In The Flesh

Synasta

It's the J U R A
Capital S another S I C
5 MC's in the flesh
Bound to catch wreck, hit the deck
'Cause we'll pop the trunk
Plus the tape on your cassette
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I'm from the crew called Jurassic
Stretch like elastic, live and on plastic
Step and get that ass kicked
From here to there, MC's beware
I represent that real ghetto urban warfare, ah yeah
What you say when you see me in your town
Bucking off some rounds
Of that underground sound
You need to open your eyes, realize and recognize
Throw your hands in the air lick a shot for J5
I'm all the way live, I socialize with the wise
Underprivileged spiritually deprived
At times in the flesh, airwaves getting checked
The vibe is energized by the way I spit my dialect
I be the brain cell buster
Old school style kicking hustler
That'll rush ya like a wrestler
Elliot Ness ya, bow to my pressure
Step to J5 you're getting played like Fester
I be the ever handy
Hard like rock candy
Down with Mork and Mandy
Won't date Sandy brown eyes
Tale of the physical trait
Intoxicated by the bomb as I start to sedate
Your mainframe, all speaking on running this thang
Five J's in the house and the styles to blame

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A prehistoric B-boy making beats in my cave
They call me 2-na, as in fish in sea
Self efficiency, that's my mission see
Got me wishing we all
Could've puffed a spliff first, shoot the giff first
And 2-na Fish becomes a gift horse
Look me in the mouth
Tell me what you see
No matter who I am
I am you as you see me
You is still Nity
COM squared and shit
I was put here to see
If you came prepared and shit
I'm red as shit
My head is split from every crazy
Lazy kid we thought was chill
They was Swayze
Soon as they got a taste
Of what the U N I was like
They eyes was like blam
From the surprise and fright
Now it's the vocal enhancement
Vintage reigning rocks
A hundred mines swing
Dig a few chains of black gold
Plus block the seven holes that froze
A nigga soul and bust blood through his toes
For acting like his shit was mega heavy weight
But he couldn't escape
The way we wet him down, like it was Watergate
Infiltrate flavor crack skull and stone
Rip through the carcass spit blood and bone
For all those, who feel their crews forever tight knitted
When raps emitted, Islamicly transmitted

Is the brother a color?
Yes, the color's darkly tinted
No acts or gimmicks
And where the bullets imprinted it's whipped
It hibernates until it stretch the yellow tape
For Mister Doc, key is caliber career, yea
With so many rhymes, it can't a crew make me
Rock for 32 times like John Wayne Gacy
You need to put your hands together
'Cause J5 is in the house
Because we're guaranteed to keep it live
When we kick the party vibe
We came to catch wreck
We got the fossilized flavor
For you fools who slept
And plus we got you sucka crews in check
Now come correct Nu-Mark
Hit 'em with the perfect blend
'Cause it don't stop rockin' till I say when
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