

Az Yet

"Notes of Def"

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(Okay budddy - start playin)

Hush-hush pooh-putts, I lay ya like sheet rock
He thought he'd rock me, what a peacock
You (?) creampuff cornpie
I'd get a million for my rhymes if I took em to a
pawnshop
A musical menace, in awareness I make slammin hits
I got flavor more than a banana split
Prepare yourself for a hip-hop, a knock, a blast
A hitman for hire by the name of Lak Shabazz
I elevate till I raise the roof
Girls get naked and give me their bathing suits
Like a magnet I cling to the mic, I don't swing a knife
I'm like GE, I 'bring good things to life'
One of the chosen few holding you under siege
Wanna bleed, I treat you like weed and a fonto leaf
Roll ya, smoke ya, you should hold ya breath
I see smoke comin out your ears from the notes of def

It ain't nothin like (?) listenin to a serious saxophone
That cracks the dome open wide
To a smooth sound, who's bound to do now
Not too many, I see a lot of them go and hide
The subject is that I must get
Hype, this is a chain, a connection of ruffnecks
You're weak and not wise, you move counterclock-wise
You should know that I swap flies
The microphone gets clutched like a turning kit
Gimme a scratch, watch me burn a bit
Yo, I hold information like a microchip
I'm rough and rugged, I might as well go head and flip
Into a lyrical round-off
All I hear in my ear is that they love the way it sounds
off
The way I beat on a rap was quite brutal
I make em completely ineffective, futile
Rhymes I could rock, I'm in a good spot
I turn sell out crowds and pack em in like Woodstock
Been a long time since you heard a rhyme like mine
You're impatiently waiting for the punchline

But it won't come till I'm done, so beware, son
My vocals are deadly, most get scared and run
For reinforcements, I'll enforce this
Law of how to get raw, watch my force rip
Take a sip, the beats'll hit you
Here's a chance to dance, now may the force be with
you
Rhymes (?) like kerosine
You ride my saddle, you wanna battle, you get
creamed
You better quit I don't think you can deal with
I was made mentally, physically fit
To take heads, cold rip to shreads
Call on the coastguard, I rip the feds
45 King is in the effect mood
He'll produce and get loose with a correct groove
You need to back off, you can't hang with us
We're not dope, we're more like angel dust
The earth is mine, every square mile of it
You miss the flavor, got piles of it
I drew my path for those that follow it
My impact is like that of a hollow tip
I'll arrange the style, don't change the dial
I'm refined with the rhyme that'll make you smile
Cee Just remain serious, no time to play
Stay still, nobody move, watch him display
Talents and techniques as I speak, the weak
Freak cause I'm sleek and unique
Horns are horny, the snare drum makes some retreat
Cee Just on the cut and the King's on the beat
My voice is choice from baritone to bassclef
And these are the notes of def

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