

The Androids

"Big Up"

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Big Up to black big up to ballers and the coniac
Big up to B-Boys who spend hours in the record raps
I hate these out of space MCs who think they're
complex
I'll tie a duck MC up and pour acid down his lyranex
Chased by Him because his was his beginning
Federal Bureau couldn't even figure out his ending
No case pending, my style I'll swing it like a pendulum
This track is like Yohimby it gives me strength
when I be swimmin' in the
P vector, lighter is ya like it wetter
Can't front ya your punn give me joint slender
I like to bend her over while I roll a
Nother liz and take a sip from my cola
Mixed with Ginsing and Bacardy
I despies a duck MC who who on the mic think he the
life of the party
Skills are evident my steelo is timeless
It's a shame how the majority be def dumb and
mindless
Like tires when I perform I get's the nicest
My vocal skills like knowledgy delf son it's priceless

Hook:

Big up to black big up to ballers and the coniac (x3)
Big up to cash stacks ballers and the coniac (x2)

Verse 2:

Like an SP1200 you can't replace me even if you play
saftey
I'm still scoring touchdowns with contracts
I start well, see we a cartell together forever drinkin'
Martel
On the rocks twistin' L's nonstop
Pop a bottle of V.S.O. and start servin' up the shots
That ? love that's how I do
I'm paid in rube big up to Fat entourage and all tape
master crew
Never expire or retire burn a duck MC like fire
Don't be mad if it's Defari that your girl admire
Money your wired off that smack because it's skills ya

lack

Stop being gassed by the devil and come back to black
Double barrel blast shot lyrics to your brain
Code name Defari hey Ru birth name's Dwyane
Always a soldier giving thanks to Allah
I know the journey's long prepare to go far
These duck MC's be like bacterial infections
My remedy are antibiotics lyrical injections
The imperfection is the mic in the wrong hand
Of the man who's skills are soft like quicksand
I maybe put it to a rest I fot the Henny on ice
I'm nice prolific type lyricist

Hook

Verse 3:

Lyrics are gold plus steel for the raw deal
Feel MC's and DJ's nuff respect y'all real
Low caps I rock on the regular
Brim covers my eyes so ducks can't see their predator
Facefirst when I disperse yet another verse
To peirce your brain like a vision from Lucifer
Meanns I get evil wicked
Thickness I stick it
I'm in the game to make my name fame like Wilson
Pickett
Light that ass like Roy Jones when I be stompin'
Big up to all my peoples Uptown all the way to Compton
Stack and stracks in 95 equals greenback for Defari
hey Ru
And E-Swift nigga your mad phat
Fact the shit we make be designed for the truck
Word to Redman Da Bump we want your whole car
frame to thump
And vibrate, I love it when sister's gyrate rewind tape
Press to wax now put in record crate
There's no debate Defari's status be like Cashous Clay
If you got beef then we can do this shit the classic way
Round for round pound for pound I'll astound
With the mic I kick the steez ducks bite forever now
Fuck the bullshit the mic stand's my pull pit
Except I don't bleach I reach and rip another fool kid
Now I need to lay in steels you know the deal
A duck MC's nemesis his antithesis the mad skill

Hook (x4)

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