

# Gems

## Monsters

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 craniology  
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, capturerHow 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 flimsiesConcepts 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 mouthThrough 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 nightlyMad MCs be lyin' everyday

They be them same kids who drink pop off instead of BombaySaffire

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 stackHow 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

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