

# Killing Spree

Defari

A different caliber of MC  
This track is filthy, word to O.J., you make me feel guilty  
of first degree soundbwoy murder  
Unlike anything out of L.A. you ever heard of  
Word up, you play with fire, you'll get burned up  
Best believe that my shit sound the best, when it's turned up  
Loud, mashin down the block suburban style  
Eighteen speakers plus kit chromed out  
Yo, you think that you f\*\*kin pro?  
On the low the other night I caught your wack-ass stage show  
Oh.. boy, you're just a bore  
But you tell everybody that you're like Busta  
and you got "Rhymes Galore"  
Mmm mmm mmm, ain't that somethin?  
Got the nerve to call yourself an MC, man you be frontin  
I don't apologize, oh yeah, and uh  
go back to school, learn some concepts and grammar  
Of yourself, get a hold  
Next time you on stage, use Primatine for some breath control  
(Ha ha ha) But now don't let asthma be the excuse  
You was definitely doper, when no one knew you

I'm on a killing spree, murder soundbwoy constantly  
Constantly murder wack MC  
I'm on a killing spree, skill level at maximum  
Dem pussy-clat bwoy nah wanna see me

You was stone cold lyin by the full wack rhyme writin  
If I had some gasoline I'd ignite it, with my lighter..  
.. BOOM! You combust, cause you disgust me  
Wacker than them flat-ass crackers on Three's Company  
You walk around, mad cause no one's feelin you  
Mad at me, cause all your peoples they know my lyrics too  
They sing along cause my song bumps  
on the mix tapes that YOU made, yet and still you try to playa hate  
(What?) You're featherweight, weaker than a paper plate  
Lyrically, when compared to me, I know your style is fake  
Fraud, manufactures, cheaper than Hyundai  
Now you're hardcore you probably used to be a true nerd guy  
Make up your mind guy, now you're the Mr. Get High guy  
If you ever step to me you'll think French because you're f\*\*kin fried  
in the mix of my verbal assault fightin sticks  
You shouldn't gamble cause round for round you can't handle this

Cat was out of pocket, got socked in his jaw  
Fell to the floor, that's all she wrote  
But I wrote rhymes, that burn every time  
On mad mix shows I got wreck off the mind  
But what's in a rhyme, if it don't sound tight?  
You ask me if a lot of rappers are wack man you DAMN right  
Who's to say these brothers from L.A.  
will take charge like DeBarge and shine, in a special way?  
I say okay, let's get paid  
Let's put this money on Putnam and sip bombays with dis lemonade  
Use, Gatorade to refuel  
electrolytes after I ignite this mic too  
Yo what's my name? Defari Herut

By the way since you been askin all these questions  
who the hell are you?  
I seen your kind before, no lie  
A devil spy, disguised as an ambassador  
You can't fool the Divine Sun Rule  
Word to blue magic - step right up - and see the Likwit Crew  
Hurry hurry, get your tickets, stand in line  
After the show it's at the Towers on Sunset and Vine  
Me and my niggaz at the bar sippin Henny  
Got your bitch open all night, as if her name was Denny's

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