

## Come Clean

Jeru the Damaja

You wanna front, what, jump up and get bucked  
If you're feeling lucky duck then press your luck  
I snatch fake gangster MCs and make 'em faggot flambé  
Your nine spray, my mind spray  
Malignant mist that'll leave comp defunkt  
The result's your remains stuffed in a car trunk  
You couldn't come to the jungles of the East popping that yang  
You won't survive get live catching wreck is our thing  
I don't gang bang or shoot out bang bang  
The relentless lyrics the only dope I slang  
I'm a true master you can check my credentials  
Cause I choose to use my infinite potential  
Got a freaky, freaky, freaky freaky flow  
Control the mic like Fidel Castro locked Cuba  
So deep that you can't scuba dive  
My jive's origin is unknown like the Jubas  
I've accumulated honeys all across the map  
Cause I'd rather bust a nut than bust a cap  
In your back in fact my rap snaps your sacroilliac  
I'm the mack so I don't need to tote a Mac  
My attack is purely mental and its nature's not hate  
It's meant to wake ya up out of your brainwashed state  
Stagnate nonsense, for if you persist  
You'll get your snotbox bust you press up on this  
I flip, hoes dip, none of the real niggas skip  
You don't know enough math to count the mics that I've ripped  
Peep the Dirty Rotten scamp as his verbal weapons spit

Oh-oh! Heads up cause we're dropping some shit!

Real, rough and rugged, shine like a gold nugget  
Every time I pick up the microphone I drug it  
Unplug it on chumps with the gangster babble  
Leave your nines at home and bring your skills to the battle  
You're rattling on and on and ain't saying nothing  
That's why you got snuffed when you bumped heads with Dirty Rotten  
Have you forgotten, I'll tap your jaw  
I also kick like kung fu flicks by Run Run Shaw  
Made frauds bleed every time I g'd  
Cause I've perfected my drunken style like Sam Seed  
Pseudo psychos, I play like Michael Jackson  
When I'm busting ass and breaking backs  
Inhale the putrified aroma  
Breathe too deep and you'll wind up coma  
Toast the king I'm hard like a fifth of vodka  
And bring your clique cause I'm a hard rock knocker  
I gotcha out on a limb about to push you off the plank  
Let you draw your chronz but your burner shot blanks  
When the East is in the house you should come equipped

Oh-oh! Heads up cause we're dropping some shit!

Fly like a jet, sting like a hornet  
Knuckleheads get live and set it off if you want it  
Dirty Rotten Scoundrels is crushing fools no joke  
With styles more fatal than second hand smoke  
Don't provoke the wrath of this rhyme inventor

Cause I blow up spots like the World Trade Center  
Come with the super trooper on his assault mission  
The tek's technique cause he's a technician  
Wishing he'll go away won't help the weapons stop  
The skills are shot cause any idiot can let off a Glock  
Hard rock smelling the clutch of the sun toucher  
You claim you got beef on the streets, so what ya  
Gonna do when real niggas roll up on you  
And you don't got your crew  
Pull your Glock but you don't got the heart  
You was webbed straight from the start  
Bought a tool and didn't learn how to use it  
Got lost in Brooklyn so you had to lose it  
Just for fronting you got that ass whipped

Oh-oh! Heads up cause we're dropping some shit!