

Defari, Stay Bubblin'

(feat. Phil Da Agony)

Es muy bueno!

(Defari)

It's Friday night... I call up B Fin
I'ma fly by with the Henn
He on deck with a zone of cush
I'm fresh off a car wash, it feels good to push -
The Q through the innercity
I'm on the telephone blowin' this last blitty
Streets filled with rims, chicks on the dick
Stoppin' at the stop light, holla real quick!
It's on tonight..
I +Phil Da Agony+ in every last drink that I take (that's right)
We high stakes, do it big like Bill Gates
I only know a chosen few to rest his real fate
Dilated's at the House of Blues, we doin' it this
The bird's who see me don't choose they losin' it
Double L mean low lands, that's one to grow on
She said she played music, I gave her somethin' to blow on

(Chorus) - 2X

We stay bubblin'
Money makin' hitters, stay hustlin'
We stay bubblin'
From the East to the South
To the beach here we reach, where we reach

(Phil Da Agony)

Critically acclaimed, spit it to you simple and plain
It's like acid rain fallin' on your brain
Blame it on the man in the booth
We bring understanding to you
And show you what the proper plan to do
Phil Da Agony and Defari Herut, you can see it engraved
If you look close - the Golden Statue
So don't think, givin' a nigga money
And stringin' him along with twenties
We see through y'all, niggaz is funny
Heart and hustle, overcame talent and luck
I spread love, cause most of y'all hate - violent as fuck
I had to go through it to pursue it as a career
Back then when I was practicing in front of the mirror
Blunt in my ear, blunted out, rhyme of the year
It's time for a beer, crack it open, back to my chair
Contracts holdin' me back - to commitments
Product comin' in by the shipments
It's time to make a difference

(Chorus) - 2X

(Defari)

Gold cuffs, diamond earrings
Drink up, you wasn't hearing me
Gold watch, diamond cut pinky ring
Drink up, we do this yearly
Break bread, blow trees, take head - for free
No cheese, 40's of Olde E, no diddle
Just a little Goose and cran for these brittles

(Phil Da Agony)

Aiyyo we bubble out, we double our clout
Hit the club and be out -

We veterans at this, scrubbin' you out
Born to make music, match all my melodies
I don't believe NONE of these bitches, they keep tellin' me
Call 'em how I see 'em -
Niggaz'll hold back on podium
Then try to put a record out to free him, release him
I'm wide awake, migraine headache, food on my plate
You need real estate's to get the estates, nigga

(Chorus) - 4X