On the Real Tip

Def Jef

(Aw yeah) (Everybody get down) I give my all when the rhyme's involved
When I take to the mic, emcees dissolve
When I break to the mic it's cause I'm eager to rap
And if you're down to cooperate, I need you to clap
To the beat, souls or even applause
For a worthy cause because without no pause
Def Jef has the floor for the next four minutes
And this is the place to be and you're in it
Time to get loose and get busy so get wit it
[?] I'm like a rhyme after rhyme as if a poem, admit it
Well-spoken, fluent, bright like neon
Man of me, speed on before you get tee'd on
I don't mean suckers cause suckers are suckers
[?] I make it to the coast and the well-known others
Challenging the meek does nothing for my conscience
The best in the biz is who I like get it on with
On the real tip
(Everybody get down) Rhythm is like a religion to me
Cause I know that my talent God's given to me
To do what I do with the utmost poise
I'm making good music and I'm making noise
I'm making dollars and I'm making sense
Saying rhyme's I'm sure you're for and not against
[?] Urban not rules so you're led not plural
I write my rhyme's on the paper just like I'm painting a mural
I'm a lyrical miracle and when I play around
You could say I'm satirical
But when it's time to do work, you know that I'ma do work
Cause I only have time to rhyme, bust it
If rap was an event at the Olympics
I'd confidently compete, than why then pick me
For the bronze, gold and silver
9.9s cause they know that I will verbally
Motivate all the fans in the stands
Start the clapping of hands and the marching of bands
Keep the topic full and at a steady pace
And you'll be eating it up cause you love the taste
On the real tip
(Everybody get down) There's a reason for the rhyme cause the rhyme with reason

Always on time and the rhyme is pleasing
To the ear, smooth and clear
Because I want to make sure that you can hear me
Exercising my right to my freedom of speech
Ignoring suckers cause I really don't need 'em to teach
Because I don't need schoolin' cause I ain't no pupil
Still I pull more party people than you pull
Any given day, any given time
Any given place, bring a mic and I'll rhyme
In front of 5, 000 people or in front of one
I'm so high-powered cause I'm a son of a gun
I'm running things, stunning kings
Rhymes come in a bulk, making emcees sulk
Always victorious in a tournament
My opponents wish they died and was born again
To avoid the days that they were gunning for me
Little did they know, that they'd be running from me
I produce like sperm, I'm on supply like a rabbit
And it's never been a hobby, always been a habit
Standing ovation cause you get up when you see me
I got your father, brother and boyfriend trying to be me
My style puts a smile on your radio dial
And God blessed me with a beautiful child
On the real tip(Aw yeah) (Yes yes, y'all) (To the beat, y'all) My vernacular is spectacular
I keep my words intact and as a matter of fact
You'll love my monologue and you say hot dog
It's all around me like bees but groupie please
Get back cause you're ripping up my gear
But that's what happens in this type of career
Especially when they want what I got and that's a lot
For example, I got a bass drum drum with the uptempo
And I show that I can got for what I know
I'm a craftsman, I'm like a draftsman
I plan with the pen and when I'm done I win
Because I never cease to amaze myself
And you don't phase me but I phase myself
My rhymes are sublime, my technique is unique
I execute like a gymnast and always land on my feet
I got lyrics in an overload and they're spilling
[?] And I'm full and I'm fill that's why they come off the feeling
I give you more not less cause you deserve the rest
I perturb the best and serve the rest
So emcees, go ahead and y'all talk all of that small talk
I'm Def Jef, I'll show you that I'm not all talk
And no action, I can't be brought down

And incidentally, I'm mentally fit to hold the fort down
On the real tip
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