

Jeru The Damaja, Come Clean

You wanna front, what? Jump up and get bucked
If you're feeling lucky duck, then press your luck
I snatch fake gangsta MC's and make em faggot flambe
Your nine spray, my mind spray
Malignant mist steadily pumps the funk
The results your remains stuffed in a car trunk
You couldn't come to the jungles of the East poppin that game
You won't survive, get live, catchin 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 potentials
Got a freaky, freaky, freaky-freaky flow
Control the mic like Fidel Castro
Locked cuba So deep that you can scuba
Dive/my jive origin is unknown like the Jubas
I've accumulated honies all across the map
'Cause I'd rather bust a nut then bust a cap
In Ya back in fact my rap snaps ya sacroiliac
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 ya brainwashed state
Stagnate nonsense but if you persist
You'll get ya snotbox bust you press up on this
I flip hoes dip none of the real niggas slip
You don't know enough math to count the mics that I ripped
Keep the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel as his verbal weapons spit

(KRS One scratched) "Oh oh, hands up, cause we're droppin' 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 gangsta babble
Leave your nines at home and bring your skills to the battle
You're rattlin' on and on and ain't sayin nothing
That's why you got snuffed when you bump 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 bustin ass and breakin backs In-
hale the putrified aroma
Breathe too deep and you'll wind up coma-
Tose the king I'm hard like a fifth of vodka
And bring your clique 'cause I'm a hard rock knocka - I gotcha
Out on a limb I'm about to push you off the brink
Let you draw your craw but you only shot breaks
When the East is in the house you should come equipped

(KRS One scratched) "Oh oh, hands up, cause we're droppin' 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 crushin fools no jokes
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 tech's technique 'cause he's a technician - wishin'
He'll go away won't help the weapons stop
The skills are shot 'cause any idiot can let off a glock
Hard rocks melt in the clutch of the suntoucha
You claim you got beef on the streets, so whatcha

Gonna do when real niggaz 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 frontin you got that ass waxed

(KRS One scratched) "Oh oh, hands up, cause we're droppin' some shit"