

Jeru The Damaja

"Logic"

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[Jeru the Damaja]

I shine the, farther light to liberate poor blacks
Some people lying to themselves, I deal in actual facts
Press too hard and you will get smacked, this more
than just talk

I procede to produce beats, knock your tooth loose
Seeing is believing, dog, here's the proof
I chef this up in the lab and I make shit soundable
Back up against the wall, and still fighting
When I thought it was no rhymes left to write, I kept
writing

Saw my brothers in South Africa, they we inspiring
And if at first you don't succede, then keep trying
World tours, keep me counting my blessings
Snakes in my circumference, help me learn from life
lessons

Had to analyze the wire, just his greatest question
And even when you think a brother's down, I'm steadily
pressing

Keep banging out those studio session
And when they think they know my next move, I keep
'em quessing
It's only logical

Logical - scratched up

[Jeru the Damaja]

Explosive verses blow ya mind like a terrorist
Bust a verbal shot in the crowd, the pro activist
Used to smoke that ganja but it left me listless
This is off the subject, but rhyme too hard, you just
might break ya neck

Don't know what's popping, dog, I'm still in effect
And the moves that I make, help me finance my own
project

The road gets rough but I'm still climbing
And, even on the cloudiest days, I'm still shining
Like cole one day can become a precious diamond
The pressures of the world, refine the souls of some
men

Others let they being, become filled with hate

And they take it to the grave of the pen, my ball point
right
Trying to decipher, realize from the truth
Everybody claim they got the proof
Everybody claim they got the juice
Everybody know the formula, but if you follow
Will you win or lose? It's only logical

Logical - scratched up

[Jeru the Damaja]

The jewels I drop, hit like dope in ya fiends
Although it's dope, it's not the dope you smoke like
crack cocaine
Still my product can drive you insane
And on that same note, I flip the mic like drugs
The games like fiends that cutthroat
Knowledge Wisdom Understanding is the gun that I
tote
When the waters get stormy I'm sure to stay afloat
Is this brother for real, the answer is True Indeed
I move a mountain with a must concede
You do the research, smack a sucka with the truth
Because we know the truth hurts
And you can talk all you want, but you judge by ya
words
Not exploiting no freaks, but I'm constantly pimping
The system, making a killing like O.J. Simpson
All that gangsta talking rap to me is quite comical
Real recognize real, dog, it's only logical

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