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 sacroilliac 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 Inhale 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"