

Whatever

Jeru the Damaja

Ayo...(what's up?)...there's a lotta motherfuckers out here
with a style similar to mine nowadays you know what I mean?
(For reals) Be tryin' to like...they infiltrated the camp
and now they they wanna take the style and claim it for they
owns ya know? (That's how you feel?) But I'mma blow'em up
'cause it's just like whatever you know what I'm sayin'? (Whatever)

It's too strategical and mathematical
I rotate so fast that I appear invisible
I keep it chemical, but never subliminal
The force centrifugal and spiritual
You got static? Get grounded, 'cause I've mastered electrical
Mostly mental, but don't sleep on the physical
Ignorance got'em chatterin', one even said I was a son to him
Still my LP is fatter than
his or yours, took a two-year pause
Now that I'm back on the set my foes drop like hoe's drawers
in a brothel, only dealin' with what's logical
Applied science left MC's penetrable
The leader's stroke is apocalyptic
Hostile like Arabics in Israel with automatics
And if you want it, the Monks can make it hectic
Set it off, fire burn up Jack Frost and Santa Claus
Whatever you want to do, make it clever
Whatever, whatever, whatever

"And to all y'all crews...whatever"

Bound to blow up, but never disintegratin'
The ultimate MC equation
Ferromagnetic, ask my pops, it's genetic
That's why I'm a weedhead and not an alcoholic
Call it whatever you want to call it
Devils just know that it's some form of arithmetic
Hieroglyphic, 'cause you can picture this shit
The state of hip-hop today is like hookers in politics
Got MCin' locked down like a convict
Blowin' up opposition as I maneuver through it
And to make sure it's overstood, I stick around
Popular like crime in ghetto neighbourhoods
Rock my crown like Shaka did, hold it down
Fuck your mind up like Joe Jackson, kids, check it out
So whatever you want to do, make it clever
Whatever, whatever, whatever

Lord Finesse: "I gotta do my thing...I represent"
"And to all y'all crews, whatever"

Fire, flames, heat up the competition
Spontaneous combustion, like the Pope's religion
your style of emceein' is Paganism
Your rhymes make no sense, just like a Roman Christian
But your niggas soup you up like Lipton
The Gwong Jan Lin of underground emceein' strikes again
The snake bites again, but I'm immune to the poisonous
venom, ask the devil, he knows I'm dangerous
Freak on the mic, but not sexual

Call me unlike 'cause my rhymes are never homo
Make you sad, like when Cher left Sonny Bono
Fire burn Giuliani, Pataki and Cuomo
Whatever you want to do, make it clever
Whatever, whatever, whatever

Lord Finesse: "I gotta do my thing...I represent"
"And to all y'all crews, whatever