

# Gems

## Defari

How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me, how did this bullshit happen?  
How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me, how did this bullshit happen? I despise a duck MC on the mic  
Defari, big up  
Rhymes and gems I run tracks like Ben Johnson  
Dick Vytel said my style was awesome  
P.T.P. MC, prime time precisely  
Word to brothers, I get Isely And voyage to Atlantis, Black Sea, world of panthers  
Where brothers don't question, they answer  
Mathematically, with lyrics of strategy  
The goal is to remedy the world, of these wack MCs Exactly, Defari, lyrical athlete  
Find me in the final heat  
Of the Olympic track meet  
For MCs This kid, he's not the average  
I'm on the rise, son, like my name was Backstage Laminate  
I got a cabinet of members all who posses spectacular vernacular  
Blazing through contenders I remember when hip hop was genuine  
When gimmicks were limited  
MCs were magnificent  
Shows were omnipotent The crowd was all feelin' it  
If a kid had skills on stage, yo, he'd reveal it  
But nowadays, mad MCs need lessons in stage presence  
Instead of claimin', they represent While I enterprise  
Maintain, stay awake and wise  
What you hear is what you get, no lies  
No disguise How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me, how did this bullshit happen?  
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Explain to me, how did this bullshit happen? How did this bullshit happen?  
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How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me, how did this bullshit happen? Rhymes and gems  
I despise a duck MC on the mic I like the milk, I like the lactate  
I like the milk type cords over a phat ass, drum break  
With skill, my mind spins like windmills  
For MC creeps, I got noun and verb fills and brain pills I combine dentistry with crainiology  
Stacks of facts not mythology  
So when I catch wreck to enterprise the land of the sunset

How much run should one don get? I say plenty, that's word to Penny Hardaway  
Hip hop is an arena and every show is like game day  
On Sunday or Monday  
Whatever day I play at a professional level, here, in L.A. And that's a raw fact, no fiction in this guy  
The essence of a pharaoh, D to the E, fari  
The only weapon I brandish is my vernacular  
Defari, the tackler, Duck MC, capturer How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me, how did this bullshit happen?  
How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me, how did this bullshit happen? Word to the Barbershop MCs  
I got the remedies for enemies  
Who possess flimsies Concepts I bomb, step to detonate  
A vocal explosion as big as a tidal wave  
See, I'm that kid that you know that you never even heard about  
Defari Heru will soon spread by word of mouth Through every ghetto street, backstreet and phat jeep  
I enterprise the west combine with strength plus finesse  
(Now how we go?)  
I'm blessed by Allah Almighty  
Teaching class daily, plus I'm writin' rhymes nightly Mad MCs be lyin' everyday  
They be them same kids who drink pop off instead of Bombay Saffire  
The day will come when they expire  
Retire or get sliced by this lyrical barb wire, they admire  
While I wire a fax to my everyday contacts  
Plans to make my cash triple stack How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me, how did this bullshit happen?  
How did this bullshit happen?  
Explain to me, how did this bullshit happen? Thank you and good night

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