

Jeru The Damaja "99.9 Pa Cent"

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You wanna front WHAT?? Jump up and get bucked

The original, Dirty Rotten's fuckin shit up
Empty your clip of lyrics, in your chest and gut

All punks play the floor, it's raw and hardcore

Hotter than a meteor, scorching ego's

Fake ho, gangsters and super heroes

Cops pull me over like you under arrest

Some niggas I know act like bitches without breast

Dick riders, I hope you got your latex

'cause flesh gets burnt up during the pro sex

The arrest echoes through your project
Met Billie Jean, had safe sex
Some MC's get caught up in the vortex

Mixing crack with sex, so they sold for fat checks

Listen to the words I manifest, The moment of truth
have cats stressed

Everytime you in the east, they snatch the chain off
your chest

Actin like you want some, but wan't none

Quick to make your finger like a gun, but faggots

never bust none

Chorus: repeat 4X

99.9 Pa Cent of these niggas ain't shit

And most of these niggas suck dick

Amateuristic martial arts is the number one cause of
injury
Biters try to imuliate my outcomy, you poisoned by the
chemistry
99.9 Pa Cent of these niggas suck dick in the industry

Swords in my back, all for the benjies

I'm screamin off key, another body'No I'm back in 3D

Plus I can take the weight, I make the Earth rotate

Dick riders suply the gas, watch niggas head inflate

Wantin respect, bust suspect hit the deck

This ain't just talk, Brooklyn East New York is on the set

Friendship vs. B.I. I keep my thoughts,

Laser sharp jagged edges bust your third eye
Vessel of the most high, bullshit, they demand you
supply

but don't get caught the same nigga'll testify

Switch like a bitch, you not from East New York
Youse a motherfuckin snitch

Chorus

Hip-Hop, Jim Kelly, leave the mic dead and smelly

Freak show, flows and hoes back at the telly

Not your average nigga, gets more nasty than Dirk
Diggler

I'm back like the night, swoopin down on The Riddler

Fake thugs talk tough, but he's off the trigger
So shook ya shiver, poison verbs like alcohol destroy ya
liver

Cannibals bitin my dick, I need a tetnus shot
Make ya volcanic hot, niggas got problems like Sir
Smoke-a-Lot

I'm the original, in cause your forgot, when it comes to
war

I get raw, add another mic to the one's I rip

Shootin the gift, when the East is in the house
You should come equipped

Chorus

Word up, peace I'm out

The original Dirty Rotten Scoundrel

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