

Jaqueline Boyer

"Major League"

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Don't front
So many claim the fame, but never see the day
When lyrically they could even run, in the Triple-A's
This here's the major leagues, where big hits are
guaranteed
The Ken Griffey turbo 850 professional MC
One more time that cat Defari
With a sting operation so blatant we call it franchise
Man sign, independent on some enterprise
It's time to shoot straight, innovate, and make the
world realize
That mics get ripped, and spots get blown
I strive to be a Golden State all-time great, like J-Ro
I gets burned when the Technics turn on mix shows and
mix tapes
That you hear when a car turns left on the street
You know that shit that make you bounce
'Nuf respect to Rasco and Evidence
Yo hold it down on the mound
I'm not like Hideo, don't got it Nomo
I'm more like Randy Johnson, guaranteed heat for sure

Yo this that where the big hits are guaranteed
This ain't no minor league affair this here the major
leagues
You in the batter's box ready for combat (what?)
But when you step up to the plate better bring it fat

I throw spitballs and sliders, and hit batters with
attitude
The signal's in, and my catcher's 'Fari Herut
I got to risin on the mound, talkin at pen-point
Retire the side, put on a jacket, ice my joints
And body parts, world-wide, Evidence is known
Have you fallin out the batter's box when curves are
thrown
Precise angles, I dissect the strategy, no cost
And just 'cause I choose to wander don't mean I'm lost
I got the button-up jersrey, Dilated written in cursive
I spill my heart to wax and put the in the open
Three men against nine players, yo, that shit's unheard

of
Plus my eyes are open in takin' folks
One cat got on base but he didn't learn his lesson
I faked to first and picked him off at second
Patience is a virtue, yo he couldn't understand
That cat's out, time waits for no man
Bust it

Don't front
This where the big hits are guaranteed
This ain't no minor league affair this here the major
leagues
You in the batter's box ready for combat (what?)
But when you step up to the plate

It be the large caliber rhyme
Ask yourself why try
Microphone slash Rasco Defari
Evidence, rhymes that set the precedence
Straight out the box, MCs to bobby sox
Major league, set to intrigue you small fee
Nothin' to the game, we doused them small flames
Take names
Head for the fence, we track prints
Track down the scent, then fold your whole tent
Stay bent
The illest on rhymes at all times
Call your bullpen, Rasco just pulled into the lot
Be strikin em out with one shot
While your pitch be hittin the plate at one spot
Down the pipe
The major lieutenant that earn stripes
Bet strap in, cadet to captain
Stand up, better yet, put them hands up
And watch the triple threat come fuck them plans up
Smack niggas, with lyrical gems that sayin hymns
Niggas still rappin 'bout clothes and car rims
Man debted
But dishin that corn, you get spreaded
We runnin on supreme, you runnin on unleaded
Couldn't match, you out the line-up, you been
scratched
Sittin on the bench, not feelin you one pinch, in the
trench
We loadin the guns to stack funds
Went from stackin ones to stackin them one-huns
Scored runs
The hotter the bat, the more fat
It's Dilated, Ras, 'Fari, we bust back
Like that, like that, like that, like that
Like that y'all, like that, check it

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