

Defari, Top Prospects

The High And The Mighty

""Mr. Eon:""

Taste this delicious, mystic malicious
Ridiculousness, I tease like my snippets
I strip this down to the core and explore
Many more want, what I have in store
For you in this era, this mic's still a terror
My scripts consist of printed parchness
I gave the apple to eve and she ate it
Built the pyramids and the sphinx and now you fuckin hate it
Co-create the reborn, keep this mic torn
My defense is tight like Jason Sehorn
On these corn on the cobs, lop for pop, now they popcorn
Plus I got a bucket of 'em, so I stick it to 'em
Bring ruckus to em, slip the ducats to 'em
Still they gettin ruined when I bring my touch to 'em
Can't feel my shit no matter what I say
Though they ass out at fappy's on the bagel buffet, with no delay

here go the evidence

""Evidence:""

(you now tuned into evidence!) For more than funs and guns,
I'm stressed on gettin sex, Yo, I take it as it comes,
On most occasions I like my heart, chimes, and organ
But this is for your heartbeats twelve in the morning
Never tense, I rock the flossy, fly shit from Tchaikovsky
Don't drink, so I get bent, when I sip bacardi
Spark this party, no question never caught wearin guess and
Seldom lose when I got my chips on the table
Go against the oz and face the wizard
So play that evil shit, then come short, get the blizzard
Why is it you be buildin worlds that's fake as useless?
Heads pretend they hard, yo, their favorite movie's lukas
Now you focused like ? caught locusts
This style's covered like Rakim's 'I ain't no joke', this
Flow is out of control like rap in fact
Man I told em in the front, in the middle, in the back, it's like that

here come's the city brother

Defari

""Defari:""

Yo, pass that gallon, I'm here to score again like Marcus Allen
From L.A. this MC stallion
Only a few I know got the bomb chronic like Ev'
Yo, fuck the nonsense, our likwid eastern conference
And now we do it coast to coast like The Liks
the magnificent Defari, Eon and Evidence
The present tense is dope rhymes to the infinite power
Wack MCs fight in the yard, I kill the God that towers
And shoot at will shoot to kill with lyrical skills
Like the Beatnuts, pop the trunk and watch this bitches head for the hills
But in my trunk there's straight bumps like that
And just a licensed NBA spalding notebook, that looks phat
With phat rhymes and there's pages and pages
This shit's outrageous, independence connect, drop this as ageless
For wages, blow both indoor and outdoor stages
All ages feel they root like the flute, this gets contagious