

(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)
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