

# Verbal Battle

## Jeru the Damaja

f/ Miz MarvelIntro: Jeru The DamajaIn the time when hip hop was strong  
The Supahuman Klik ruled the land  
Bringin that futuristic hip hop, presently in time  
The first lieutenant in arms of the Supahuman Klik  
Was the all mighty, all powerful, Miz Marvel  
I think she can describe it how she does better{Miz Marvel  
Thought I disappeared now that the smoke has cleared  
I come from times with inabitions, face to face with fears  
While shootin stars wishing that I can shift my gearsSo I raise my glass eye, I drink to that, say cheers  
And let the fire water wash away the tears, burn like salt  
On open wounds, thoughts consume all consentions  
Give birth to these rhymes like an oral C-section  
Uhh, positive connection throughout the galaxy  
Time to switch to reality, make proper arrangements  
for the souls of fatalities  
It's the same for niggas that stuck with that slave mentality  
Or these wack ass rappers, they got no originality  
But my mentality, helps me travel around the galaxy  
Time gets shorter, I'm on the water, run insanity  
It seems like everyone was after me  
Three's a nasty girl like Vanity  
Make niggas wild, I smoke la, anything to keep my sanity  
Ain't got no friends, everyone with me is family  
If they standing next to me, nothing's what it seems to beSending energy, when I rhyme, but no time for idol  
questions  
If freestyling is my bible, when I fall in hip hop sessions  
Of the tribal blessings, lessons to be learned  
Respect had to be earned and not givenOn the fourth of them but not amongst the men that living  
Guy collides, when selfish minds can't asked to be forgiven  
Ain't no turning back the hands of time,  
when past spirits have risen{scratchingBlack, black, blackverbal, power, verbal, power{Miz Marvel  
Power of the moon and the force of a sonic boom  
Help me heel like battle wounds, to that shit I'm immune  
We come thru like the first platoon, into smoke filled roomsInto it seems like magic mushrooms, from the  
womb to the tomb  
I got a meetin in the ladies room, I be back real soon  
O-o-oh o-o-o-ohTo strike the deathblow, continue with a never ending flow  
And all pro, precise position, like a crossbowFriend or foe, gas heads go from C.E.O. to skid row  
See the toxic green flow, it's poison waters overflow

Paint a mental picture, lyrical Michaelangelo  
Words pierced with the sting of a scorpio  
Beats mad bong, to collapse the Walls of JerichoOverflow and explore, I hope you got your blunts rolled  
'cause this is the same, no matter which zip code  
My minds pro, bitches is robbed,  
suckin the diamonds out your ear lobe  
I keep it tracked like a barcode of Illuminati  
And fight these devils back with the Code of Hammurabi{more scratching{Miz Marvel  
I strike with magnum force, send you on a collision course  
With no remorse, I tap the source and knock you off ya high horse  
While beats and rhymes have intercourse to reproduce their first born  
Never sworn not to make the same mistakes as there parentsWritten on there face, time worn sharpen then a  
poison desert stormStep on first month Capricorn, quiet storm  
Jeans and boots my everyday uniform  
Elegants ruffness and innocence, if ever given a form  
Hell have a fury like a women's scorn  
My niggas strife to perform, I struggle to break the normGive me any platform and I perform lyrical quiet storms  
I make it hot, you keep it luke warm  
From hotels to college dorms, keep these niggas souls torned{More scratchingLot of other people, other groups  
aware of these consciousness  
Virtually impossible to defend against (repeated over and over)

Lyrics provided by

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