

# 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 windmills  
Only 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 sleep  
I'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 Smokey  
You's a phony, I heard your single  
Corny, like a thirty-second jingle  
Here comes the master of paragraphs on phonographs  
Every 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 pilot  
Aiyyo 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 condition  
The 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-Bradley  
Bound 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 hacker  
Linebacker, 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 mascara  
Aiyyo 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  
Aiyyo enough's enough, word up, I don't front  
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 herbs  
You couldn't enter the saloon where brotha's 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 year  
Aiiyyo enough's enough, aiiyyo 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 hater  
Just 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 thrower  
Aiiyyo enough's enough, word up, I don't front  
I just keep it on the rise, and give you what you want  
Aiiyyo enough's enough, word up, I don't front  
I just keep it on the rise, and give you what you want  
Aiiyyo enough's enough, word up, I don't front  
I just keep it on the rise, and give you what you want  
Aiiyyo enough's enough, word up, I don't front  
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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