

Defari, Keep It On The Rise

(Defari)

I got the funky-feel like B-Real
I put "all in your head up" (B-Real) wit the pure raw skill
Franklins are my favorite bills
No hands, my favorite type of windmills
Only now and then do I drink champagne
Like I said in Big Up I strictly fucks wit Covasea
You glamorous rappers are too sweet
Wit your reecycled beats and your styles that put me to sleep
I'd rather listen to some Brant Green
Authentic, not like you, got real meaning
I'm like the low-ridas, I like the oldies
You know songs, like Agony and Ecstasy by Smokey
You's a phony, I heard your single
Cornny, like a thirty-second jingle
Here comes the master of paragraphs on phonographs
Every letter, etched and sketched like an ancient tag
You know my heiroglyph, I got a higher gift
You's a passenger tryin but never be a pilot

(Chorus) 2x

"Ayyo enough's enough" (Fat Joe)
Word up, I don't front
I just keep it on the rise, and give you what you want

(Defari)

(What you need)

Here, don't fear peep this
Step inside my mentals, bare witness to a lyricist
Skilled technician, rhythmous technique
Advanced speak, I put mics in condition
The streets always like hard beats
That shit that make you move your neck when you're in car seats
My star fleet, Likwit family
You Sorry, like that game from Milton-Bradley
Bound by honor, rollin mad bags of skama
I've never been the one for the Jerry Springer drama
Not an actor, just the greastest multiple factor
This rap game's like a computer, and I'm a hacker
Linebacker, wit hits that hit like LT
Watch the blitz, you'll get a Joe Theisman injury
What's all the glitter gear, meanwhile I wear and tear
For fanfare, while you rock eye liner and mascare

Chorus 4x

(Defari)

(See what you need)

When it comes to real lyrics I know you can't hang
Word to Tash, I'm from Killa Cali where niggas gangbang
Plus slang more than words, nouns and verbs
But pure crystal lah, lah meazy herbs
You couldn't enter the saloon where brothas despise bafoons
You're funny-style, this ain't no cartoon
This is Hard Earned dues, word to Guru and Premier
I'm more than ten years deep, but now it's my year
"Ayyo enough's enough"
Ayyo Herut's been long overdue
But instead these labels and fans have been fuckin wit the likes of you
Yo don't mistake them, I'm not no hater
Just a truth-sayer, serve when Vega woofer shaker
A plees blower, live show flower
Wit lyrics that'll blaze a whole crowd like a flame thrower

Chorus 4x

"Ayyo enough's enough"
Word up, I don't front
I give you what you want, what you need
(I give you want you want)
(I don't front) (What you need)