

Jeru The Damaja "My Mind Spray"

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Premier cuts and scratches Jeru saying "My Mind Spray" for four bars

I annihilate, as I articulate

Words of power, your rhymes are unconfounding so
death's your fate

Ostentatious genius, of rappin

Is mentally clappin to take hip-hop back, that's what's
happenin

Proficiency and ingenuity

Plus more styles, than a Shaolin mon-es-tary

In poetry my formula's deadly

Bring your hypes man in your army another casual-ty

Slow like demise I crept on those that slept

Droppin my rhyme science like I'm Imhotep

Application of mind over matter

Made fools scatter, rhymes fatter, minds splatter

Your girl bend over and over and over

MC's try to touch the Damaja but you just can't win

Excellent with the word play, you lay

Face down, when my, mind spray

Premier does his thing again like only Primo can

Thunder on your Dome with no help from Mad Max

Lyrics like hype tattoos go over the dope tracks

We booby-traps, all our inventions

We know the intentions of MC kleptomaniacs

Rap brainiacs have cardiacs soon after the attack

When it comes to rhyming I slam harder than Shaq

Accomplish the bio-feedback, more complex than an
almanac

Keep you up like an afrodesiac

Idealist not an opportunist

Don't molest no shorty still in all, I'm dangerous

Mentally you can't talk to me, hear me, or see me

You're not equipped

From, street blocks to cell blocks my vo-cals rock

Do more work than a crackhead with a, toolbox

Jeru never touch-er, mic-ra-phone wrecker

If your honey's a Queen I'll sex her

More important, the mind strikes like the nine strikes
a priest by May

You reach for your uzay, when my mind spray

Primo flexes that razor sharp turntable wizardry
J-E, Rrrah-U it's a horror to you
Lyrical kung-fu so do your kung-fu if you know kung-fu
Dirty, down low profile
Shoot up jams without the aid of lead projectiles
Style's ridiculous, techniques infamous
Take more heads than Santa Claus at Christmas
Science misfits, meet the rath of my wit
Immediately following, they go into a conniption fit
Reach into my bag of darkness and spark this like an
arsonist
Blow up like a terrorist
I'm not a sexist dont have the power to be a racist
I'm a scientist, and an activist
Complex yeah simple like Mixelplics
Unlike the silly devil, I don't come with tricks/Trix
So out there to all you MC's return to the righteous way
Or meet death face to face when my, mind spray
Primo wrecks it like a 12 car collision

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