

Defari "Yes Indeed"

Visit "[Yes Indeed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Talking:

E: Hey Defari, what's goin' down man?

D: Hey yo what's up E-Swift

E: Ah man, nuttin' much, i'm just sittin' here chillin' man
sippin on somethin', tryin' to figure out why the fuck
everybody in hip-hop is so confused these days, man

D: Man, brothers walkin' around confused 'cause' they
get so many

confusing images

E: I know man, they don't know which way to take this
music, man

they forgot the real purpose of this shit, man, we about
to let them know, right now

The amount of time it takes me to write a hundred
rhymes

Be about the amount it takes you to count a thousand
dimes

It's all a hundred, like hundred yards i'm scorin'

Like hundred dollar bills that I chill for cool storin'

Or storage, mad niggas rhymes straight be pourage

Straight soup, we be that protein that get up in yo'
splein

Uh, make you clench ya' teeth

Hard work pays in many ways, seven days a week

Hard beats, E-Swift magnifique for the streets

And Defari Herut, true lyrically complete

This (singing) perfect combination

Firmly holdin' down firm ground for future generations

Quick to lace 'em, these super-heavyweights

And just when you think that it's over we regenerate

Like gamma, from ninja scroll, we everywhere like
cable

Steady watch these card table emcees fold

Yes indeed, hip-hop has changed through the century

Yet still i remain a true Likwit emcee

And now you wonder why most definately

scratches i'm keepin it hardcore for the hardcore

(Repeat)

The skills i posess are never less than real

My thoughts are concrete, plus hard like steel
My niggas know how i feels (what?)
Yo, i was born to rotate and get juggled on Technic
wheels
They say hold it down 'fari, hold it down
I say "Don't worry baby, I'm ready for another round"
Whether it's a rhyme, or whether it's a drink
Me and the mic go together like paper and ink, in
perfect sync
With every raw-deal beat
A lot of niggas run a couple laps, i'm runnin' track
meets
The fighter pilot, put the mic to the test
I walk the streets without a bodyguard or bulletproof
vest

No stress indeed hip-hop has changed through the
century
Yet still i remain a true Likwit emcee
And now you wonder why most definately
scratches i'm keepin' it hardcore for the hardcore
(Repeat)

E: That's exactly what i'm talkin' about man,
know what i'm sayin', real lyrics, real beats
man, shit's raw from the streets, shit that got us here
today
is gonna' get us over tomorrow, man,
man you gotta kick some more shit, man fuck that
D: It ain't over

Ay yo, quench ya thirst with this lyrical burst
In the form of a verse i'll rehearse
Somebody get a nurse, for this wack emcee, got bad
injuries
Fuckin' with the D-to the-E-F-A-da-R-Iced
rimmy-type star be at the bar
I recollect, then i French connect with Grand Moniar
Or Moniet, this nigga Herut from LA
City of the Golden State, land of the sunny days
Too many niggas actin' funny ways
Money plays a big part when suddenly mixed with
jumpin' change
They rearrange they whole imagery, they chemistry
Photography, they movie-make type, auto-biography
Hey yo i'm not impressed or startled
I roll with the black John McClane and blast full throttle
With a bottle of Hen i worldwind
Defari in this with fitness until the very end
And even then i'll begin again
A lyrical tri-athlete here to shine through the millenium

Yes indeed, hip-hop has changed through the century
Yet still i remain a true Likwit emcee
And now you wonder why most definately
scratches i'm keepin' it hardcore for the hardcore
(Repeat 3x)

scratches mixed with chorus till fade

Visit [Defari](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.