

Jungle Music

Jeru the Damaja

It started on the sands of land of the mother
Word to mother, king like my father
My style survived slave ships, whips, and chains, hardships
Still through all this the praise roll off my lips
Bring your guns, chains and tone force your religion
On me cut my hair, the vibes still exist
To destroy the molesters of my heritage
But they conceal the drums of evil, my loyal lineage
King of kings, God of gods
Like my ancestors drums I beat the odds
More mics killed than slaves during the middle passages
Who rapes and ravages and calls us savage?
Jungle bunny, I'm not mo' funny, I'm mo' deadly
They know one day we'll learn how to use it
That's why they fear our jungle music We went from pyramids to the ghetto
Still my sounds make devils tumble like the walls of Jerico
Chant my paower to devour all the snakes and rats
Extrasensory perception to avoid all traps
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord
In the sancuary of your caves white kids press record
As my mystic music spread from sea to galaxy
It's inevitable, you can't stop me
Try to carbon copy, but it always comes out sloppy
You can't outtrap me, you can't outrock me
Like the dreads on my head, you try and lock me
Down underground, but I bounce to the jungle
Melodies, that flows like the breeze
Through the trees, like my forefathers, command the wind and seas
With my jungle music Unga bunga binga
Sound warrior, I'll take your head more than a rap singer
Enlightener, with the mitre
Make the forces of my nature smite ya
Over the airwaves, powers are released
Holy music destroy the savage beast
I'll beat the devil like a Niyabini drummer
Beasts his drum, this beat will drum through the summer
Try to hold us back with all the strength you can muster
You'll hear a sound similar to the one Custer
Heard before he got ambushed, you'll get ambushed

For taking this back to Kush
For too long you've abused it
On the low used it, and called it jungle music

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