

## Jeru The Damaja

### "Me, Not The Paper"

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Verse One:

As devils search for the secrets to immortality  
I alter my physical chemistry  
Walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
I exist even when no things are left  
Vibrations transcend space and time  
Pure at heart because I deal with the mind  
That's why I compose these verses  
Audible worlds my thoughts are now universes  
Written on these pages is the ageless  
wisdom of the sages, ignorance is contagious  
So I hope you keep your focus  
There's no hocus-pocus, in the end, it's just us  
Devil got brother killin brother, it's insane  
Goin out like Abel and Cain  
Wisen up and use your brain  
There'll be no limit, to the things that you can gain  
In positivity, balance it with negativity  
Until then, ain't the devil happy

Verse Two:

I hate when the devil's happy, so I wear my hair hair  
nappy  
Knotty, won't go out like John Gotti  
He came from the caves to destroy everybody  
And we like fools destroy our own bodies  
Too many niggaz chillin, bad boys boom boom  
This leaves no room for the flowers to bloom  
Seeds blow in the wind, another drug killing  
What, are we accomplishing? Nothing  
What's, the matter?  
Why everytime I look around another brain gets  
splattered?  
Some pockets get fatter but it don't matter  
The devil's the only one who really gets fatter  
Lead ruptures flesh, spleens are shattered  
Dreams are shattered, another Queen without a King  
What will our children become without proper  
guidance?

Probably nothing, so ain't the devil happy

Verse Three:

Niggaz are in a state of nothingness  
Hopelessness, lifelessness  
If you're in range I hope you hear this  
And try to change this, cause it's disastrous  
Who gets the most loot, who gets bust?  
Dollar bill y'all, is the god we trust  
The days blow by like dust  
Even Men of Steel rust  
We're out here acting ridiculous  
When, only we can save us  
Mentally enslave us, for little or nothing kill our  
neighbors  
Animalistic, cannibalistic, behavior  
Look to the sky for your savior  
He won't save ya, he didn't save your forefathers  
Why bother, brothers? You must discover  
The power of self, know thyself, or find thyself  
Hating thyself, killing thyself  
While he collects the wealth that you sit back and  
murder for  
Ain't the devil happy

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