

# Afu-Ra, Defeat

[Verse One]: Afu-Ra

Peep the finisher, blemisher, menace to sinister  
It's him with the, been with the, mic's Next to kin with the  
Lyrical assassinate like toxic waste  
Rocks is base, matches I burn up in your face  
Travel through eons, mentally to spit it viciously  
Slapping up these red-eyed devils, speaking fictitiously  
They slipping B, snippin the, mic styles they slippery  
A golden aura, it backs the voice you can't ignore the  
Monumental essence, which crowds wish to adore the  
Shimmering stone, lace like stylish, luscious, Tiffany  
Sages when they meditate, prism filling my imagery  
Subliminally, thoughts I set it, Synchronistically  
The intricacy, complex levels my entity  
No stopping me, I'm rocking the, Hip-Hop philosophy  
Drummer drum it, preserve myself to keep me omni-potent  
9 9 styles I keep it flowing

[Chorus]: (Dj Premier \*cutting & scratching\*)

&quot;Randomly flip on bystanders&quot; &lt;--Guru  
&quot;Blowing up the spot&quot; &lt;--  
&quot;Randomly flip&quot; &lt;--Guru  
&quot;Take control&quot; &lt;--  
&quot;And represent, represent, represent&quot; &lt;--

[Verse Two]: Afu-Ra

Poisonous, venom yes, when I bless the mic and structure  
Supreme ultimate conductor, eruption  
Type flow, lyrical lava, torching up foes  
Nuff combustion when I'm +crushing+, like Big Pun  
Who's the one who makes the kids run?  
Stun like stunguns; son, I hit your Fulcrum  
Seas of MCs I part, and some may call it Biblical  
Steady causing damage with words, and even syllables  
Audio, it's too milituous, call it vicious  
No time for battleing, competition I'm shattering  
Astro-Physical, to melt mics my ritual  
Something I couldn't stop, yo, it's just habitual  
Flow like the breeze, with ease, of seven seas  
You're to your knees, like hit by a disease  
It's Afu, you know who, I'm coming faster  
Pay attention, cause it's worldwide disaster

[Chorus x2]: (Dj Premier \*cutting & scratching\*)

[Verse Three]: Afu-Ra

Listen up, now class was in session, stop fessing  
Worshiping cars, clothes and weapons  
Your reign is over, like any move of a chauva-nistic  
Weak-ass, character misfits  
You know it wouldn't, last forever with endeavors  
Multiple bad moves, your head, you finally severed  
Recaptivated, by the new heads of state  
Whose lyrical ideologies uncover fallacies  
And dynasties constructed by the morbid  
I knew it took time, but time it took to floor it  
The next centennial, will start with minimal  
Microphone controllers trying to bless lines with imbecile  
Lyrical content, for devilishment  
Body of the Life-Force, Styles be Heaven-sent

[Chorus x2]: (Dj Premier \*cutting & scratching\*)