

# damage

## Keith Hampton

Peace, peace!  
Dirty, ol dirty bastard  
The Genius!  
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I'll grab the mic and now I damage you  
Cut your whole stamina, here comes the medical examiner  
One verse then you're out for the count  
Bring the ammonia make sure he sniffs the right amount  
Wake him up and then I ask him, "Why did he intend this?"  
Competition to get an ass kickin' so tremendous  
Boy you shouldn't bother this  
Leave me alone like the son said, G or he'll be fatherless!  
I got the asiatic flow mixed with disco  
Roll up on the scene like the count of Monte Crisco  
And MC's start to vanish  
I stepped up to a jet black kid, started speakin' Spanish  
Yo he wasn't from Panama  
I asked him how he get so dark, the nigga said, "Suntama"  
He responded so fast, you made me laugh  
Ha ha ha haa, then I scared his ass  
Kick the hundred strongest rhymes, I brought out the punk in him  
Caught him with a strong five deadly venom  
Told him enter the Wu-Tang  
Witness the Shaolin slang, that'll crush the shit you bring  
I watch your ass take a big fall, why?  
My main source is like a friendly game of stick ball  
And as you step up to bat mana dn I play the riddler  
You try to do me for a rhyme then I'll change to Hitler  
Go out like Nazi, you'll be wishin your fuckin' ass stayed  
Home and played yahtzee!  
Or watchin' 'Happy Days' sweatin' Poxie  
With Ralphie and Richie Cunningham, Joni and Chachi  
Wu, who? Me gettin wreck so I'm through  
Like a ten and a half foot, gettin' in a seven shoe  
Now picture that with a Minolta  
Have your ass doin' some 'Night Fever' shit like John Travolta  
I come strong I make knowledge born, I flip the script  
And rock on from p.m. past the fucking dawn  
Pass the hammer you're broke down, niggaz grab my what, what

Can't understand it, here's the panorama  
A complete view of how I defeat you  
Should of stepped to those fuckin' kids who tried to beat you  
Yeah I bust that ass before  
You ran to Texas and came back but forgot the chainsaw!  
And want to perform a massacre  
Better be coming with some motherfucking shit that's spectacular  
Crush the person who did 'em, well you just better  
So I'm stepping to your raggedy ass jetta  
Put the pedal to the metal  
You and your DJ change your name to Ma and Pa Kettle  
As I pass the bone, kicks your every measure  
It's not a Newport but it's still live with pleasure  
C'mon don't be silly, just a bag of sensimilli  
Rolled up in a Motown Philly  
I used to write all the time when I smoked  
Grab the mic, then I kinda like went for broke  
With visually concepts strongest rhymes and biceps  
Lyrically speakin', three to four rhymes then choke  
Some think they be harmin' this, claimin' they be bombin' this  
But they still remains anonymous  
I pull strings like Jimi Hendrix  
Ride more beats that go backs to the days of Eddie Kendricks  
I teach the truth to the youth, I say, "Hey youth  
Here's the truth, better start wearing bullet proof"  
Arm yourself with a shield  
Before you get trapped up just like the children in the cornfield

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