

Defari, Bionic 2

(Verse 1)

Ten million's what it cost them
To put back together a cat whose straight awesome
Mr. Defari he's Bionic
Over fifty million tracks with a hundred million topics
I'm fiber optic crystal clear with my projection
Fake rappers get beat up in the real mc section
They need protection
In the game there's so much infection
My anti-biotic lyricals a formal blessing
A healing touch the Jesus Christ he don't say much
But everything I say is daily food in L.A.
I chop off your braids and cut you all and exhibit knowledge
Big up to my high schools and all the college heads
From lowlands to the beaches and hills
For niggas who spin skril on cheap thrills plus pay bills
I replenish, I do more than start I finish
I come to cure the world of the sickness
Word.

(Chorus)

It's the coming
Of the bionic
Defari here to
Lock shit down

It's the return
Of the bionic
Heru here to
Lock shit down

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(Verse 2)

See I got boots of lyrics on deck like Evidence
Pocket full of presidents, Los Angeles resident
The heart of a champ is as big as lion
I take the game cocked back, take aim start firing
Admiring the U-N-D-E-R-G 'round
I'm a Dodger of rap like Kevin Brown on the mound
A legend like Tommy Lasorda
With so many records I've never had a weak rap disorder
Tell the reporters, you don't write lyrics but you a critic
Let's take it outside wiseguy see who's the fittest
I put that on Alkaholiks
I put that on Dilated
I put that on King Tee
Please try to violate it
Defari annihilated the world when he demonstrated
The style never heard, until my words were regurgitated
By millions, hundreds and thousands we keep em' bouncin'
It's only right right I grew up on Roger Troutman

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3)

Fake mc's get damaged by cowboys and bandits
Sharp lyrics cut deep wounds these niggas need bandages
They can't handle this Heru relentless pressure
Full court measure for measure
I'm like Phil Jackson a master coach in action
A number one seed in the championship bracket
I'm hittin' harder than Venus Williams' tennis racket
Harder than when you see millions in indig's taxes
Ashes to ash night school taking class
Do whatever it takes to elevate the mass
I breathe life into the children
Give wisdom the dumb
Type of dude to give a homeless man a couple of ones
Each rhyme that I write is like a message in a bottle
A treasure of instructions for each man to follow
The map I lay it out simple and flat
How niggas really want to sound over beats when they rap

(Chorus)

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