Deep in the Jungle

Pro Sound Effects Library

(Gift of Gab)
And I come like this
(scratched)
I've got a few things I wanna say
(Gift of Gab)
I'm gunnin', ya runnin away, do not stay
'cause the wrath of the gift will be hittin' ya spliff
And a lot of the crews got sprayed and yelled RAID
Like a couple of roaches, as struggle approaches,
a brother'll blow this
Another ferocious jam, I smother the ?grossagran?
I hover above the land of lame emcees that dont blow
I'm poppin' the clip and then bo bo with the gun
And a once in a munch chest, rest in peace
And I ?bellow you to beast? I abolish emcees with sounds like these
Run over enemies and I rest in the west
Dark hemisphere, burn wit a fear is nothin but a mere setback
Hear when I'm here,
earn wit a clear conscience in the middle of the jet black
I'm a dog, running through the jungle
wit a hoodie and black hat choppin down ?noonsies?
Not a frog, cunning yet I'm humble
gotta do the jewels tack wack talkin clowns
Tip me, I'ma knock 'em all around, bust a front
With a fat blunt swinging on a vine in the homeland
I'ma tack 'em in the sound little punks when the rap bump
Springin on the rhyme I bowl man
Gifted when I'm lifted off a spliff hit,
reminisce shit, riff with dipshits
This shit is the mischievous style of the gifted,
I'm a whiz kid, get a whiff kid
Swingin' down low, breakin' down flows
with a new flow medley outgrow when you step back
To the black with a fat rap with a fat sack
with a little bit a funk in my napsack
Take it back to the brother land
and I was smotherin' stupid idiots like Tarzan
Givin' back to the brother man and get another land,
man gimme it, its Or-land-o

How easy and tight wishin' into the depths
up in the sound in the heart of the jungle
Gettin' wild with the art of the rumble,
never amount to be smarter than Dumbo
Make 'em mumble, make 'em humble,
Get me round from the start, you will crumble,
and you tumble, and you stumble
And I do it like that
From the end to the other end never gonna end,
set a trend with the maniac mic clutch
Hey ?bob by the ba?, said you keep your day job
my competitors never know the right touch
Have to bail through the backstreets, raisin' hell to a black beat
Rappers fail to attack me, like a sail with the slack g
I attack 'em like acne, exactly UGH
(spoken)
Mindless cretins grow through idiosynchrosy
Peels up, rising up, down
(Lateef)
Steppin' up through the deep, dank murkiness
No telling what is lurking
I hero it, but will I sense a jerkin
I proceed to bust a buster
'cause I trust the finer design in the mind of the rhyme
Just about impossible to find

What a disgrace to the race of wack mc's
I am because I choose to stand my ground
FIRM and blowin' the rhythm the vermin and learnin'
All I know is we've earned every entry attained
And strained the game, and what I'm tryin' to explain is that
The deeper we're creepin' the more we find sleepin'
And slippin' just shootin' dead lips on a mission
Its missin' the reason the gift we've been given the rhythm
'cause that just the way we've been livin
And thrive in the essence, survive and its easy
To recognize when analyzing ?the bo?
Surprises the lame in this line and tryin'
To get you to buy into their fantasy world
Can it be damaged the ?emina? bones
of the fellas and men thats exploting my culture
Can't understand every breast that you touch
was as up ?paper scun? be one hung motherfucker
Such as nowadays, its fallin' and splinterin', just timber, instead of
Gettin out of my way, and what I'm -- meaning to say is that

The canopy that covers me now is the blackest, attack this
I thought we already established the wackness
Presented in the cemented jungle
by the bumblin' brothers stumblin' tumblin' down
Surround me in a cannibalistic style, but I just smile and
Silence 'em like the lambs, they all the whole flock
We just one magic stock style
I'm gettin' 'em off like crack viles, and wicked the whole fuckin while
Not trippin over no vines, or over no swine, or over no mines
Or over no line at the plot
Thinkin' of whippin' 'em like a glock in the jungle
(spoken)
Now in the beginning of the journey
Not in time, but in the mind
Imagine the camels being loaded up
The men, loading themselves up
It's a long journey -- the oasis is all in the clamor
As we start from the top we go to the very bottom
Of a myserious place -- a very mysterious place
What's that I see? Ahhhh
(Lyrics Born)
I can't even describe you, so I ain't even gon' try...hmmmm
Making hell of mc Asia is now this I dont dispute but you knew
You knew Lyrics Born was a ripped off note sheet of a hundred
And you scrape the paint off your bumpers making sure you beat the buzzer
Making sure Lyrics Born came out his mother's stomach
covered with the lyrics that kill
No bumper, right? 'cause mo'fucka
I know you can make colors rhyme
And have the whole goddamn planet yellin uncle at you and even
Still take the time big up little ?egg?, can you imagine?
Big up Asia Born, this little bottle
Or that you would even be lightly concerned with little, little words
That you would tug at the line, pullin' the kind
Of lyrics out my mouth that make me big bad don, takin' kids' legs home
You can't even back a sliver roach, you know
That type shit, and then watch me wreck this stage
Boy like I got your daddy's style hangin' around my waist
And then watch me forget -- the way
Good lyrics taste, thinkin' I just ain't little rabbit eyes in your heart
Man, 'cause if I thought it was just
Lyrics Born that made lyrics born, lyrics born
And then suddenly I can't do no more, I'd be like
"Do you remember me?" No, Asia
And you used to play my record on the way to the vapor

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/