

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 vest
No 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 imagery, 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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