

"How did this bullshit happen?
Explain to me. How did this bullshit happen?" (2X)

"I despise a duck MC on the mic" -> Defari 'Big Up'

Verse 1:

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 bothers 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

Hook: (4x)

"How did this bullshit happen?
Explain to me. How did this bullshit happen?"

"Rhymes and Gems"

"I despise a duck MC on the mic"

Verse 2:

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

Hook

Verse 3:

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 writtin' 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

Hook

Outro:

Thank you and good night.