

## Defari

### "Pick a Number"

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Oh boy, so this what you been waitin' for huh?  
Well here he is

[Defari]

I'm off the chain  
Like runaway slaves with gauges  
My life had to change, so I broke through the cages  
Faced the nation, lyrics for you shitty critics  
Bottle of whiskey, you stressed man Herut be sippin' it  
Open the gates, get it on don't hesitate  
Stompin' like King Kong nigga, from the Golden State  
Holdin' weight in the Pacific-10 Conference  
You fuckin' wit Defari man, you fuckin' wit a monster  
Big rhymes, big shows, big sponsors  
So big, sometimes I think my name is Swanson  
But it's not, it's O.G. Dwayne Johnson  
With diamond cut rhymes that be costin' when I floss  
'em  
I beat the papers and the blocks for new stocks  
A blue faced watch, full of rocks and new socks  
And new draws, Big Daddy like Lou ????  
The style that I kick move shit like U-Haul  
I'm givin' back what you lack, and that's that  
These square niggaz wack, look at that, and that's that  
Los Angeles, see a fake dude, dismantle him  
Snatch him off his high horse of course de-saddle him  
Why battle him? this nigga silly, geeky, garbage  
Prankster and fool I drop a jewel of knowledge  
Went to school through college, a ?????????? abolish  
Defari, a cold guy with a style that's polished  
Like Sepulveda and Venice car wash  
The street star stop, blow a blunt  
Game's choppin', tall cans pop  
I beat the streets and the blocks where birds flock  
These pretty little bitches wanna jump and bump cocks  
So four fingers up - make sure the two's cross (West  
Coast!)  
The West Coast gotta make room for a new boss

Odds & Evens huh?  
Defari, the new ablum huh?

Aye, give us some more, can ya?

[Defari]

Toss around your mind when I rhyme  
Advance with killer lines, come and get it it's dinner  
time  
They hungry for more and more words that I spit  
From ex-tended clip, with an AK-47 back kick  
Back flip quick from multiple hits you bastard  
You've entered a world of a nigga who came to smash  
it  
I've had it up to here with you silly cats  
I'm twistin' a Philly bat, and sportin' a new L.A. fitted  
cap  
A tall can, leave me alone with your small plans  
I'm holdin' a family, you a small man little kid  
You just a little big, I be wit official niggs  
See basically you not built for this  
See I be killin' these streets  
Like big trucks on 22's, and 21's, plenty rum the style  
that I use  
Twenty tons, many guns - collapse your flimsy lungs  
Flimsy tongue, y'all relic niggaz done

Defari you somethin' else baby  
I can't wait to hear the rest  
Odds & Evens baby..

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