

# Defari, Gems

"How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me. How did this bullshit happen?" (2X)

"I despise a duck MC on the mic" -& amp;gt; Defari 'Big Up'

Verse 1:

Rhymes and gems I run tracks like Ben Johnson  
Dick Vytel said my style was awesome  
P.T.P. MC  
Prime Time Precisely  
Word to Brothers I get Isely  
And voyage to Atlantis black sea world of panthers  
Where bothers don't question they answer  
Mathematically with lyrics of strategy  
The goal is to remedy the world of these wack MCs  
Exactly, Defari lyrical athlete  
Find me in the final heat of the Olympic track meet  
For MCs  
This kid he's not the average  
I'm on the rise son like my name was Backstage Laminate  
I got a cabinet of members all who posses spectacular vernacular  
Blazing through contenders  
I remember when hip hop was genuine  
When gimmicks were limited  
MCs were magnificent  
Shows were omnipotent  
The crowd was all feelin' it  
If a kid had skills on stage yo he'd reveal it  
But nowadays mad MCs need lessons in stage presence  
Instead of claimin' they represent  
While I enterprise, maintain, stay awake and wise  
What you hear is what you get  
No lies no disguise

Hook: (x4)

"How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me. How did this bullshit happen?"

"Rhymes and Gems"

"I despise a duck MC on the mic"

Verse 2:

I like the milk I like the lactate  
I like the milk type cords over a phat ass drum break  
With skill my mind spins like windmills  
For MC creeps I got noun and verb fills and brain pills  
I combine dentistry with crainiology  
Stacks of facts not mythology  
So when I catch wreck to enterprise the land of the sunset  
How much run should one don get?  
I say plenty  
That's word to Penny Hardaway  
Hip hop is an arena and every show is like game day  
On Sunday or Monday  
Whatever day I play at a professional level  
Here, in L.A.  
And that's a raw fact no fiction in this guy  
The essence of a pharaoh D to the E fari  
The only weapon I brandish is my vernacular  
Defari the tackler  
Duck MC capturer

Hook

Verse 3:

Word to the Barbershop MCs I got the remedies for enemies  
Who possess flimsies  
Concepts I bomb step to detonate  
A vocal explosion as big as a tidal wave  
See I'm that kid that you know that you never even heard about  
Defari Heru will soon spread by word of mouth  
Through every ghetto street, backstreet and phat jeep  
I enterprise the west combine with strength plus finesse (Now how we go?)  
I'm blessed by Allah Almighty  
Teaching class daily plus I'm writtin' rhymes nightly  
Mad MCs be lyin' everyday  
They be them same kids who drink pop off instead of Bombay  
Saffire  
The day will come when they expire  
Retire or get sliced by this lyrical barb wire  
They admire  
While I wire a fax to my everyday contacts  
Plans to make my cash triple stack

Hook

Outro:

Thank you and good night.