

# Whatever

## Jeru the Damaja

Ayo, what's up? There's a lotta motherfuckers out here  
With a style similar to mine nowadays  
You know what I mean? Be tryin' to likeThey infiltrated the camp and now they  
They wanna take the style and claim it for their owns, ya know  
But I'mma blow'em up 'cause it's just like  
Whatever you know what I'm sayin'?It's too strategical and mathematical  
I rotate so fast that I appear invisible  
I keep the chemical but never subliminal  
The force centrifugal and spiritualYou got static? You are grounded 'cause I've mastered electrical  
Mostly mental but don't sleep on the physical  
Ignorance got'em chatterin', one even said I was a son to him  
Still my L P is fatter than his or yours, took a two-year pause  
Now that I'm back on the set my foes drop like hoe's drawersIn a brothel, only dealin' with what's logical  
Applied science left MC's penetrable  
The leader's stroke is apocalyptic  
Hostile like Arabics in Israel with automatics  
And if you want it, the monks can make it hectic  
Set it off, fire burn up Jack Frost and Santa ClausWhatever you want to do, make it clever  
Whatever, whatever, whateverAnd to all y'all crews, whateverBound to blow up, but never disintegratin'  
The ultimate MC equation, ferromagnetic  
Ask my pops, it's genetic that's why I'm a weed head  
And not the alcoholic, call it whatever you want to call it  
Devils just know that it's some form of arithmeticHieroglyphic, 'cause you can picture this shit  
The state of hip-hop today is like hookers in politics  
Got MC in' locked down like a convict  
Blowin' up opposition as I maneuver through itAnd to make sure it's over stood, I stick around  
Popular like crime in ghetto neighborhoods  
Rock my crown like Shaka did, hold it down  
Fuck your mind up like Joe Jackson kids, check it outSo whatever you want to do, make it clever  
Whatever, whatever, whateverI gotta do my thing, I represent  
And to all y'all crews, whatever  
I gotta do my thing, I represent  
And to all y'all crews, whatever  
I gotta do my thing, I represent  
And to all y'all crews, whatever[Incomprehensible]  
WhateverFire, flames, heat up the competition  
Spontaneous combustion, like the Pope's religion  
Your style of emcee in' is Paganism  
Your rhymes make no sense, just like a Roman ChristianBut your niggas soup you up like Lipton

The Gwong Jan Lin of underground emcee in' strikes again  
The snake bites again, but I'm immune to the poisonous venom  
Ask the devil, he knows I'm dangerousFreak on the mike but not sexual, call me unalike  
'Cause my rhymes are never homo  
Make you sad, like when Cher left Sonny Bono  
Fire burn, Giuliani, Pataki and CuomoWhatever you want to do, make it clever  
Whatever, whatever, whateverI gotta do my thing, I represent  
And to all y'all crews, whatever

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