

# Jeru The Damaja "Great Solar Stance"

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What niggas deal, they last 24 I did in the first

Before the doctor cleaned off the afterbirth

I kicked a verse, smoked a blunt, shooked the Earth

Smacked the physician, and fucked the nurse  
The truth hurts, like a sword in the hand of this expert

Cuttin through your soul, like your best friend did your dirt

Mental like physical blows destroy ego's

Your style is Babylonian, like dicks in assholes

The drama unfolds, don't mean nothing up my nose  
I can't stand snow, it only blows like nitro

Blistering, my flows I'm splittin, so I hope you listening

Super shoutout to all my niggas in prison  
Shout to the pyramids, the cypher and scription  
Science fact not fiction, I cut with precision

Speak multiplication, subration, addition

Division, Great Solar Stance burns compition

"This-this-this-this is the Showdown"

I put you in the chicken wing like Bob Backlund,  
jack ya team captain  
Bring drama like summer night, ghetto action

Some honies got it twisted, fat asses I mash 'em

Cops like jewels, back in the days I snatch 'em  
You catch a tantrem, date how the raws rockin the drum

Float like the white lotus, kill like Whitey in Vietnam

You should peel arm, gorilla tactics like Viacom

Set shit on fire like a bomb, up in smoke like Cheech & Chong

True blacks too strong can't let nothin stand in my way  
Shit will get thick like Juice 60 in Friday

In Brooklyn, kill MC's like Captain Hook your children

To rappers I'm a villain, fill esteem wan't my secret like Samson

Picture so hard, I stunt your grandson son

Teleport from Coast To Coast like Spaceghost

Like soy butter on my breakfast toast

And when It comes to makin it nasty, I flips it the most

"This-this-this-this-this is the Showdown"

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Setting it off like pistols in the projects

The climax hold ya six like nasty hot wet sex

But string tech I catch wreck, ejucalate when I inject

Not a player hatter, regulator, trick niggas get checked

When I resurrect hip hop, you know the bullshit stop  
Like you got the oo-wop, the pops and what nots

Fruity like Ed Koch, ya straight boo-tops, I'm top notch  
Super funky like a derelict prostitute prop

Ya hear gun shots, the coroner shows up to take flicks

Shit is feet, but no feet shit like chicks with dicks

Ya throat flip too quick, to blaze magnetic

Paramedics roll up on the scene,

it's tragic, don't deal with Magic

Johnson, renegade like Charles Bronson

Packing a force like 18 Bronzemen

Grand laron, excelent marksmen arson

Fire, water, earth, metal, wind

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