

# Dilated Peoples, You Make The Choice (Weed Vs

[ Verse One: Evidence ]

Yo, never underestimate the next man's greed  
And never sell ya baseball cards for weed  
I don't really get upset, so I'm not violent  
The monotone microphone master, moves in silence  
I'm nice off the head, and I'm nice off led  
To some I'm three hours behind, to others I'm one ahead  
These vocal tones symbolizes confidence mixed with home-grown  
And such, no fear with the paranoide touch  
I can intoxicate myself, I hate when I do that  
Running around acting stupid, saying "True that!"  
That ain't me, and I know this is true (Come on!)  
So I just consume the grines and say fuck the brew

[ Verse Two ]

Fuck you, it was me on beering unity  
Hype as fuck, aiiyo Ev' (wassup?)  
leave your weed and you look stuck  
Go ice-o-late yourself, while I throw some back  
No action speaks louder than my words, verbal attack  
Peace to Swift and Tash, they mixing beer with hash  
Yo, I separate the two from experience, they clash  
I trust my ways and intuition, plus the way I stear  
When it's time for shows and women  
Fuck the weed, just beer

[ Verse Three: Evidence ]

Never underestimate the next man's greed  
And never sell ya best friend weed with seeds  
I don't really place 'em peoples in no position  
The monotone microphone master smokes weed and listens  
I'm nice off the head, and I'm nice off led  
To some I'm one hour behind, to others I'm one ahead  
This vocal tone stands for chaos, and total control  
Completely outta reach, but hit the potkit on a roll  
I can intoxicate myself, yo maybe they past the time  
Yo maybe they kill the pain when there's problems with my guilt  
Yo, but that ain't me, and I know this is true  
So I just consume the grines and say fuck the brew

[ Verse Four ]

On beer, I come through in the clutch  
Yo, I see four suckers and blow the fuck up  
Yo, go ice-o-late yourself while I throw some back  
Yea, I'm dangerous as hell, with two Mooseheads in the hatch  
You can talk-talk-talk, I drink up and have my fun  
You be the, Jack of all trades; Master Of None  
I trust my way's direction, I know the way to stear  
When it's time to party down, fuck the weed, just beer