

# Major League

Defari

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

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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 f\*\*k 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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