

# Jeru The Damaja, D Original

1.

Dirty rotten scoundrel that's what I'm called on the street  
Could connive and cheat but rarely get beat  
Ya see I'm streetwise a con game pro  
Kickin the Bobby bullshit too smart for Willie Bobo  
Not stressin five o hot hand in celo  
Live in the land of crooks yes Brooklyn's the borough  
Homicide central East New York  
Where the manic depressive psycho murderers stalk  
Walk like a ninja, on the asphalt  
Here talk is cheap, you're outlined in chalk  
And there's more hardtimes, than on Good Times  
And most niggaz dedicate their life to crime  
So I'm steady schemin, won't work for a dime  
Used to get, tax free loot, all the time  
Type slick can't fess on 'Ru, because

2.

Before trains were graffiti proof I used to get loose  
Dirty rotten since the days of the deuce  
Dirty, because of the skin I'm in  
The fact I have melanin automatically makes me a felon  
Even though I'm righteous, rotten's what you're yellin  
But I'm not chain-snatchin, or drug-sellin  
According to your books you said I would be damned like Ham  
Scoundrel opposite of the king that I am  
But wanna get funny, we can get bummy  
Take you to the East and back again money  
Filthy putrified trick, step past your sister  
Challenge the Damaja, and you'll be history  
Mortal Kombat fatality, the original don't sing no R&B  
Nasty MC deity  
Chop off domes with the poems that come out of my pin-eal  
gland, as I expand, you know who I am

3.

Father of all stylin, I be whylin on wax  
We hack shit up like big ax and little ax  
Don't need tokes to make you jump like bungee  
Tracks real muddy, like Brooklyn's real grungy  
When I come through I clog up your sewer  
Peep the maneuvre, drop the ill manure  
So bring Mr. Clean, Drano, and Roto Rooter  
No matter what you do, you can't get through the  
Crud that comes out of your system  
You're another victim, of dirty rotten  
Dirt up, in your grill, so what ya gonna do  
But pay homage to