

How I'm Livin'

Jeru the Damaja

I got a freaky freaky freak, give you a freak you turns em out
I put them hoes in a row and turn out Queens no doubt
Don't need a vest, but flow freely like bullets through shootouts
I be the real supernatural, so check it out
I was conceived in the center of an inferno
The ninth month I slipped out my mom's vaginal
Cavity, now I'm surrounded by creeps and freaks
Had to watch my back in the New York streets
Fly, like an aeroplane, more powerful than the engine of an A train
Won't stress my brain
You know the fame that has men sold and bought
In a single bound, I let the criminal court
Walk through the desert and won't perspire
Touch the microphone, the whole joint catches afire
Use the opportunity to call the devil a liar
And I won't stop flipping shit til I'm forced to retire
Because that's how I'm living
I can stroke all night and not bust a nut
Swim through a sea of razorblades and not get cut
When I do my thing I aim for the gut
And despise those nasty guys that hit shit in the butt
Blaze like spliffs even back in the days
When I bag shit up like trays, nowadays
I bag 'em up like dimes and not even the Devil
Can stop me cause it's matter under mind
I'm fucking up your mind like a hallucinogen
(Are you hot, Lord?) I heat it up like halogen
Burn MC's, their children, and their children's children
Reverse polarity and make your girl's hell heaven
More intelligent than MacGuyver
Quick to pull off on a stunt like an Indy car driver
Thoughts too intense, brainwaves cut like barbed wire
Since Run's a reverend, sucker MC's call me sire
Push for my mental forces to crush your fortress
Signals of stress, your whole squad's put to death
Bring your white Superman and I'll rip that fucking S off his chest
Cause that's just how I'm living
I dedicate my life to taking snake heads
I break on the beats like scissors break on my dreads

Instead of eating beasts and living savagely
I aspire to excell to the highest degree
Of living, now how you living, like a turkey on Thanksgiving
Me? I keep it tight and lock it down like a virgin's pops
>From crack rocks to suburban spots I'm hot
Don't forget or have you forgot that I'm a surgeon, Ak-
Bar, once outran a jaguar
Slept in a lion's den and escaped without a scar
Close my eyes and comence the star travel
Fred Flintstone's out a job because I turn hard rocks to gravel
Babble, never, control the weather
Like a few jams back, whatever's, clever
Even the rudest of rude can't test because I'm protectes
With the Breastplate of Righteousness
And that's just how I'm living

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