Keep It on the Rise

Defari

I got the funky feel like B-Real
I put all in your head up wit the pure raw skill
Franklins are my favorite bills
No hands, my favorite type of windmillsOnly now and then do I drink champagne
Like I said in Big Up, I strictly fucks wit Covasea
You glamorous rappers are too sweet
Wit your recycled beats and your styles that put me to sleepI'd rather listen to some Brant Green
Authentic, not like you, got real meaning
I'm like the low-ridas, I like the oldies
You know songs, like Agony and Ecstasy by SmokeyYou's a phony, I heard your single
Corny, like a thirty-second jingle
Here comes the master of paragraphs on phonographsEvery letter, etched and sketched like an ancient tag
You know my hieroglyph, I got a higher gift
You's a passenger tryin but never be a pilotAiyyo enough's enough, word up, I don't front
I just keep it on the rise and give you what you want
Aiyyo enough's enough, word up, I don't front
I just keep it on the rise and give you what you want(What you need)
Here, don't fear peep this
Step inside my mentals, bare witness to a lyricist
Skilled technician, rhythmous technique
Advanced speak, I put mics in conditionThe streets always like hard beats
That shit that make you move your neck when you're in car seats
My star fleet, Likwit family
You sorry, like that game from Milton-BradleyBound by honor, rollin' mad bags of skama
I've never been the one for the Jerry Springer drama
Not an actor, just the greatest multiple factor
This rap game's like a computer, and I'm a hackerLinebacker, wit hits that hit like LT
Watch the blitz, you'll get a Joe Theisman injury
What's all the glitter gear, meanwhile I wear and tear
For fanfare, while you rock eye liner and mascaraAiyyo enough's enough, word up, I don't front
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I just keep it on the rise, and give you what you want(See what you need)
When it comes to real lyrics I know you can't hang
Word to Tash, I'm from Killa Cali where niggas gang bang
Plus slang more than words, nouns and verbs

But pure crystal lah, lah meazy herbsYou couldn't enter the saloon where brothas despise bafoons
You're funny-style, this ain't no cartoon
This is Hard Earned dues, word to Guru and Premier
I'm more than ten years deep, but now it's my yearAiyyo enough's enough, aiyyo Herut's been long overdue
But instead these labels and fans have been fuckin wit the likes of you
Yo don't mistake them, I'm not no haterJust a truth-sayer, serve when Vega woofer shaker
A plees blower, live show flower
Wit lyrics that'll blaze a whole crowd like a flame throwerAiyyo enough's enough, word up, I don't front
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I give you what you want, what you need
(I give you want you want, I don't front)
(What you need)

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