

## Verbal Battle

Jeru the Damaja

(Intro: Jeru The Damaja)

In the time when hip hop was strong  
The Supahuman Klik ruled the land  
Bringin that futuristic hip hop, presently in time  
The first lieutenant in arms of the Supahuman Klik  
Was the all mighty, all powerful, Miz Marvel  
I think she can describe it how she does better

{Miz Marvel}

Thought I disappeared now that the smoke has cleared  
I come from times with inabitions, face to face with fears  
While shootin stars wishing that I can shift my gears  
So I raise my glass eye, I drink to that, say cheers  
And let the fire water wash away the tears, burn like salt  
On open wounds, thoughts consume all consentions  
Give birth to these rhymes like an oral see-section  
Uhh, positive connection throughout the galaxy  
Time to switch to reality, make proper arrangements  
for the souls of fatalities  
It's the same for niggas that stuck with that slave mentality  
Or these wack ass rappers, they got no originality  
But my mentality, helps me travel around the galaxy  
Time gets shorter, I'm on the water, run insanity  
It seems like everyone was after me  
Three's a nasty girl like Vanity  
Make niggas wild, I smoke la, anything to keep my sanity  
Ain't got no friends, everyone with me is family  
If they standing next to me, nothing's what it seems to be  
Sending energy, when I rhyme, but no time for idol questions  
If freestyling is my bible, when I fall in hip hop sessions  
Of the tribal blessings, lessons to be learned  
Respect had to be earned and not given  
On the fourth of them but not amongst the men that living  
Guy collides, when selfish minds can't asked to be forgiven  
Ain't no turning back the hands of time,  
when past spirits have risen

{scratching}

Black, black, black  
verbal, power, verbal, power

{Miz Marvel}

Power of the moon and the force of a sonic boom  
Help me heel like battle wounds, to that shit I'm immune  
We come through like the first platoon, into smoke filled rooms  
Into it seems like magic mushrooms, from the womb to the tomb  
I got a meetin in the ladies room, I be back real soon  
O-o-oh o-o-o-oh  
And all pro, precise position, like a crossbow  
To strike the deathblow, continue with a never ending flow  
Friend or foe, gas heads go from C.E.O. to skid row  
See the toxic green flow, it's poison waters overflow  
Paint a mental picture, lyrical Michaelangelo  
Words pierced with the sting of a scorpio  
Beats mad bong, to collapse the Walls of Jericho  
Overflow and explore, I hope you got your blunts rolled  
'cause this is the same, no matter which zip code

My minds pro, bitches is robbed,  
suckin the diamonds out your ear lobe  
I keep it tracked like a barcode of Illuminati  
And fight these devils back with the Code of Hammurabi

{more scratching}

{Miz Marvel}

I strike with magnum force, send you on a collision course  
With no remorse, I tap the source and knock you off ya high horse  
While beats and rhymes have intercourse to reproduce their first born  
Never sworn not to make the same mistakes as there parents  
Written on there face, time worn sharpen then a poison desert storm  
Step on first month Capricorn, quiet storm  
Jeans and boots my everyday uniform  
Elegants ruffness and innocence, if ever given a form  
Hell have a fury like a women's scorn  
My niggas strife to perform, I struggle to break the norm  
Give me any platform and I perform lyrical quiet storms  
I make it hot, you keep it luke warm  
From hotels to college dorms, keep these niggas souls tornd

{More scratching}

Lot of other people, other groups aware of these consciousness  
Virtually impossible to defend against (repeated over and over)