

Defari, Killing Spree

(Defari)

A different caliber of MC

This track is filthy, word to O.J., you make me feel guilty
of first degree soundbwoy murder

Unlike anything out of L.A. you ever heard of

Word up, you play with fire, you'll get burned up

Best believe that my shit sound the best, when it's turned up

Loud, mashin down the block suburban style

Eighteen speakers plus kit chromed out

Yo, you think that you fuckin pro?

On the low the other night I caught your wack-ass stage show

Oh.. boy, you're just a bore

But you tell everybody that you're like Busta

and you got "Rhymes Galore"

Mmm mmm mmm, ain't that somethin'?

Got the nerve to call yourself an MC, man you be frontin

I don't apologize, oh yeah, and uh

go back to school, learn some concepts and grammar

Of yourself, get a hold

Next time you on stage, use Primatine for some breath control

(Ha ha ha) But now don't let asthma be the excuse

You was definitely dooper, when no one knew you

(Chorus 2X: Defari)

I'm on a killing spree, murder soundbwoy constantly

Constantly murder wack MC

I'm on a killing spree, skill level at maximum

Dem pussy-clat bwoy nah wanna see me

(Defari)

You was stone cold lyin by the full wack rhyme writin

If I had some gasoline I'd ignite it, with my lighter..

.. BOOM! You combust, cause you disgust me

Wacker than them flat-ass crackers on Three's Company

You walk around, mad cause no one's feelin you

Mad at me, cause all your peoples they know my lyrics too

They sing along cause my song bumps

on the mix tapes that YOU made, yet and still you try to play a hate

(What?) You're featherweight, weaker than a paper plate

Lyricaly, when compared to me, I know your style is fake

Fraud, manufactures, cheaper than Hyundai

Now you're hardcore you probably used to be a true nerd guy

Make up your mind guy, now you're the Mr. Get High guy

If you ever step to me you'll think French because you're fuckin fried

in the mix of my verbal assault fightin sticks

You shouldn't gamble cause round for round you can't handle this

(Chorus)

(Defari)

Cat was out of pocket, got socked in his jaw

Fell to the floor, that's all she wrote

But I wrote rhymes, that burn every time

On mad mix shows I got wreck off the mind

But what's in a rhyme, if it don't sound tight?

You ask me if a lot of rappers are wack man you DAMN right

Who's to say these brothers from L.A.

will take charge like DeBarge and shine, in a special way?

I say okay, let's get paid

Let's put this money on Putnam and sip bombays with dis lemonade

Use, Gatorade to refuel

electrolytes after I ignite this mic too

Yo what's my name? Defari Herut

By the way since you been askin all these questions

who the hell are you?
I seen your kind before, no lie
A devil spy, disguised as an ambassador
You can't fool the Divine Sun Rule
Word to blue magic - step right up - and see the Likwit Crew
Hurry hurry, get your tickets, stand in line
After the show it's at the Towers on Sunset and Vine
Me and my niggaz at the bar sippin Henny
Got your bitch open all night, as if her name was Denny's

(Chorus) - 2X