

Quality Control (Intro)

Jurassic 5

Jurassic 5 Together

Hey yo 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-Ro
We harass niggas like we was the po-po
We can rule the world without Kurtis and still Blow
Finesse, from SP to Casio Your jams ain't def, 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 [Zaakir]
(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 bubble for others that used to dumb on
Now they be the lovers of brothers that can't front on
Put me in the mix, LP 12-inch
SP, 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 [Mark 7even]
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 [Jurassic 5]
Hey yo 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[Charlie 2na]
 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
 J5 finds a way to remain supreme
 Coming verbally Hardison as if my name was Kadeem[Akil]
 Hey yo my team Dreamworks without Spielberg or spill words
 Communicate from the Earth throughout the universe
 I transmit, transcripts, transcontinental lyrics
 Deeply rooted in your 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 language) words make sense
 You got to get up on your vocab, you got to have vocab
 Letters makes words, and sentences makes paragraphs Yo, I make the pen capsize, the verbal with the planted
 eyes
 Planning knives ever pair that I utilize
 Spit juice, crack blood from your tooth
 Inflict truths, speak Allah's 99 attributes[Charlie 2na]
 You baby MC'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[Mark 7even]
 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[Zaakir]
 Hey yo, 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 MC, hungry trying to get a meal[Jurassic 5]
 Hey yo 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 be-boys of old

Songwriters

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