

Defari, Major League

<defari>

Don't front

So many claim the fame, but never see the day

When lyrically they could even run, in the triple-a's

This here's the major leagues, where big hits are guaranteed

The ken griffey turbo 850 professional mc

One more time that cat defari

With a sting operation so blatant we call it franchise

Man sign, independent on some enterprise

It's time to shoot straight, innovate, and make the world realize

That mics get ripped, and spots get blown

I strive to be a golden state all-time great, like j-ro

I gets burned when the technics turn on mix shows and mix tapes

That you hear when a car turns left on the street

You know that shit that make you bounce

'nuf respect to rasco and evidence

Yo hold it down on the mound

I'm not like hideo, don't got it nomo

I'm more like randy johnson, guaranteed heat for sure

Yo this that <? > where the big hits are guaranteed

This ain't no minor league affair this here the major leagues

You in the batter's box ready for combat (what?)

But when you step up to the plate better bring it fat

<evidence>

I throw spitballs and sliders, and hit batters with attitude

The signal's in, and my catcher's 'fari herut

I got to risin on the mound, talkin at pen-point

Retire the side, put on a jacket, ice my joints

And body parts, world-wide, evidence is known

Have you fallin out the batter's box when curves are thrown

Precise angles, I dissect the strategy, no cost

And just 'cause I choose to wander don't mean I'm lost

I got the button-up jersrey, dilated written in cursive

I spill my heart to wax and put the <? > in the open

Three men against nine players, yo, that shit's unheard of

Plus my eyes are open in takin' folks <? >

One cat got on base but he didn't learn his lesson

I faked to first and picked him off at second

Patience is a virtue, yo he couldn't understand

That cat's out, time waits for no man

Bust it

Don't front

This where the big hits are guaranteed

This ain't no minor league affair this here the major leagues

You in the batter's box ready for combat (what?)

But when you step up to the plate

<rasco>

It be the large caliber rhyme

Ask yourself why try

Microphone slash rasco defari

Evidence, rhymes that set the precedence

Straight out the box, mcs to bobby sox

Major league, set to intrigue you small fee

Nothin' to the game, we doused them small flames

Take names

Head for the fence, we track prints

Track down the scent, then fold your whole tent

Stay bent

The illest on rhymes at all times
Call your bullpen, rasco just pulled into the lot
Be strikin em out with one shot
While your pitch be hittin the plate at one spot
Down the pipe
The major lieutenant that earn stripes
Bet strap in, cadet to captain
Stand up, better yet, put them hands up
And watch the triple threat come f**k them plans up
Smack niggas, with lyrical gems that sayin hymns
Niggas still rappin 'bout clothes and car rims
Man debted
But dishin that corn, you get spreaded
We runnin on supreme, you runnin on unleaded
Couldn't match, you out the line-up, you been scratched
Sittin on the bench, not feelin you one pinch, in the trench
We loadin the guns to stack funds
Went from stackin ones to stackin them one-huns
Scored runs
The hotter the bat, the more fat
It's dilated, ras, 'fari, we bust back
Like that, like that, like that, like that
Like that y'all, like that, check it

Yo this that <? > where the big hits are guaranteed
This ain't no minor league affair this here the major leagues
You in the batter's box ready for combat (what?)
But when you step up to the plate better bring it fat
Don't front
<repeat>
<scratching, fades out>