

# Whatever

Jeru the Damaja

Ayo...(what's up?)...there's a lotta motherfuckers out here  
with a style similar to mine nowadays you know what I mean?  
(For reals) Be tryin' to like...they infiltrated the camp  
and now they they wanna take the style and claim it for they  
owns ya know? (That's how you feel?) But I'mma blow'em up  
'cause it's just like whatever you know what I'm sayin'? (Whatever)

It's too strategical and mathematical  
I rotate so fast that I appear invisible  
I keep it chemical, but never subliminal  
The force centrifugal and spiritual  
You got static? Get grounded, 'cause I've mastered electrical  
Mostly mental, but don't sleep on the physical  
Ignorance got'em chatterin', one even said I was a son to him  
Still my LP is fatter than  
his or yours, took a two-year pause  
Now that I'm back on the set my foes drop like hoe's drawers  
in a brothel, only dealin' with what's logical  
Applied science left MC's penetrable  
The leader's stroke is apocalyptic  
Hostile like Arabics in Israel with automatics  
And if you want it, the Monks can make it hectic  
Set it off, fire burn up Jack Frost and Santa Claus  
Whatever you want to do, make it clever  
Whatever, whatever, whatever

"And to all y'all crews...whatever"

Bound to blow up, but never disintegratin'  
The ultimate MC equation  
Ferromagnetic, ask my pops, it's genetic  
That's why I'm a weedhead and not an alcoholic  
Call it whatever you want to call it  
Devils just know that it's some form of arithmetic  
Hieroglyphic, 'cause you can picture this shit  
The state of hip-hop today is like hookers in politics  
Got MCin' locked down like a convict  
Blowin' up opposition as I maneuver through it  
And to make sure it's overstood, I stick around  
Popular like crime in ghetto neighbourhoods  
Rock my crown like Shaka did, hold it down  
Fuck your mind up like Joe Jackson, kids, check it out  
So whatever you want to do, make it clever  
Whatever, whatever, whatever

Lord Finesse: "I gotta do my thing...I represent"  
"And to all y'all crews, whatever"

Fire, flames, heat up the competition  
Spontaneous combustion, like the Pope's religion  
your style of emceein' is Paganism  
Your rhymes make no sense, just like a Roman Christian  
But your niggas soup you up like Lipton  
The Gwong Jan Lin of underground emceein' strikes again  
The snake bites again, but I'm immune to the poisonous  
venom, ask the devil, he knows I'm dangerous  
Freak on the mic, but not sexual

Call me unlike 'cause my rhymes are never homo  
Make you sad, like when Cher left Sonny Bono  
Fire burn Giuliani, Pataki and Cuomo  
Whatever you want to do, make it clever  
Whatever, whatever, whatever

Lord Finesse: "I gotta do my thing...I represent"  
"And to all y'all crews, whatever