


Come Clean (First Verse)

by Jeru the Damaja

Transcribed by Max Duykers

Lyric 

9 You wan-na

front, what? Jump up and get bucked If you're feel - in' luck - y duck then press your luck I snatch fake

11 gang-ster em-cees and make them fag-got flam-be Your nine spray___ My mind___ spray Ma - lig-nant mist that'll leave . . . The re-

14 sults your re-mains stuffed in a car trunk You could-n't come to the jung - les of the East pop - pin' that yang You won't sur -

16 vive Get live___ Catch-ing wreck³ is our thang I don't gang bang or shoot out bang bang The re - lent-less³ ly-rics the on-ly dope I slang I'm a

19 true mas-ter you can check my cre-den-tials cause I choose to use___ my in-fi-nite po-ten-tial Got-a freak-y freak-y freak-y freak-y flow Con-

22 trol the mic like Fid-el Cas-tro locked - Cu-ba So deep that you can't scu-ba dive My Jive's Or-i-gin is un-known like the Ju-bas I've ac-

25 cum-u-lat-ed hon-ies all ac-cross the map cause I'd ra-ther bust a nut than___ bust a cap in your back In fact my rap snaps your sa-cro-ri-li-ac I'm the

28 mac so I don't need to tote a Mac My at - tack is pure - ly men - tal and its nat - ure's not hate It's meant to

30 wake you up out of your brain-washed state stag-nate Non-sense But if you³ per-sist You'll get your snot-box bust___ you press up on this I flip

33 Hoes dip None of the real niggas skip You don't know e-nough math to count the mics that I've ripped Peep the Dirty Rotten scamp as his verbal weapon spits