

# Long Road to Glory

## Jurassic 5

JURASSIC FIVE He who is without sin cast the first stone  
Blast the verse, no matter the class, I'm vers'tile  
Kickin' it for you hipocritic berzerk ohms, I'm hopin' at worst  
Hopin' the words that touch home and clutch domes  
Ya' think, electrical sockets and wet feet  
How you infinitely get sleep the minute we get deep Ladies and 'gents peep one hundred percent heat  
Up undersea mistreats, now I'll leave you mince meat  
Yes, I'm from unity  
My last name sits in the middle of opportunity  
(Huh)  
With two-laid plans and new-made fans  
My crew raid lands and punch like the Kool-Aid Man It was a long road to glory  
Battle for territory  
Just to be called the masters of the ceremony Marathon, Decathlon  
Word-play, Mega-bomb  
Metabolism with the rhythm  
Keep it goin' on It was a long road to glory  
Battle for territory  
Just to be called the masters of the ceremony Marathon, Decathlon  
Word-play, Mega-bomb  
Metabolism with the rhythm  
Keep it goin' on The epitomy, five-hundred thousand so convincingly  
Street ministry, J-5th-a-tune infantry  
Finna be, about to be  
The best kept commodity, twelve incher LP  
We're representin' properly  
Now possibly the knock could be  
That old school philosophy  
That if it doesn't rock a beat  
It's not considered property Remember me, remember us  
Ice Cold, Cold Crush, 1920 Gold Rush  
Rollin' up, hold up  
Now ain't no need for you to be surprised  
When we implement and improvise  
With each and every verse that I  
Get busy with, lacing it with murder talk  
Turn a 'sault, Tom-A-Hawk  
Razor sharp, tribal walk Fresh gear, we're makin' our beds  
And we're doin' lots of things

That we never did  
We went to Paris in the spring-time  
Bahamas in the fall  
We thank Alla, we're doin' it all  
It was a long road to glory  
Battle for territory  
Just to be called the masters of the ceremony  
Marathon, Decathlon  
Word-play, Mega-bomb  
Metabolism with the rhythm  
Keep it goin' on  
Pick a paragraph and phrase it, mentally you save it  
Kick it to the world and suddenly they crave it  
That's the way it is, in this verbal warfare workin' hard for the love  
But there ain't no wars here  
Years been puttin' on a play with your foot in  
'Cuz you'll be comin' back like the brother Dwight Gooden  
Seven's back again, slappin' men and askin' them  
If they really wanna fuck wit' the style we tappin' in  
Hey yo, I just couldn't wait to grab a piece of my own cake  
So I can elevate and hold my own weight  
My mind state be the ghetto, street corner heavy metal  
Black like the pot and tea kettle  
My street credibility, minus negativity  
Multiplied energy, what attends a few  
Ability sililoque of a real MC  
Tastin' the grammar, J5 slamma jamma  
It was a long road to glory  
Battle for territory  
Just to be called the masters of the ceremony  
Marathon, Decathlon  
Word-play, Mega-bomb  
Metabolism with the rhythm  
Keep it goin' on  
(Oh, here we go)  
Metabolism with the rhythm  
Keep it goin' on  
Marathon, Decathlon  
Word-play, Mega-bomb  
(Oh, here we go)  
Metabolism with the rhythm  
Keep it goin' on  
Marathon, Decathlon  
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