

# 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 concieved 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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