

# No Clue

Defari

Yeah yeah we about to bring it to yo ass. Heru, chop shop, shop what?

Yo what you rhyme about a lot?  
Are you that smooth cat pop R&B body clot?  
Are you that outer space off beat who fucked the beat up?  
You know you think you so deep but you can't keep up  
I can't fade it when I hear a lot of bullshit  
That's why when I grab the mic I unload a full clip  
Of lyrics  
Big up to Grams down in Venice  
Defari start this shit Chocolate Tye will finish

Yo yo the lyrical dentist the menace  
Fuck up more by the minute  
Leave the scene grinnin'  
Defari got you spinnin'  
Money lavish

Doin' damage  
So many below average  
Not from Dallas but I roll with plenty of Mavericks

See bad habits leave you empty handed  
Stranded and I can't have it  
Wack MCs take this shit for granted and

And ya lose get bruised when you come through

Puffin' blunts twistin' brews but still don't have a clue  
Of what this amounts to  
Strictly fam rip the program

Peace to the Ro-gram  
I can't let no man withstand the plan in hand  
Bonified Likwit fam  
In the Barbershop I get the fresh cuts

So what  
Ya want to do?  
This the last time I'm warning you  
In regards to whom it may concern  
I burn crews with loose screws  
Choose your weapon or keep steppin'  
'Cause right now kid I think you slippin'

And ya loose get bruised when you come through  
Puffin' blunts twistin' brews and still don't have a clue

Defari Heru pure as twenty-four karat  
Black like 28th the barracks  
The rare kid, rare style  
Up rock flare style

Comparing yourself to us is not fair child  
This  
Underground comp  
Is guaranteed to pump

And give crews exactly what they want  
No time to front  
Come flyin' from the begin  
For my time

I know kids weekdays to weekends  
Don't front Quest hit you with the bumps  
Nothing change I'm always watchin' for these shady ass chumps  
You want to face off?  
You treble with the bass off

No dope beat in other words you don't even know me  
Tryin' to show me different patterns like my Saturn  
On the low key really only out to smoke me

Can't hold me  
Wack niggas think they can out flow me  
Shake my hand then watch they man try to throw me  
A beat, when he ain't got no soul  
That's why everything I do I stay close to home  
Like 20 inch chrome Defari splash on the streets bringin' heat  
Surround myself with nothing but my peeps

Like Kings, Queens and diamond earrings  
On a do or die angle like a bishop  
Turn the fifth up  
Hiccup  
Pass it to Todd for lyrical stick ups

Get ripped up keep your lip zipped up  
Get ripped up (tied up)  
Cause all the long you was sized up  
Surprised her  
Now your rides up  
Brains fried up  
Wake up  
Go take a shower take off that make up

All the spaced up  
Can't brake up unit  
Chocolate Tye, Defari got tight flows like fluid  
Through a faucet  
Remember paid is what the boss gets

[Hook]