

Jeru The Damaja, My Mind Spray

Premier cuts and scratches Jeru saying "My Mind Spray" for four bars
I annihilate, as I articulate
Words of power, your rhymes are unconfounding so death's your fate
Ostentatious genius, of rappin
Is mentally clappin to take hip-hop back, that's what's happenin
Proficiency and ingenuity
Plus more styles, than a Shaolin mon-es-tary
In poetry my formula's deadly
Bring your hypest man in your army another casual-ty
Slow like demise I crept on those that slept
Droppin my rhyme science like I'm Imhotep
Application of mind over matter
Made fools scatter, rhymes fatter, minds splatter
Your girl bend over and over and over
MC's try to touch the Damaja but you just can't win
Excellent with the word play, you lay
Face down, when my, mind spray
Premier does his thing again like only Primo can
Thunder on your Dome with no help from Mad Max
Lyrics like hype tattoos go over the dope tracks
We booby-traps, all our inventions
We know the intentions of MC kleptomaniacs
Rap brainiacs have cardiacs soon after the attack
When it comes to rhyming I slam harder than Shaq
Accomplish the bio-feedback, more complex than an almanac
Keep you up like an afrodesiac
Idealist not an opportunist
Don't molest no shorty still in all, I'm dangerous
Mentally you can't talk to me, hear me, or see me
You're not equipped
From, street blocks to cell blocks my vo-cals rock
Do more work than a crackhead with a, toolbox
Jeru never touch-er, mic-ra-phone wrecker
If your honey's a Queen I'll sex her
More important, the mind strikes like the nine strikes
a priest by May
You reach for your uzay, when my mind spray
Primo flexes that razor sharp turntable wizardry
J-E, Rrrah-U it's a horror to you
Lyrical kung-fu so do your kung-fu if you know kung-fu
Dirty, down low profile
Shoot up jams without the aid of lead projectiles
Style's ridiculous, techniques infamous
Take more heads than Santa Claus at Christmas
Science misfits, meet the rath of my wit
Immediately following, they go into a conniption fit
Reach into my bag of darkness and spark this like an arsonist
Blow up like a terrorist
I'm not a sexist don't have the power to be a racist
I'm a scientist, and an activist
Complex yeah simple like Mixelplics
Unlike the silly devil, I don't come with tricks/Trix
So out there to all you MC's return to the righteous way
Or meet death face to face when my, mind spray
Primo wrecks it like a 12 car collision