

Make My Own

Defari

(I make my own) Destiny, the best of me invest in me
The rest of me is testin' me to fight the Devil's weaponry
Defari all powerful, elevated mastermind
The streets will devour you, cowards even pack nines
Rap stuff I'm advanced, tight like a headband
The mic I hold equal with my right and my left hand
Necessary jewelry, minimal foolery
Defari Herut keeps gettin' better than he used to be

I can't cry to none
I make my
I am the shining sun
I make my own

Dilate affiliate, yep the homie Alchemist
Soul Assassin, Likwit Krew, down with a mound of chips
West Coast official, gauges and pistols
Diamonds and rubies and sapphire crystals
Drink for the cowboys, pour out some liquor
R.I.P. to my dead brothers and sisters
Rochester Big & Tall, polos in every color
Short sleeve, long sleeve, terry cloth, cream buddas
L.A. to N.Y., François to Italy
The world is a oyster, the pearl is my spittery
Often I'm imitated, federal I'm federated
Often a pretty broad's V is what I've penetrated

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Hangin' vultures waitin' for the main course
They been hangin' since Large Pro was Main Source
Must be the good energy I keep in storage
Keep it in my head, spill it out in the chorus
We on the tour bus smokin' rainforest
While you four deep, packed up in a Ford Taurus
When I speak tongue in cheek, it's like the code is morse
Kickin' down the door, how could we not use excessive force?

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Beat biters, dope style takers
Ain't f**kin' with them, now that's a deal breaker
Seal deals like bank vaults airtight
Sometime my day's so long I be Gladys Knight
I came up with vets, sat me down, prepared me
The industry talk out they ass like Jim Carrey
Watch when friends turn, be ready for change
Don't owe nobody 'cause you knew 'em in 1st grade
It's a new day, people deceitful
Got a lot of tendencies that's evil, doses that's lethal
Often anticipated, eagerly awaited

Midnight Tuesday morn', crowd's goin' crazy

King of Kings, Lord of Lords
I got you locked in like four doors
Four to five days a week
you can find me (where?) down at the beach
Twenty sets of pull-ups and dips
The prerequisite to this nig' is stay ripped
Blazin' environment, fit for a fireman
I'm the sun shinin' in, thousands admire him
Doors I've kicked open, fences I've hopped
The cream of the crop, my team is the hop
Space shuttle mysteries, glitches in the matrix
Your raps aren't advanced, you barely cover basics

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