

Quality Control

Jurassic 5

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Next we are havin' a very very big group
By the Limo, I like the Limo Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol
Your mind, body, and soul
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode
Big, bad, and bold B boys of old Many styles we hold, let the story be told
Whether platinum or gold, we use breath control
So let the beat unfold, intro on drum roll
We be the lik like E, Tash, and J Lo
We harass niggas like we was the po po
We can rule the world without Kurtis and still Blow Finesse, from S P to Casio
Your jams ain't deaf, you ain't fresh, you're so so
If you don't know us by now you'll never know
You set that mood when we groove and prove a show
The name of the game is survive and prove your flow
You can't out take Jurassic syllable
'Cause it's survival of professional radio
Stop and comprehend and heed the words of my pen
Survival of professional poetical Highlanders Soup, you plan on rocking something fierce? Oh, am I
Zaakir's the name, the A K A super
The verbal acupuncture from the dope old schooler
I used to be the brother for others that used to dumb on
Now they be the lovers of brothers they can't front on
Put me in the mix, L P 12-inch S P, the elegant, poetic pestilence
I'm carbonated, the Fanti-confederated
Highly commemorated, and the most celebrated
For connecting it word like verb subject to the predicate
Plus I got the etiquette
To keep it moving, and showing cats how it's done
'Cause it's the verbal combat, position number one We keep it beaming like a beacon
If it's clearance that you're seeking
Whether black or Puerto Rican
People back us when we're speaking

We got the kind of rhymes that get you ready for the weekend
To the mass amount of legions that came for party pleasing
Our temperature is freezing, all kind of different regions
The rhythm is the reason you're checking for what we've done
Please son, our thesis, will rip your crew in pieces
Your rhymes ain't right, homeboy, you ain't in season
Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol
Your mind, body, and soul
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode
Big, bad, and bold B boys of old
Yo, yo, well it's the angelic man relic clan repellent
My plan parent manuscripts withstand bullets
Flashing like a Japan tourist, we command pure hits
While you cramming to understand these contraband lyrics
My fam submits to pray, 5 times a day
Climbing into your mind with live rhyme display
J 5 finds a way to remain supreme
Coming verbally Hardison as if my name was Kadeem
Ayo my team Dreamworks without Spielberg or spill
words
Communicate from the earth throughout the universe
I transmit, transcripts, transcontinental lyrics
Deeply rooted in the spirit
Up, I love the power of words, nouns and verbs
The pen and the sword, liquid stick on award
No folklore or myths in my penmanship
The Panther Scholar Warriors is what I present, uh
Verbally decapitating those against a
Jihad [Foreign Content] words make sense
You gotta get up on your vocab, you gotta have vocab
Letters makes words, and sentences makes paragraphs
Quality control
Small 7 Tuna fish in the dock fish roll
Like producers of the highest quality rather
Can I do smart
Yo, I make the pen capsize, the verbal with the planted eyes
Planning knives every pair that I utilize
Spit juice, crack blood from your tooth
Inflict truths, speak Allah's 99 Attributes
You baby M C's drink Pedialyte
My underground doesn't like you, the media might
But we the defeat will change that
As we bridge gaps in this lyrical grudge match, brothers we slug back
Yeah, we bless tracks with the help of a
raw rap
Inprinted like poor tracks all over your brain rack
My mental maneuver will clear and steer right through ya
We Grand like Puba, understand that we move ya
Ayo, my rhythm reveal roller coaster real deal
Revolutionize with active build
I plant my dreams in the field and wait to harvest my skills
For the starving M C, hungry trying to get the meal
Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol

Your mind, body, and soul
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode
Big, bad, and bold B boys of old We are goin' to take a trip back in time
Are you ready to get into time machine
OK fasten your seat belts
Are you ready? Let's go

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>