

# True Skillz

Jeru the Damaja

Check it out  
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Got Jeru the Damaja in the house  
Got my man Sabor on the beat we're about to represent for the underground  
Letting you know how we mass murder mic some  
Bash up boats  
About put it down with True Skillz  
Letting y'all clowns what time it is and it goes like this

Into the original, ex-criminal  
I used to flippin' analog but now I'm strictly digital  
2003 movements are pivotal  
Split backs like atoms apply pressure till mass is critical  
Cast talkin' smacked I chopped him in two  
Get it, got it, spit it, hot shitted, forget about it  
Don't B.O.L.O.s, at amateurs and pros, pass time, converting holes  
Put 'em in seizing chokeholds before it  
Slipped my mind shout out to all my bros  
You can encount them I tie-rip  
Don't know your fingers and toes, MAD!  
Flow it shows like swiftness in combos  
Murder MCs by the rules and props we got those  
So days that are we got robbed no through ocho  
I was at the day that I fuck shit up then they sink oh!  
And the things changed but the weather you can ask arrow  
'Queur don't vent lightnings pulse him and her, you know my M.O

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If I was cold hearted I'd have bitches on a strip  
Even though I'm not pimpin' I shoot my game like apimp  
I go to war like Scarface I get around like 2 Pac  
Real gangstas don't talk about Glocks, they bust shots  
I got two things for these reeks that's a truth and along cock  
I'm the only rapper that you ever see in your block, I'm god  
Like old Cyrus, the touch of King Midas  
If I beat shawty I'm beggin' just in case she got the virus  
Coz you can't trust a big-butt and a grin  
Think you mackin' but if you spent dawg that's trickin'  
I never lick it even if it's finger lickin'  
I've got more sold than color green so pokin'  
Grease, fried chicken  
You know it's stereo pawn representin' Brooklyn so dope wifey had to throw m  
e in  
We have like Samuel Jackson on the realer I'm just kiddin'  
But when it's come to doin' my thing you know how I'm livin'

Everybody wanna rock the mic but if you really wanna be a MC show your True Skillz  
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Hypnotic the Hip-Hop narcotic I keep it organic  
Other MCs're robotic  
Fouls that add pauses display lack of logic  
Nutritions flows get life to the mic like amniotic  
Water cook shit up like a short-order, origami chef  
I touched the mic and choke it to death  
Launching everyday it'll weak like Hugh Hef, ner  
Black super hero like the black panther  
Flip you through till' you blue in the face like big fat liar  
Years from now I just be getting higher  
If you put it on your blast ain't no gas I set that ass on fire  
From Brooklyn to East New York the rocket shows  
There is something that I think you should know

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