

# Jeru The Damaja, Verbal Battle

f/ Miz Marvel

Intro: Jeru The Damaja

In the time when hip hop was strong

The Supahuman Klik ruled the land

Bringin that futuristic hip hop, presently in time

The first lieutenant in arms of the Supahuman Klik

Was the all mighty, all powerful, Miz Marvel

I think she can describe it how she does better

{Miz Marvel

Thought I disappeared now that the smoke has cleared

I come from times with inabitions, face to face with fears

While shootin stars wishing that I can shift my gears

So I raise my glass eye, I drink to that, say cheers  
And let the fire water wash away the tears, burn like salt

On open wounds, thoughts consume all consetions

Give birth to these rhymes like an oral C-section

Uhh, positive connection throughout the galaxy

Time to switch to reality, make proper arrangements

for the souls of fatalities

It's the same for niggas that stuck with that slave mentality

Or these wack ass rappers, they got no originality

But my mentality, helps me travel around the galaxy

Time gets shorter, I'm on the water, run insanity

It seems like everyone was after me

Three's a nasty girl like Vanity

Make niggas wild, I smoke la, anything to keep my sanity

Ain't got no friends, everyone with me is family

If they standing next to me, nothing's what it seems to be

Sending energy, when I rhyme, but no time for idol questions  
If freestyling is my bible, when I fall in hip hop sessions

Of the tribal blessings, lessons to be learned

Respect had to be earned and not given

On the fourth of them but not amongst the men that living  
Guy collides, when selfish minds can't asked to be forgiven

Ain't no turning back the hands of time,

when past spirits have risen

{scratching

Black, black, black

verbal, power, verbal, power

{Miz Marvel

Power of the moon and the force of a sonic boom

Help me heal like battle wounds, to that shit I'm immune  
We come thru like the first platoon, into smoke filled rooms

Into it seems like magic mushrooms, from the womb to the tomb

I got a meetin in the ladies room, I be back real soon

O-o-oh o-o-o-oh

To strike the deathblow, continue with a never ending flow  
And all pro, precise position, like a crossbow

Friend or foe, gas heads go from C.E.O. to skid row  
See the toxic green flow, it's poison waters overflow

Paint a mental picture, lyrical Michaelangelo

Words pierced with the sting of a scorpio  
Beats mad bong, to collapse the Walls of Jericho

Overflow and explore, I hope you got your blunts rolled

'cause this is the same, no matter which zip code

My minds pro, bitches is robbed,

suckin the diamonds out your ear lobe  
I keep it tracked like a barcode of Illuminati

And fight these devils back with the Code of Hammurabi

{more scratching

{Miz Marvel

I strike with magnum force, send you on a collision course

With no remorse, I tap the source and knock you off ya high horse

While beats and rhymes have intercourse to reproduce their first born  
Never sworn not to make the same mistakes as there parents

Written on there face, time worn sharpen then a poison desert storm

Step on first month Capricorn, quiet storm  
Jeans and boots my everyday uniform

Elegants ruffness and innocence, if ever given a form

Hell have a fury like a women's scorn

My niggas strife to perform, I struggle to break the norm

Give me any platform and I perform lyrical quiet storms  
I make it hot, you keep it luke warm

From hotels to college dorms, keep these niggas souls tornd

{More scratching

Lot of other people, other groups aware of these consciousness

Virtually impossible to defend against (repeated over and over)