

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!