

## 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 ..