

Concrete And Clay

They Might Be Giants

Now I'ma say this once again, open up your mind
Shot heard around the world came from our fresh rhymes
The contribution to showbiz mixed with entertainment
Resurrected rhymes, not the same old same
Now if you like what we came with and you feel you can sang wit it
Peep the verbal language and the way we arranged it
Now entertainment to make the people applaud
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours
I'm from the graduating class of one nine eight eight
L.A., Unified School, M A H
A gang banger from the streets taught me how to break
In South Central L.A., ay yo, can you relate?
Ya, I'm Chali 2na
The one who puff the buddha, keep the Snapple in the cooler
Used to go to junior high with Son Doola
Old skoola, a permanent, element in ya tournament
Tellin' it prevalent, never delicate when we burnin' it
Now from L.A. to the U.K., we attempt to rock the party
The rhyme and the music, you don't hear that no more hardly
I can say it's partly, all our faults smarty
J5'll bring you more than the shakin' of a body
Ay yo, a child is born but no state of mind
But when I first heard it, put words to rhymes
I went from hyper cars to powder blue All-Stars
To hangin' on monkey bars, catchin' spiders in jelly jars
So, let's take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC's
Playground tactics, no 'rabbit in a hat' tricks
Just that classic, rappin' from Jurassic
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I bring the noise plus the funk, entertainin' like a dunk
From a snotty nosed prima donna millionaire punk
But I heard a hunch that somebody might munch
'Cause J5 go together just like parties and spiked punch
Your crew's captain crunch and I'm the seven seas
Bombin' on MC's, crushin' crews with ease

Brother please, you know my steez is 100 degrees
With no era, bring it live like the Trio of Terror
No mascara, at last your brass surpass pleasure
We the last treasure set to entice the cash bearer
Mask wearers who bite my reflection like glass mirrors
Be trash pickers who need to consider the past clearer
Now what you thought was old and out of date
We brought it back alive and changed the shape
We put it on wax for those who think
That the 5 we energize has been extinct
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We takin' it back like battles in hallways and bathrooms
And battles in the back of the classroom
And in the bungalows game of death with flows
Lunchtime rhymes you had to prove and show
Never the school type, couldn't pronounce the words right
The class jester, I was flunkin' every semester
The summer hit, had it burnin' in '86
Class cuttin' and runnin' wit all the neighborhood derelicts
Within the concrete jungle, we remain humble
Akil and Akir, bounce, flip and tumble
We never fumble, break down or stumble
Hot mumbo jumbo, just bring it when we rumble
We push it like the Daytona, fresh rhymes we blaze on ya
Strictly from California old skool public diploma
We spittin' from every corner, we flippin' it when we wanna
Beneath the concrete, be street word on ya
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Hangin' around, hangin' around
Hangin' around, hangin' around

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