

# Jeru The Damaja, Anotha Victim

f/ Miz Marvel

{Miz Marvel

It's the sinister sister, leave mics so hot make hands blister

Try to catch me but all you heard was "Damn you just missed her"

Daily means and whereabouts, more secret than a whisper

Cut sharper than a scissor, lookin for the love elixir

Like most listeners, let them know it's all in they reach

Spittin my verbal attack with the impeccable speech

How bout niggas, gotta keep your dog on a short leesh

Got 'head speak, If not they try to play us like suckas

The most commitment, wanted non commitment givin mothaf\*\*kas

But one look in his eyes and I can tell they whole story

Not sayin that all men fall in this category

Lookin for a friend or wife for late nate creep if he's horny

If he's sincere, got G, or pick up lines that corny

Tryin to say that he adore me, when he don't even know me

That type of weak game will leave a nigga, poor broke & lonely

Willin to go and stick anything that let's em stick 'em

'cause thru all that bullshit, he's lookin for anotha victim

Chorus 2X: Jeru The Damaja

Brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

Brrr, brrr, stick 'em, hahaha, stick 'em

Brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

Hahahahahaha

{Miz Marvel

Perfect example, it was like Monday the 10th

Late afternoon, just on my king and it was time well spent

In any event, this niggas eyein me, it's evident

Try hard to cement, to ignore his twisted compliments

He seem hell bent for my time, a hundred percent

Asked to come to sit at my table, if I was the age of contended

And no why he would put himself thru such torment

And despite the corny line, you could see the extent

That he would go, said he'd pay my rent, dress me and give me dough

Follow by cants and comments bout my bodies measurements  
I said "I don't drink moet, take loot to get bent

Or use niggas to pay rent, I'm independent"

His response that "You heaven sent

But I haven't met a chick that ain't have a price yet"  
I said "Well, I must be a different type of female

While bitches waitin to exhale, I plot schemes to black male

Talkin bout, you wash your car, who you knew and your wealth"

A new expirement, thinkin this niggas playin himself

With just his arogance, not to exclude his rude attitude

How he pursued, relentless references to seein me nude

The wrong move, this jiggy nigga really thinks he's smooth

Like he got somethin to prove, and I got nothin to lose  
I know his style, never ran into a femme fatale

Like you hearin right now, comin thru ya ear canal  
I smile politely, so as not to blow my cover

Carryin on conversation, knowin that I'm on some other shit

Should have stopped when he had the chance to quit  
Talkin about his income, and how bout he wanna get some

Next time we meet, he'll just be the next victim

Chorus

{Miz Marvel

Like my girl Nina, bangin body and she was cute  
But she'd only f\*\*k with niggas if they had mad loot

Plenty ice, nice ride, but she'd always have to drive  
Trying to compesate the shit, that as a youth she was deprived

She survived, only to end up to being 85

Talkin bout I played that nigga, keep it real baby...