

Curtis Mayfield

"Top Prospects"

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[Mr. Eon]

Mr. E is a top prospect, mic checks get rep, east-west connect

Come a little tighter, pull the all-nighter... --The High and The Mighty--

Taste this delicious, mystic malicious

Ridiculousness, I tease like my snippets

I strip this down to the core and explore

Many more want what I have in store

For you, in this era, this mic's still a terror

My scripts consist of printed parchness

I gave the apple to Eve and she ate it

Built the pyramids and the Sphinx, and now you fuckin hate it

Co-create the reborn, keep this mic torn

My defense is tight like Jason Sehorn

On these corn on the cobs, lop for pop, now they popcorn

Plus I got a bucket of em, so stick it to em

Bring ruckus to em, slip the ducats to em

Still they gettin ruined when I bring my touch to em

Can't feel my shit no matter what I say

Though they ass out at Fappy's on the bagel buffet, with no delay

Evidence is a top prospect, mic checks get rep, east-west connect

Where the light intense, dope rhymes dispense... --

Here go the Evidence--

[Evidence]

--You now tuned into Evidence!--

For more than funs and guns, I'm stressed on gettin sex

Yo I take it as it comes, on most occasions

I like my heart, chimes, and organ

But this is for your heartbeats twelve in the morning

Never tense, I rock the flossy, fly shit from Tchaikovsky

Don't drink so I get bent when I sip Bacardi

Spark this party, no question

Never caught wearin Guess, and

Seldom lose when I got my chips on the table

Go against the Oz, and face the Wizard
So play that evil shit then come short, get the blizzard
Why is it you be buildin worlds that's fake and useless?
Heads pretend they hard, yo their favorite movie's
Lukas
Now you focused like ? caught locusts
This style's covered like Rakim's, I Ain't no Joke, this
Flow is Out of Control like Rap in fact
Man I told em in the front, in the middle, in the back,
it's like that

[Mr. Eon]

Defari is a top prospect, mic checks get rep, east-west
connect
Give em all high-fives, you don't qualify "Here come's
the city brother" --
Defari
--DEFARI--

[Defari]

Yo, pass that gallon I'm hear to score again like Marcus
Allen
From L.A. this MC stallion
Only a few I know got the bomb chronic like Ev'
Yo, fuck the nonsense, our Likwid eastern conference
And now we do it Coast to Coast like the Liks --The
magnificent--
Defari, Eon, and Evidence
The present tense is dope rhymes to the infinite power
Wack MC's fight in the yard, I kill the god that towers
And shoot at will shoot to kill with lyrical skills
Like the Beatnuts, pop the trunk and watch this bitches
head for the hills
But in my trunk there's straight bumps like that
And just a licensed NBA Spalding notebook, that looks
phat
With phat rhymes and there's pages and pages
This shit's outrageous, independence connect, drop
this ???
For wages, blow both indoor and outdoor stages
All ages feel they root like the flute, this gets
contagious

[Mr. Eon]

We are three top prospects, mic checks get rep, east-
west connect
Come to the team with tight defense, Defari, Eon, and
Evidence

