

## **Jeru The Damaja "Come Clean"**

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Verse One:

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 you're a gang 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  
Cuz 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  
Cuz I'd rather bust a nut then bust a cap in  
Ya back in fact my rap snaps ya sacroiliac  
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

Verse Two:

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 you [jaw]  
I also kick like kung fu flicks by run run shaw  
Made frauds bleed every time I g'd  
Cuz 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 cuz 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 burnin' shot breaks  
When the East is in the house you should come  
equipped  
Verse Three:  
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 joke  
With styles more fatal than second hand smoke  
Don't provoke the wrath of this rhyme inventor  
Cuz I blow up spots like the world trade center  
Come with the super trooper on his assault mission  
The tech's technique cuz he's a technician  
Wishin he'll go away won't help the weapons stop  
The skills are shot cuz any idiot can let off a glock  
Hard rock smellin the clutch of this untoucha  
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

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