

Great Solar Stance

Jeru the Damaja

What niggas deal, they last 24 I did in the first
Before the doctor cleaned off the afterbirth
I kicked a verse, smoked a blunt, shooked the Earth
Smacked the physician, and fucked the nurse
The truth hurts, like a sword in the hand of this expert
Cuttin through your soul, like your best friend did your dirt
Mental like physical blows destroy ego's Your style is Babylonian, like dicks in assholes
The drama unfolds, don't mean nothing up my nose
I can't stand snow, it only blows like nitro Blistering, my flows I'm splittin, so I hope you listening Super
shoutout to all my niggas in prison
Shout to the pyramids, the cypher and scription
Science fact not fiction, I cut with precision Speak multiplication, subration, addition
Division, Great Solar Stance burns compition "This-this-this-this is the Showdown" I put you in the chicken wing
like Bob Backlund,
jack ya team captain
Bring drama like summer night, ghetto action
Some honies got it twisted, fat asses I mash 'em Cops like jewels, back in the days I snatch 'em
You catch a tantrum, date how the raws rockin the drum
Float like the white lotus, kill like Whitey in Vietnam
You should peel arm, gorilla tactics like Viacom Set shit on fire like a bomb, up in smoke like Cheech &
Chong True blacks too strong can't let nothin stand in my way
Shit will get thick like Juice 60 in Friday
In Brooklyn, kill MC's like Captain Hook your children To rappers I'm a villain, fill esteem wan't my secret like
Samson
Picture so hard, I stunt your grandson son
Teleport from Coast To Coast like Spaceghost
Like soy butter on my breakfast toast
And when It comes to makin it nasty, I flips it the most "This-this-this-this is the Showdown"
"This-this-this-this is the Showdown" Setting it off like pistols in the projects
The climax hold ya six like nasty hot wet sex
But string tech I catch wreck, ejucalate when I inject
Not a player hatter, regulator, trick niggas get checked
When I resurrect hip hop, you know the bullshit stop
Like you got the oo-wop, the pops and what nots Fruity like Ed Koch, ya straight boo-tops, I'm top notch
Super funky like a derelict prostitute prop Ya hear gun shots, the coroner shows up to take flicks
Shit is feet, but no feet shit like chicks with dicks
Ya throat flip too quick, to blaze magnetic
Paramedics roll up on the scene,
it's tragic, don't deal with Magic

Johnson, renegade like Charles Bronson
Packing a force like 18 Bronzemen
Grand larson, excelent marksmen arson
Fire, water, earth, metal, wind

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