

# Defari, Bionic 2

(Verse 1)

Ten million's what it cost them  
To put back together a cat whose straight awesome  
Mr. Defari he's Bionic  
Over fifty million tracks with a hundred million topics  
I'm fiber optic crystal clear with my projection  
Fake rappers get beat up in the real mc section  
They need protection  
In the game there's so much infection  
My anti-biotic lyricals a formal blessing  
A healing touch the Jesus Christ he don't say much  
But everything I say is daily food in L.A.  
I chop off your braids and cut you all and exhibit knowledge  
Big up to my high schools and all the college heads  
From lowlands to the beaches and hills  
For niggas who spin skril on cheap thrills plus pay bills  
I replenish, I do more than start I finish  
I come to cure the world of the sickness  
Word.

(Chorus)

It's the coming  
Of the bionic  
Defari here to  
Lock shit down

It's the return  
Of the bionic  
Heru here to  
Lock shit down

It's the coming  
Of the bionic  
Defari here to  
Lock shit down

It's the return  
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(Verse 2)

See I got boots of lyrics on deck like Evidence  
Pocket full of presidents, Los Angeles resident  
The heart of a champ is as big as lion  
I take the game cocked back, take aim start firing  
Admiring the U-N-D-E-R-G 'round  
I'm a Dodger of rap like Kevin Brown on the mound  
A legend like Tommy Lasorda  
With so many records I've never had a weak rap disorder  
Tell the reporters, you don't write lyrics but you a critic  
Let's take it outside wiseguy see who's the fittest  
I put that on Alkaholiks  
I put that on Dilated  
I put that on King Tee  
Please try to violate it  
Defari annihilated the world when he demonstrated  
The style never heard, until my words were regurgitated  
By millions, hundreds and thousands we keep em' bouncin'  
It's only right right I grew up on Roger Troutman

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3)  
Fake mc's get damaged by cowboys and bandits  
Sharp lyrics cut deep wounds these niggas need bandages  
They can't handle this Heru relentless pressure  
Full court measure for measure  
I'm like Phil Jackson a master coach in action  
A number one seed in the championship bracket  
I'm hittin' harder than Venus Williams' tennis racket  
Harder than when you see millions in indig's taxes  
Ashes to ash night school taking class  
Do whatever it takes to elevate the mass  
I breathe life into the children  
Give wisdom the dumb  
Type of dude to give a homeless man a couple of ones  
Each rhyme that I write is like a message in a bottle  
A treasure of instructions for each man to follow  
The map I lay it out simple and flat  
How niggas really want to sound over beats when they rap

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