

D. Original

Jeru the Damaja

Dirty rotten scoundrel, that's what I'm called, on the street
Could connive and cheat but rarely get beat
Ya see I'm streetwise, a con-game pro
Kickin' the Bobby bullshit, too smart for Willie Bobo
Not stressin' five-o, hot hand in celo
Live in the land of crooks yes Brooklyn's the borough
Homicide central, East New York
Where the manic, depressive psycho murderers stalk
Walk, like a ninja, on the asphalt
Here talk is cheap, you're outlined in chalk
And there's more hard times, than on good times
And most niggaz dedicate their life to crime
So I'm steady schemin', won't work for a dime
Used to get, tax free loot, all the time
Type slick can't fess on 'Ru, because
Before trains were Graffiti proof I used to get loose
Dirty rotten since the days of the deuce
Dirty, because of the skin I'm in
The fact I have melanin automatically makes me a felon
Even though I'm righteous, rotten's what you're yellin'
But I'm not chain-snatchin', or drug-sellin'
According to your books you said I would be damned like Ham
Scoundrel opposite of the king that I am
But wanna get funny, we can get bummy
Take you to the East and back again money
Filthy purified trick, step past your sister
Challenge the Damaja, and you'll be history
Mortal Kombat fatality, the original don't sing no R and B
Nasty MC deity
Chop off domes with the poems that come out of my pin-eal
Gland, as I expand, you know who I am
Father of all stylin', I be whylin' on wax
We hack shit up like big ax and little ax
Don't need tokes to make you jump like Bungee
Tracks real muddy, like Brooklyn's real grungy
When I come through I clog up your sewer
Peep the maneuver, drop the ill manure
So bring Mr. Clean, Drano, and Roto Rooter
No matter what you do, you can't get through the
Crud that comes out of your system
You're another victim, of dirty rotten
Dirt up, in your grill, so what ya gonna do
But pay homage to

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