Yes Indeed

Defari

Talking:
E: Hey Defari, what's goin' down man?
D: Hey yo what's up E-Swift
E: Ah man, nuttin' much, i'm just sittin' here chillin' man
sippin on somethin', tryin' to figure out why the fuck
everybody in hip-hop is so confused these days, man
D: Man, brothers walkin' around confused 'cause' they get so many
confusing images
E: I know man, they don't know which way to take this music, man
they forgot the real purpose of this shit, man, we about
to let them know, right nowThe amount of time it takes me to write a hundred rhymes
Be about the amount it takes you to count a thousand dimes
It's all a hundred, like hundred yards i'm scorin'
Like hundred dollar bills that I chill for cool storin'
Or storage, mad niggas rhymes straight be pourage
Straight soup, we be that protein that get up in yo' splein
Uh, make you clench ya' teeth
Hard work pays in many ways, seven days a week
Hard beats, E-Swift magnifique for the streets
And Defari Herut, true lyrically complete
This (singing) perfect combination
Firmly holdin' down firm ground for future generations
Quick to lace 'em, these super-heavyweights
And just when you think that it's over we regenerate
Like gamma, from ninja scroll, we everywhere like cable
Steady watch these card table emcees foldYes indeed, hip-hop has changed through the century
Yet still i remain a true Likwit emcee
And now you wonder why most definately
scratches i'm keepin it hardcore for the hardcore
(Repeat)The skills i posess are never less than real
My thoughts are concrete, plus hard like steel
My niggas know how i feels (what?)
Yo, i was born to rotate and get juggled on Technic wheels
They say hold it down 'fari, hold it down
I say "Don't worry baby, I'm ready for another round"
Whether it's a rhyme, or whether it's a drink
Me and the mic go together like paper and ink, in perfect sync
With every raw-deal beat
A lot of niggas run a couple laps, i'm runnin' track meets

The fighter pilot, put the mic to the test
I walk the streets without a bodyguard or bulletproof vestNo stress indeed hip-hop has changed through the century
Yet still i remain a true Likwit emcee
And now you wonder why most definately
scratches i'm keepin' it hardcore for the hardcore
(Repeat)E: That's exactly what i'm talkin' about man,
know what i'm sayin',real lyrics, real beats
man, shit's raw from the streets, shit that got us here today
is gonna' get us over tomorrow, man,
man you gotta kick some more shit, man fuck that
D: It ain't overAy yo, quench ya thirst with this lyrical burst
In the form of a verse i'll rehearse
Somebody get a nurse, for this wack emcee, got bad injuries
Fuckin' with the D-to the-E-F-A-da-R-Iced
rimmy-type star be at the bar
I recollect, then i French connect with Grand Moniar
Or Moniet, this nigga Herut from LA
City of the Golden State, land of the sunny days
Too many niggas actin' funny ways
Money plays a big part when suddenly mixed with jumpin' change
They rearrange they whole immagery, they chemistry
Photography, they movie-make type, auto-biography
Hey yo i'm not impressed or startled
I roll with the black John McClane and blast full throttle
With a bottle of Hen i worldwind
Defari in this with fitness until the very end
And even then i'll begin again
A lyrical tri-athlete here to shine through the milleniumYes indeed, hip-hop has changed through the century
Yet still i remain a true Likwit emcee
And now you wonder why most definately
scratches i'm keepin' it hardcore for the hardcore
(Repeat 3x)*scratches mixed with chorus till fade*

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