

# Defari, Yes Indeed

Talking:

E: Hey Defari, what's goin' down man?

D: Hey yo what's up E-Swift

E: Ah man, nuttin' much, i'm just sittin' here chillin' man  
sippin on somethin', tryin' to figure out why the fuck  
everybody in hip-hop is so confused these days, man

D: Man, brothers walkin' around confused cuz' they get so many  
confusing images

E: I know man, they don't know which way to take this music, man  
they forgot the real purpose of this shit, man, we about  
to let them know, right now

The amount of time it takes me to write a hundred rhymes  
Be about the amount it takes you to count a thousand dimes  
It's all a hundred, like hundred yards i'm scorin'  
Like hundred dollar bills that I chill for cool storin'  
Or storage, mad niggas rhymes straight be pourage  
Straight soup, we be that protein that get up in yo' splein  
Uh, make you clench ya' teeth  
Hard work pays in many ways, seven days a week  
Hard beats, E-Swift magnifiquie for the streets  
And Defari Herut, true lyrically complete  
This (singing) perfect combination  
Firmly holdin' down firm ground for future generations  
Quick to lace 'em, these super-heavyweights  
And just when you think that it's over we regenerate  
Like gamma, from ninja scroll, we everywhere like cable  
Steady watch these card table emcees fold

Yes indeed, hip-hop has changed through the century  
Yet still I remain a true Likwit emcee  
And now you wonder why most definately  
\*scratches\* i'm keepin it hardcore for the hardcore  
(Repeat)

The skills I posess are never less than real  
My thoughts are concrete, plus hard like steel  
My niggas know how I feels (what?)  
Yo, I was born to rotate and get juggled on Technic wheels  
They say hold it down 'fari, hold it down  
I say "Don't worry baby, I'm ready for another round"  
Whether it's a rhyme, or whether it's a drink  
Me and the mic go together like paper and ink, in perfect sync  
With every raw-deal beat  
A lot of niggas run a couple laps, i'm runnin' track meets  
The fighter pilot, put the mic to the test  
I walk the streets without a bodyguard or bulletproof vest

No stress indeed hip-hop has changed through the century  
Yet still I remain a true Likwit emcee  
And now you wonder why most definately  
\*scratches\* i'm keepin' it hardcore for the hardcore  
(Repeat)

E: That's exactly what i'm talkin' about man,  
know what i'm sayin', real lyrics, real beats  
man, shit's raw from the streets, shit that got us here today  
is gonna' get us over tomorrow, man,  
man you gotta kick some more shit, man fuck that  
D: It ain't over

Ay yo, quench ya thirst with this lyrical burst  
In the form of a verse i'll rehearse  
Somebody get a nurse, for this wack emcee, got bad injuries

Fuckin' with the D-to the-E-F-A-da-R-Iced  
rimmy-type star be at the bar  
I recollect, then I French connect with Grand Moniar  
Or Moniet, this nigga Herut from LA  
City of the Golden State, land of the sunny days  
Too many niggas actin' funny ways  
Money plays a big part when suddenly mixed with jumpin' change  
They rearrange they whole imagery, they chemistry  
Photography, they movie-make type, auto-biography  
Hey yo i'm not impressed or startled  
I roll with the black John McClane and blast full throttle  
With a bottle of Hen I worldwind  
Defari in this with fitness until the very end  
And even then i'll begin again  
A lyrical tri-athlete here to shine through the millenium

Yes indeed, hip-hop has changed through the century  
Yet still I remain a true Likwit emcee  
And now you wonder why most definately  
\*scratches\* i'm keepin' it hardcore for the hardcore  
(Repeat 3x)

\*scratches mixed with chorus till fade\*