's like this man
Every once in a while when motherfuckers pop off at the lip
Somebody get brought into this shit
that don't have nuttin to do with this shit right?
But none the less
You wanna start lettin off buckshots, cats gotta retaliate
Y'all callin out Ev? Well you got him

[Evidence]
Yo, a blonde fag took my kindness for a weakness
But instead of comin hard threw a weak diss
Twelve of his friends at first I was speechless
Is it cause you lack pussy or lack uniqueness?
It's always your type, itchy and quick to bust off
Ruin the party, "Soliloquy of Chaos"
In this verse, jumpin jacks a little warm up
There'll be no bullshit, there'll be no hit chorus
Diss my crew? Yo, you won't go far
The truth is I'm about as much from Detroit as you are
I'm rackin up points, shit cat I'm scorin
You ain't a true tiger, liar, you from Warren
A trailer trash town where daddy stuck it to ya
That's why you hate your mother cause she never tried to stop it
Twenty years later you're still out of luck
I met this chick you took home on tour, but couldn't get it up
Alert! Alert! You internet geeks
Eminem is just like you, weak between the sheets
Dr. Evil, tryin to steal my mojo
I'll fuck you up, plus look better in photos
I know what it is, you envy what you hate
I'm what you used to be, you was me in ninety-eight
Hungry for props, and ready to rock
Except your stage show is so weak you always just READY to rot
Fuck your pace walkin forth at best
(at) that rate on tour dates, hope you never run out of breath
It's such a shame your Uncle Ronnie's not listed
I'm a geek? You jock Fred from Limp Bizkit
Production time; I heard you're makin beats
But don't program the drums, don't program the keys
Don't program the bass, producer? Liar!
Doin that shit's like hirin a ghostwriter
You might as well you little fake Chino XL
You're target practice - strictly blast these empty shells
{*crowd roar*} It's an upset, you lose the title!
But first lose the haircut, you're bitin George Michael
Next topic, time to stick the knife in
Slaughter your {daughter}, ah fuck it throw your wife in
I'ma do 'em, do 'em 'til nothin left
The way I'm murderin you now they probably avenge your death
You blind bitch, I'm about to rub it in
Go sell millions of records, you still don't own your publishin
You ain't hip-hop, you pop; extra popular to little girls,
kids, and the Trenchcoat Mafia
So here it comes, a blast from my crew
You bout to get chopped by a man named Babu
The funniest part? Let me say this 'fore I'm through
I haven't even begun to start, I saved the best for part two

{*Babu cuts and scratches these samples*}

"Faggot, no comp rapper on a quest" -> Parrish Smith
"Hi!" -> Eminem, "Bitch shut the fuck up!" -> Eazy-E
"If you take offense fuck it, got to be that way" -> De La Soul

"I thought I oughta tell you, better yet warn" -> MC Lyte
"Suckers get eliminated fuckin with Dilated" -> Cypress Hill
"Nevertheless, I'll say it again" -> Whodini
"BITCH!" -> N.W.A.
"Soundclash with us, you flirt with disaster" -> Dilated

"Trick or treat..."