

# A Day At The Races

## Jurassic 5 Feat. Big Daddy Kane & Percee P

Music power

Exclusive

Yo, my metaphor, my musical madness  
Move and motivate those with musical talents, uhh  
Read it in bold print, we holdin' it down  
Lick a shot, hip-hop when we in yo' town  
Uhh, master blaster sound  
Freak the future far from here and now  
With style, release increase the peace, uhh  
Bubble with the beat 'til they feelin' the heat in the streets  
Now each one, teach one, reach one, young gun  
On one, listen to the warrior's drum  
Beatin' up the block with the ghetto hop that knock  
And make you wanna crash the spot  
And unlock explode the alpha and omega code  
(Boom)  
With drum rolls and old soul, we uphold  
And foretold to scores of six years ago  
Fast flow from G. Rap to Kool Moe  
Supasyllable, major to the minimal  
Every individual, bounce to the tempo yo  
Lungs collapse and raps be trapped in  
The only way to make it happen, jaw-jappin', fast rappin'  
Yo, I'm the hot dog that run the hottest monologue  
In star poetic inserts and yes y'all  
My speech is like holding two glocks apiece  
The outreach that rock police  
The super adventure men portend to put somethin' in bitches  
Win when we write, the Emmy winner get hyped, off any printer  
And I came to get it, hit it  
Like operation push, operate the tush  
Black octopus of soul, in inter-planetary patrol  
I planted my gold, and low and behold  
It's the brother doc, ready to rock-rock  
Don't stop Hobbes, I know like the lumberjack chop chop  
The wordsmith, I write in block letters of cursive  
Curse my circus, serve this surface  
And watch how the brother fet over  
The fly Casanova with the frankincense odor

Bear witness to where riches'll make career bitches share pictures  
When the ears get this ya brainses software'll glitches  
Splatter your brains leave scattered remains of matter and stains  
That'll explain how you was battled and slain  
I get rude and go, to your show and use a row  
Of fans to boo and throw you off 'til you lose your flow  
A pro mean like Joe Greene when I blow theme  
Put your whole team on pause like cold cream  
Then show laughter when I flow faster, your hoe haveta  
Go after her weave from the breeze when I blow past ya  
I'm dapper plus ghetto and just pedal  
When the dust settles we left in the rubble the crushed metal  
Nurses with hearses sealin' conversed with lit purses  
Spit fire, make you first to bit, try me  
Like Osama, odoma', I'ma cause trauma  
And homicides when I collide I get kamikaze  
Kane baby, walk hard, the P-jects  
On streets of Brooklyn I'm a crew of D-cepts  
On streets of L.A. I'm a whole E-set  
On tracks with Jurassic I be the T-Rex  
Still that Gucci dressin', still that coochie pressin'  
My pimp game smooth be-gets 'em  
I don't use discretion, cop tends to be stressin'  
Fuck explainin' it, who's he testing?  
Finsta perform all physical forms  
Leave your ass shakin' like a mystical song  
Please Dumb, what type of shit was you on?  
'Cause man to compress a nigga mean one less a nigga  
All I want is my niggaz all recruitin' a slimy  
All I want is my liver all polluted with Remi  
Duel with any, bring it, I face-off  
Son you out your league like Jordan was with baseball  
Yeah, your majesty, word flash photography  
Third class economy, blade slashed your artery  
Nerve gassed anatomy, blurred past dramatically  
Herbs hashed, my word splash packed agility  
Never predictability  
Maneuvers of mind fully designed 'cause I'm true to the rhyme  
We do the sublime, crackin' yo' backbone, attackin' you wack clones  
Vernacular right and exact, capital rap zone  
That come back verbal assault rifle  
We fight like Stokely Carmichael  
Nope! We just like you  
We broke and ain't no tellin' what we might do ain't no joke  
Provoke the right to reverse to seek mercy

with the King Asiatic and Percy P  
Ain't heard the worst of me, until your chest 3-D  
Spit venom and burn your body like a STD  
Put a 20 on the next brother steppin' to me wrong  
I mess around a lick 'cause you done cheat on my theme song  
This might seem wrong, but this is a mean song  
Crushed like King-Kong, and just like ping-pong  
Back and forth, I spit knowl' and toss, it's time to floss  
My verbal affirmation is to always go off  
When syllables slide you'll be enjoyin' the vibe  
When consider it pride, it's J5  
When another deadly medley, camera action yo we heavy  
Aim steady slash machete Mazeratti engine ready  
Good and plenty don't be petty count the fetti and we jetti  
Off to another city where we do our nitty gritty  
We wild like Serengeti, tear it down let's seek and set it  
Get ready, for the ride, verbally hand-glide  
Write and stay tight, mission's in sight  
Murderer worldwide the stage is yo' knife

Lyrics provided by

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