

Bibi Schon

"Def Do Us Part"

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You seem hungry--time for your four basic food groups
Understand the knowledge, wisdom, plus the damn
truth
Trapped on the realm bald, the object is survivin'
Your realistical leads, day by day I'm dyin'
Say I was gone, but rhymin', I didn't do 'em
Make sure the coffin is closed, 'cause I be cryin'
embalmin' fluid
No way it can be, K Born had it planned, see
Funkytown will take over the whole damn Planet E
The mic's my life, savor the rhymes I write
Favor no one, I guess I'm the only one who gave you
Lyrics to keep you full, keep your bull
I ain't lyin' or strivin' to pull
Givin' up because to shut the commercial suckers up
Second too late, reckon you hate quarrelin'
I'm on tomorrow, man, it's all night, hell up in Harlem
And you'll sleep forever, bless you I may
Flip the damn down lever 'cause you're full of sin
No repentance, your sentenced to eternity
I'll keep flamin' 'til you scream, "Stop burnin' me!"
I serve your heart, Dev will play his part
And, yo, def do us part

"The path we have chosen is full of hazards...and one
path we shall never
choose...the path of surrender."

"Funkytown Foundry: Boiwundah, Devastatin', K Born,
Freestyle
Manslaughter, H2, and Eternity."

We can become managers, walkin' through your ear
canal
When Dev plays your drum, yo, I chill a while
Back on a mission, you seem to be all reconditioned
But as I climb your cerebrum, it looks like there's
somethin' missin'
We gotta fix that--Dev, hand me a track
Don't get scared, when we take notes, we'll put it back
Oh, my gosh--you were brainwashed to act wack

Thanks to Funkytown now you're programmed to act
Black
Save me old label tips, I won't play back on table rims
Reincarnate what was really rippled and words from my
lips
Not a letter, more edit, I read it, I said it, forget it
No use of the brain, such a shame, you should be
beheaded
Laughin' at those who hated my rhymes for being so
complicated
Scientists are ionized, they don't believe we originated
When I'm deceased, I make sure you remember me
Dipped in gold label as a statue of Black liberty
Rap warrior who didn't leave his life alone
A beat, a style, and a microphone
Hip-hop: the art, and I play it smart
And, yo, def do us part

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