

Appendix I – Lyrics for Jeru the Damaja’s “Come Clean”
Grouped in phrases by logic, with underlines parsing the rhyming groups

Verse 1

1. You wanna front?
2. What?
3. Jump up and get bucked
4. If you’re feelin’ lucky duck then press your luck
5. I snatch fake gangster emcees and make them faggot flambé
6. Your nine spray
7. My mind spray
8. Malignant mist that’ll (unclear)*
9. The results your remains stuffed in a car trunk
10. You couldn’t come to the jungles of the East poppin’ that yang
11. You won’t survive
12. Get live
13. Catchin’ wreck is our thang
14. I don’t gang bang or shoot our bang bang
15. The relentless lyrics the only dope I slang
16. I’m a true master: you can check my credentials
17. ‘Cause I choose to use my infinite potential
18. Got a freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky flow
19. Control the mic like Fidel Castro locked Cuba
20. So deep that you can’t scuba dive
21. My jive’s origin is unknown like the Jubas
22. I’ve accumulated honeys all across the map
23. ‘Cause I’d rather bust a nut than bust a cap in your back
24. In fact my rap snaps your sacroiliac
25. I’m the mac so I don’t need to (unclear)*
26. My attack is purely mental and it’s nature’s not hate
27. It’s meant to wake you up out of your brainwashed state
28. Stagnate
29. Nonsense
30. But if you persist
31. You’ll get your snotbox bust you press up on this
32. I flip
33. Hoes dip
34. None of the real niggers skip
35. You don’t know enough math to count the mics that I’ve ripped
36. Peep the dirty rotten scamp as his verbal weapons spit

*I contacted Jeru the Damaja via his *MySpace* page, but was unable to get a clear answer to these two passages (I don’t believe it is managed by Jeru himself, but by a clever fan)