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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