

# Defari, Top Prospects

\*The High And The Mighty\*

""Mr. Eon:""

Taste this delicious, mystic malicious  
Ridiculousness, I tease like my snippets  
I strip this down to the core and explore  
Many more want, what I have in store  
For you in this era, this mic's still a terror  
My scripts consist of printed parchness  
I gave the apple to eve and she ate it  
Built the pyramids and the sphinx and now you fuckin hate it  
Co-create the reborn, keep this mic torn  
My defense is tight like Jason Sehorn  
On these corn on the cobs, lop for pop, now they popcorn  
Plus I got a bucket of 'em, so I stick it to 'em  
Bring ruckus to em, slip the ducats to 'em  
Still they gettin ruined when I bring my touch to 'em  
Can't feel my shit no matter what I say  
Though they ass out at fappy's on the bagel buffet, with no delay

\*here go the evidence\*

""Evidence:""

(you now tuned into evidence!) For more than funs and guns,  
I'm stressed on gettin sex, Yo, I take it as it comes,  
On most occasions I like my heart, chimes, and organ  
But this is for your heartbeats twelve in the morning  
Never tense, I rock the flossy, fly shit from Tchaikovsky  
Don't drink, so I get bent, when I sip bacardi  
Spark this party, no question never caught wearin guess and  
Seldom lose when I got my chips on the table  
Go against the oz and face the wizard  
So play that evil shit, then come short, get the blizzard  
Why is it you be buildin worlds that's fake as useless?  
Heads pretend they hard, yo, their favorite movie's lukas  
Now you focused like ? caught locusts  
This style's covered like Rakim's 'I ain't no joke', this  
Flow is out of control like rap in fact  
Man I told em in the front, in the middle, in the back, it's like that

\*here come's the city brother\*

\*Defari\*

""Defari:""

Yo, pass that gallon, I'm here to score again like Marcus Allen  
From L.A. this MC stallion  
Only a few I know got the bomb chronic like Ev'  
Yo, fuck the nonsense, our likwid eastern conference  
And now we do it coast to coast like The Liks  
\*the magnificent\* Defari, Eon and Evidence  
The present tense is dope rhymes to the infinite power  
Wack MCs fight in the yard, I kill the God that towers  
And shoot at will shoot to kill with lyrical skills  
Like the Beatnuts, pop the trunk and watch this bitches head for the hills  
But in my trunk there's straight bumps like that  
And just a licensed NBA spalding notebook, that looks phat  
With phat rhymes and there's pages and pages  
This shit's outrageous, independence connect, drop this as ageless  
For wages, blow both indoor and outdoor stages  
All ages feel they root like the flute, this gets contagious