

No Clue

Defari

Yeah yeah we about to bring it to yo ass. Heru, chop shop, shop what?

Yo what you rhyme about a lot?
Are you that smooth cat pop R&B body clot?
Are you that outer space off beat who fucked the beat up?
You know you think you so deep but you can't keep up
I can't fade it when I hear a lot of bullshit
That's why when I grab the mic I unload a full clip
Of lyrics
Big up to Grams down in Venice
Defari start this shit Chocolate Tye will finish

Yo yo the lyrical dentist the menace
Fuck up more by the minute
Leave the scene grinnin'
Defari got you spinnin'
Money lavish

Doin' damage
So many below average
Not from Dallas but I roll with plenty of Mavericks

See bad habits leave you empty handed
Stranded and I can't have it
Wack MCs take this shit for granted and

And ya lose get bruised when you come through

Puffin' blunts twistin' brews but still don't have a clue
Of what this amounts to
Strictly fam rip the program

Peace to the Ro-gram
I can't let no man withstand the plan in hand
Bonified Likwit fam
In the Barbershop I get the fresh cuts

So what
Ya want to do?
This the last time I'm warning you
In regards to whom it may concern
I burn crews with loose screws
Choose your weapon or keep steppin'
'Cause right now kid I think you slippin'

And ya loose get bruised when you come through
Puffin' blunts twistin' brews and still don't have a clue

Defari Heru pure as twenty-four karat
Black like 28th the barracks
The rare kid, rare style
Up rock flare style

Comparing yourself to us is not fair child
This
Underground comp
Is guaranteed to pump

And give crews exactly what they want
No time to front
Come flyin' from the begin
For my time

I know kids weekdays to weekends
Don't front Quest hit you with the bumps
Nothing change I'm always watchin' for these shady ass chumps
You want to face off?
You treble with the bass off

No dope beat in other words you don't even know me
Tryin' to show me different patterns like my Saturn
On the low key really only out to smoke me

Can't hold me
Wack niggas think they can out flow me
Shake my hand then watch they man try to throw me
A beat, when he ain't got no soul
That's why everything I do I stay close to home
Like 20 inch chrome Defari splash on the streets bringin' heat
Surround myself with nothing but my peeps

Like Kings, Queens and diamond earrings
On a do or die angle like a bishop
Turn the fifth up
Hiccup
Pass it to Todd for lyrical stick ups

Get ripped up keep your lip zipped up
Get ripped up (tied up)
Cause all the long you was sized up
Surprised her
Now your rides up
Brains fried up
Wake up
Go take a shower take off that make up

All the spaced up
Can't brake up unit
Chocolate Tye, Defari got tight flows like fluid
Through a faucet
Remember paid is what the boss gets

[Hook]