

## 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 power to devour all the snakes and rats  
Extrasensory perception to avoid all traps  
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord  
In the sanctuary 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  
Beats 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