

Gems

Wow, Owls!

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?
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?
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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>