

Loud Clear

Defari

Yeah..

Addicted to life, had to pay a heavy-ass price
Sacrifice worth waitin on the platinum and ice
I'm precise with the merchandise, came back like Christ
to change the game, while y'all niggaz remain the same
Clear the lane, comin through like Kobe, you can't hold me
You can't stop me, ever since I dropped "Paparazzi"
I done watched the game unfold into some hideous shit
Like every idiot that can spit be droppin a hit
I transmit for the convicts, committed, never bullshitted
Shadowbox, detox, my own worse critic
It's like tryin to squeeze water from rocks
I negotiate the neighborhood stops and clean your clock with a glock
Sick of niggaz screamin they hot, but really they not
Beatin you all to the ground like six L.A. cops
Put your fist up in the air if you ever been shot
and lived to tell about it, never leavin home without it, c'mon

There's no one out there, for us, to fear
I'll say it loud and clear..
Who can say they're close, to us
Speak now and you'll be brought, to tears

They probably saw me on the 91 East, gettin off on Central
with the rag back, lookin like life's so simple
Tela take a loss, still floss, all bets
If Trife can't cover the house, call X
Likwit crew brothers, Blues Brothers
Move somethin, make killers do somethin, f'real
The bitch-made often politic with the skill
Now shit's all twisted, unlisted
Guns fixed it, best not speak about the Likwit
We gifted, twenty-four hours and still lifted
(*X*: Bitch keep your vagina) We drunk and ain't interested
Bitches come a dime and a dove, we ain't trippin it
Standin at the bar, soft-styled in the cut
"Ooh, boo wait, I think you had too much!"
Bitch what? Act right and pour it in a cup
The West and Eastside keep smokin them blunts, niggaz

Let's get with it, I was born to trip
Stay on the lookout, ain't no time to slip
We ain't for games and shit
Change your spot, cause we're known to dip
No time for chasin hoes
I'm on a mission cause my cash is low
There's no need to speak on those
Doggy rags are the gangsta's clothes

There's two sides of my family, both sides from the ghetto
Pops Finnish choco-late, moms Mississippi yellow
Caramel, Cherokee black man, with a pedigree of excellence
Together we rise, no time for seperateness
My grandfather Snake was a Jake, or a jack
of a smack to a bird who don't know how to act
Straight hustler, Mississippi moonshine smuggler
Good ol' wrangler in his day with that attitude of "Fuck ya"

Built to run forever, X the infinite
First line of defense to smash through the immigrants
Can't straddle the fence, it's all or nothin
Close the curtain, shut down your whole production
Don't be scared, be prepared, niggaz do be bustin
without thinkin; I mastered the art of hard drinkin
Yo, you want to stop the X, try your best
I'm still fuckin with your pockets like the IRS, so yo

Gather all around, to see
how we display our vicious skills
I done seen and heard, enough
Let's prove the West coast is for real

.. speak now and you'll be brought to tears ..